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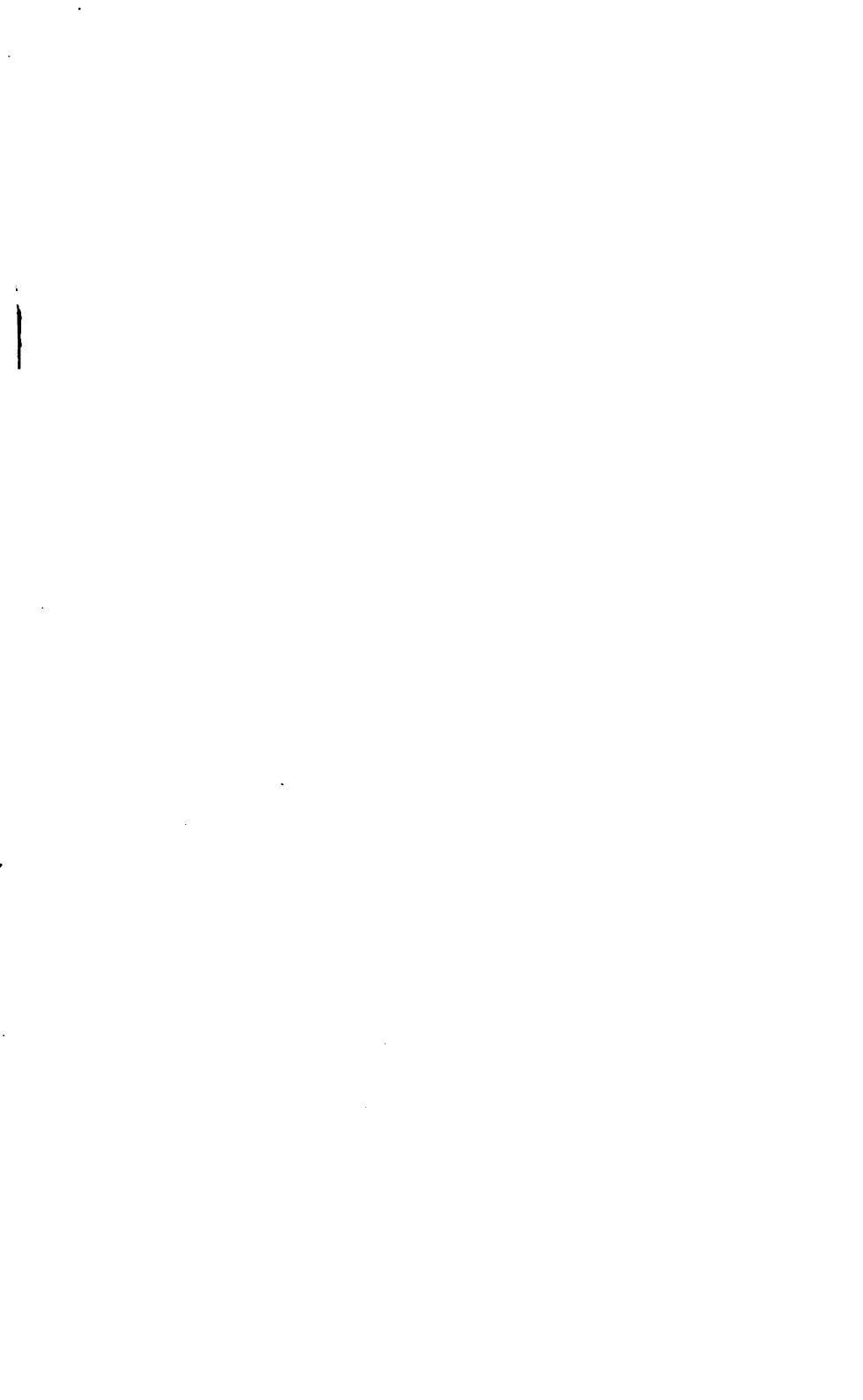
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

Sports and Pastimes

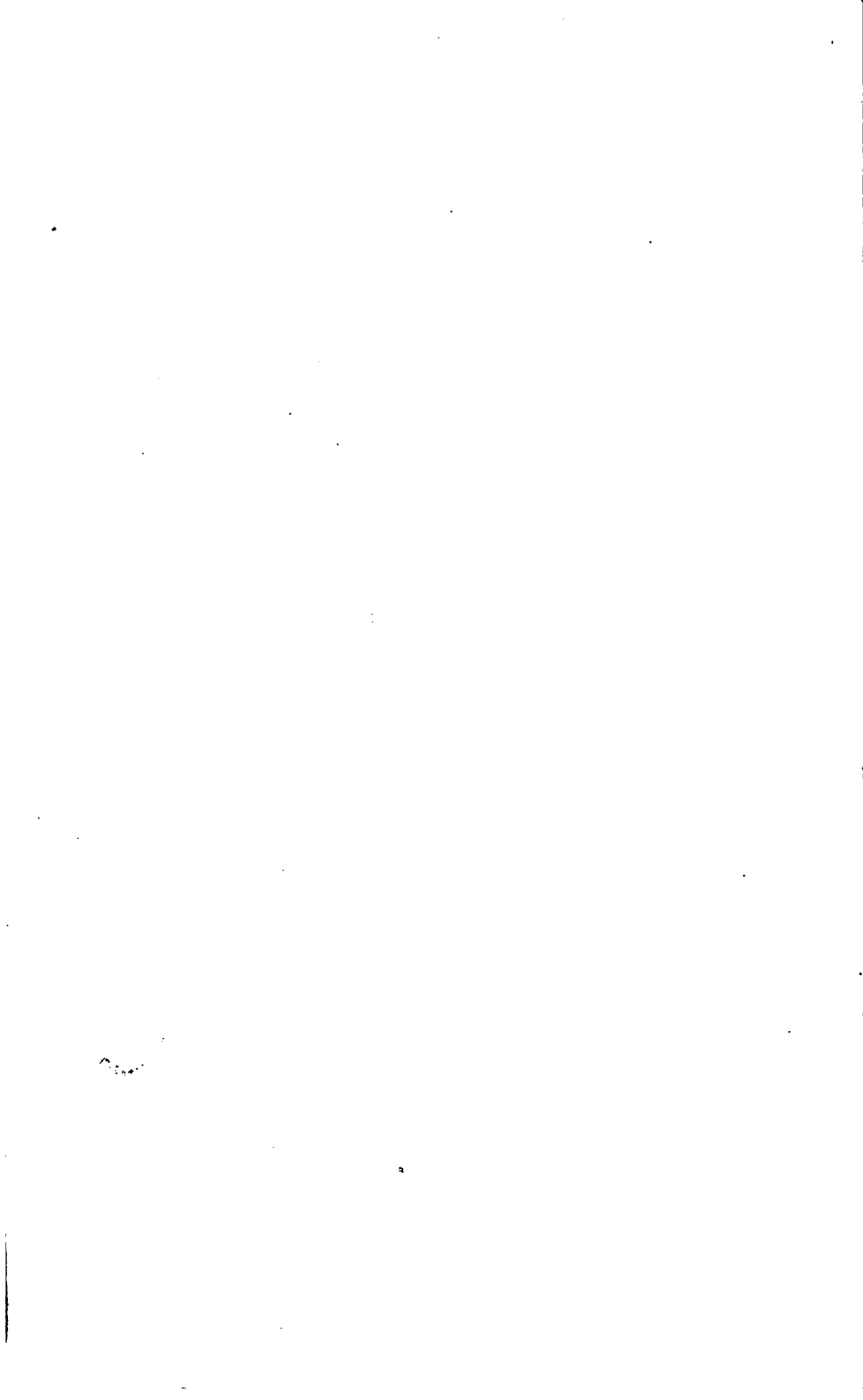


*G. S. S. S. S.*

VOL. VII

LONDON, A. H. BAILY & CO.

1864.



# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.



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*J. C. Mayall*

*Joseph Mayall*

*Salmon.*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### VISCOUNT FALMOUTH.

To those who appreciate Racing as a National Sport, and not as an instrument of gaming, the accession of Lord Falmouth to the Turf must be regarded as a subject of congratulation. And we are satisfied our readers will receive with the same satisfaction we produce the portrait of one who is so esteemed in every circle of society.

Evelyn Boscawen, Viscount Falmouth, is descended from the Boscawens—one of the most ancient families in Cornwall; and his ancestors have rendered good service to their country, both in their civil and naval and military capacities. In fact, it was in recognition of the admirable manner in which the finances of the Stanaries were administered that George I. elevated Mr. Hugh Boscawen, the then Warden of the Court, to the Peerage, by the title and style of Baron Boscawen Rose and Viscount Falmouth. The creation is dated the 20th of June, 1720; and since that period there has been no falling off either in the number or character of the first Lord's descendants, who have devoted their lives to the service of their Sovereign. In naval annals Sir John Boscawen's exploits in North America still hold a distinguished place, and the records of the Horse Guards speak equally well for his military relatives.

Viscount Falmouth, the subject of our sketch, was born on the 18th of March, 1819, and was the eldest of ten children born to his father by Miss Elizabeth Crewe, only daughter and heiress of John Crewe, Esq., of Bolesworth Castle, in the county of Chester. His Lordship was educated at Eton, and from thence proceeded to Christchurch, Oxford. He afterwards entered the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar. His elevation to the title, and consequent succession to the estates, rendered it unnecessary for him to seek either fame or fortune in Westminster Hall; and, abandoning the Forum, he married, on the 25th of July, 1854, the Baroness Le Despencer, and betook himself to the pleasures to be derived from the pursuits of agriculture, and the cultivation of the extensive properties that then had devolved upon him. In this occupation Lord Falmouth has been successful to no ordinary extent,

the reputation of his herds being as well known to the members of the Farmers' Club as that of his racing stud is at Tattersall's; and, if we conceived it would interest our readers, we could occupy a great deal of our space with the names of his prize cattle and the number of medals they have gained at the various shows throughout the country to which he has contributed. But as we appeal more to the Racing than the Agricultural interest we must confine our sketch of his Lordship's career to his doings on the Turf. Lord Falmouth's first cap and jacket were borne by Sichæus in 1857, who ran in Goodwin's name, and was trained by him at Newmarket in company with two or three other moderate animals. His Lordship's stay at Newmarket was not of long duration; and he proceeded to enter himself at Whitewall, the Great Northern University for racehorses, where he has acquired honours as lasting as those which pertain to his own Peerage. At first his nominations were so moderate that little could be expected from them; and it was not until Hurricane came out in 1862, and beat Bertha for The One Thousand, that he can be said to have made his first hit. Immediately afterwards the mare became first favourite for The Oaks, and her winning was regarded to be as great a certainty as that of The Marquis for The Derby. Fortune, however, seemed determined to frown that summer upon Whitewall, and Hurricane, who seemed to run slow all the way in The Oaks, was beaten even easier than her stable companion in the other race. At Newmarket she made amends for this sad mishap, as in a Match over the same distance in the Houghton Meeting for 500*l.* she defeated The Oaks winner Feu de Joie very cleverly by a length. In the mean time, and during the winter, the visitors to Malton had been duly impressed with the fine size and racing-like proportions of a two-year old by Kingston out of Flax called Queen Bertha, and many a mental resolution was entered into to back her for The Oaks, more especially as the only time she had been out she had beaten Blue Mantle in a canter. But, contrary to general expectation, Queen Bertha did not do well through the spring, and it was difficult to ascertain what ailed her. Every resource of her trainer was had recourse to with a view of getting her fit for The Oaks, but he despaired of doing so, and was very nearly leaving her behind. In fact, she looked so bad, and was beaten so easily in a rough gallop on the Monday after their arrival at Epsom by Old Orange Girl and Amelia, that Lord Falmouth openly expressed his opinion that it was a thousand to ten against his mare.

In no race that is run on the Turf are such inconsistencies observable as in The Oaks, so much so that John Scott always says he would start even a plater for it if he had one engaged. Frequent as have been the turns up for the Ring, and numberless the instances of the glorious uncertainty of the Turf, there has hardly ever been a more memorable one than that of Queen Bertha's victory on this occasion. Started almost by a miracle, neglected by the public, held in no estimation by her owner, and at least a stone

below her proper form, owing to the slowness of the pace at the commencement, by the fine handling of Aldcroft she snatched The Oaks from Marigold like a brand out of the fire, and obtained a place in that Gallery of Winners for which so many more distinguished fillies have sighed and tried in vain. The St. Leger is while we write engulfed in the womb of time ; but if there ever was a mare that had a certain prospect of treading in the path of The Queen of Trumps it is Queen Bertha ; and certain are we that her triumph would be hailed with satisfaction as lively and cheers as deafening as those which greeted her owner's on the Surrey Hills.

In treating of the character of Lord Falmouth the strong point we have to dwell upon is his straightforwardness and rectitude of conduct. Allied with no betting man, ignorant of the state of the odds about his animals, he waits for no telegrams from the Ruins or the Park before he can tell his friends if his horses will run ; and when they do start he has no Lord Burleigh mystery about their quality, but lets the public know as much about them as himself, being content with the spoils of war and the pleasure to be derived from the victory. To approach Lord Falmouth with a proposition of not standing in his way in one race, for a reciprocal obligation in another, would be impossible for the most barefaced adventurer. Neither would all the money in the Bank of England tempt him to sell a horse on the eve of a great race, so thoroughly imbued is he with the knowledge, that the honest portion of the sporting world look up to the Aristocracy for that protection, without which the Turf would soon go to decay. In the Whitewall stable there is no employer held in higher estimation than Lord Falmouth ; and he rewarded John Scott for his winning The One Thousand with Hurricane with a magnificent silver claret jug worth upwards of two hundred guineas ; and he was equally liberal in his recognition of The Oaks. But it is not to racing horses alone that Lord Falmouth confines himself, as within the last three or four years he has started a breeding establishment at Mereworth, in Kent, which promises to take a leading position among the stud farms in the south. Recognizing the mare as a greater object of value in breeding than the horse, Lord Falmouth has filled his paddocks with some of the choicest blood and best public runners in the country ; and in due time he will doubtless reap the benefit of his experience and judgment. Lord Falmouth's mares consist of Baddeshaw, the dam of Ben Webster, and Isoline ; Flax, the dam of Queen Bertha ; Harriet, the flying mare of Mr. Halford's ; Bess Lyon, Hippodamia, Slander, Lady Vernon, Silver Hair, &c., &c. His cattle are bred principally at Tregothen, his Lordship's seat in Cornwall, and where, for the improvement of his tenantry's stock, he keeps the best bulls, and a good entire horse to improve their half-bred hackneys ; thus setting an example to landlords worthy of extensive adoption in other counties. In politics Lord Falmouth is a Liberal, but he takes no active part in the discussion of public events, and long may he be spared to illustrate the Peerage on the Turf of Great Britain.

AGRICULTURE AND HORSE-FLESH IN THE  
NORTH OF GERMANY.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THIS is a season of the year in which, although a man's body may be chained to the desk, or his feet to the trottoir, his mind must be absent from the busy haunts of men. In the flesh, I am in England, in a dull, lugubrious chamber, surrounded with books, papers, and unanswered letters, bent upon finishing an endless correspondence and an overdue article or two, before I can take wing: in the spirit, I am in Scotland, or Switzerland, or the Tyrol, at a German spa, or on an Italian lake; and I find it a very cheap and unsatisfactory method of enjoying a holiday. Whether you, my reader, will think the same I cannot tell; but I am about to carry you with me to Hanover and Hamburg. We shall travel together over a few pages of agriculture and horse-breeding; and I hope the reflections we make will prove entertaining as well as instructive.

It is a charming thing to turn from the contemplation of the horrors of war and bloodshed to the happy emblems of prosperity and peace; to shut out from the mind's eye the struggling Poles and their sufferings; to cease to inquire whether the Englishman is likely to accomplish the peculiar duty of Phœbus (*qui Polo dimoverat umbram*); to dwell no longer on the barbarities of the American brothers, the true liberality of servile massacres, which frees the spirit at the expense of the body, is a holiday that civilization must indorse with her boldest hand. Certainly, if international exhibitions and agricultural competition have nothing more to recommend them, they deserve some thanks for diverting the mind from the refinements of vice, or the barbarities of pretended enlightenment. No man is justified in employing his own pen and his reader's time excepting with a good purpose in view; and it is certainly not without its utility that I shall have directed attention to a meeting, which is likely to be repeated from time to time in other cities besides Hamburg, and the success of which will be an additional inducement to continental capitals to follow an example which we have set, in one case, with indisputable success.

England has been pre-eminently a leader in such exhibitions. It is indeed difficult to reconcile the mind to anything agricultural apart from top-boots, leather breeches, and broad-brimmed hats. The Englishman is not only vain of his energy and knowledge in the matter of fat beeves, long-woolled Leicesters, and Berkshire swine, but he loves to appear as if he understood them. There is in the pleasant village in which I live a most respectable person, who farms well and largely, and under his own personal superintendence, one of the largest farms in the neighbourhood. I have never seen anything so extraordinary as his appearance in a full suit of shiny black clothes, with baggy trousers and a large white neckcloth to match, forking hay into a cart. He is the most marvellous incongruity of

modern days—as much so, indeed, as the legs who congregate about our race-courses in clothes outwardly adorned with a semblance of innocence and respectability. At the present moment, although I have thrown prejudice to the winds, it gives me some trouble to realize a true farmer apart from the British type. Of horse-flesh so true is this, that, since the adoption of our taste by the foreigner, language and costume have followed naturally. If there were nothing else to proclaim an extensive plagiarism, the adaptation of English slang to hunting, racing, and horse-flesh in general, all over the Continent, would well attest it. A groom remains a groom, a jockey a jockey, a handicap a handicap, as much as ‘damns’ and ‘beefsteak,’ and with much more propriety. Horses are ‘*battus*,’ not ‘*vaincus*,’ and English has become the universal language of the turf and stable. Remember there was a time, not long ago either, when we admitted no rivalry whatever—when an Englishman’s dictum on such subjects was all-powerful. We no more believed it possible that a foreigner could ride than that he could ‘box.’ We put him in the same category as little Tom Tucker :—

‘How could he cut it without ‘ere a knife,  
And how could he marry without ‘ere a wife?’

He had no horses. An Englishman gloried in a contempt for his neighbours, chiefly founded upon these grounds. Every man over thirty recollects this—every man over fifty admits it. International communication has changed all this ; and I must say that our own racing system has something to answer for. Many excellent horses are now on the Continent. A knowledge of the horse, theoretically and practically, is becoming daily part of a foreign education. In our own country we are willing to trust to an innate perception of points, which exists very rarely ; there the essentials of form and health are as much a lesson as the rudiments of a language. Knowing his former weakness, the foreigner is not above artificial aid for forming an opinion : believing in his former strength, our countrymen are content to despise or neglect what would give them a manifest advantage. Excepting numerically, we have ceased to exhibit so striking a superiority ; and, if circumstances permitted, a day might come when we should be compelled to repurchase from the foreigner what we are parting with to him—the means of reproducing a class of horse unrivalled for its general utility. There is a care and attention now invited by every means to this subject. The consequence is immense improvements every year in the conditioning of continental horses, in the elegance of foreign equipages, in the harnessing and putting together of their material. Englishmen depend too much upon prestige : they do not think of the change which peace, and railroads, and communication have made. Foreigners are in the condition of a political minority, and have fought hard to improve their position. We can no longer laugh at their equipages or their horse-flesh, any more than at their courage : those days are gone by. Now let us endeavour to hold our own.



It is impossible to recur to international exhibitions or to agricultural shows without recalling to mind the late Prince Consort. The digression may therefore be excused, if I take the opportunity of saying that, amongst the many excellences of head and heart of that good man, few were more conspicuous than his intelligence and energy in bringing out the valuable properties of such meetings, and in making the most of such situations. We have seen it in the splendid success of several, and in the partial failure of one, which, commenced under his auspices, lost his untiring support and intelligent management at the very moment when, like a child beginning to walk, it stood most in need of his parental care and assistance.

The idea that originated with him has not dropped to the ground. The present meeting at Hamburg shows this, and the great success that has attended it suggests the idea of more. I presume, in an article like the present, which is not intended for a statistical account of the contents of the building, nor for a copy of the German 'Verzeichniss,' a catalogue which lies before me, I may make short work of the machinery and products, of which some 350 stands or stalls present themselves for examination. Suffice it to say, that if the proof of excellence is to be looked for in a ready sale and unsparing orders, then Hamburg may congratulate itself. Professor Wilson, too, one of the judges, can have had no need to blush for his countrymen, whose names appear unceasingly in the prize-list for every variety of improvement or invention. Nor was it otherwise with the live stock, with one exception. Report speaks well of agricultural stock; but Hamburg has not yet reached the standard of English or French criticism in the matter of the thoroughbred horse: it was a very inferior class. My own opinion on this subject is well enough known, and is at the service of the good people of Hamburg, should they be pleased to profit by it. It is this: to spare no trouble nor expense to make their thoroughbred class of the foremost importance. It is quite clear that it never can again be overlooked in any agricultural meeting, and that the general quality of the horses of every country will depend upon the form of the highest class. I am not now speaking of hunters, because, as far as I can see, that game must belong exclusively to England. There is at present in France a monomania for steeple-chasing with the army—whether with a definite object or only as an amusement I cannot tell; but there are certain reasons which deny to the foreigner generally an equal capability for crossing a country with the Englishman, which I may examine towards the end of this article. What the Northern Germans should attempt in their purchase of English stallions is this—a cross with some of their own and the Holstein mares, which will give them certain qualities in which they are deficient as *hacks* and *carriage-horses*—a cross which shall improve the soundness, form, pace, action, colour, or courage. Or should an ambition to shine upon the Turf fire the soul of the Free Citizens, then the same remarks may be made with modifications—always remembering that the breeding of horses should have, like other

animals, a *but défini*. In England we can make our hunting field a valuable promoter of the breed of good horses; in fact, a good weight-carrying hunter is as useful a horse for every purpose as can well be conceived; but the foreigner must make the Turf his *point d'appui* for horse-breeding, or allow it to rest upon the prizes that are offered at agricultural meetings for the best horses, and which, unless made sufficiently valuable, will not hold out an inducement to buy or breed. † There can be no good horses without a sufficient temptation, and that temptation must be the prizes and emulation of the Turf. The more honest and intelligible the Turf system be, the better chance will there be of good horses; and whenever a degeneracy in England shall take place, it will not be the Turf, but the abuse of the Turf, which will have effected it. Hunting, at the present day, acts as a preservative, without which a light-weight handicap is quite enough to damn the breed of horses in this country; but as the foreigner has no hunting on which to depend, let me caution him against falling into a system by which horse-breeding means gambling, and in which an equal chance is given to the bad and worthless as to the best animal upon the Turf.

It is a great point in the subject before us that our example in making the thoroughbred horse part of an agricultural exhibition should have been thus readily followed. Not many years back in our own country, all agricultural objects would have been answered by a few pounds reward for the best Suffolk punch, or horse best calculated for purposes of husbandry. That we should, in process of time, have gone ahead of this bucolic restraint is sufficiently comprehensible; but it is a most speaking fact, as regards the cultivation of good horse-flesh in Germany, that it should have formed a prominent feature in the Hamburg show. It does not matter that the exhibition of horses of high stamp was not equal to those of some other cities; that, of course, is an open question. Vortex, Harlestone, and Hobbie Noble contested the honour; and the two first were successful. These two horses belong to Germans, the unsuccessful competitor to an Englishman. It is sufficient for my argument that Hamburg holds out a prize (the prize of the meeting) for a thoroughbred horse: 400 thalers, or 60*l.*, has gone into the pockets of the owner of Vortex, and one third of that sum to the owner of Harlestone. The judges, doubtless, decided to the best of their ability—at all events, the majority would have done so; and Count Alvensleben, Count Waldstein, and Mr. James Weatherby may be regarded as competent to decide the merits of the rivals. Hobbie Noble is far from perfection; but we do not think he could be far behind the other two. Be that as it may, we congratulate Hamburg on the introduction of so sound an element for the improvement of the most valuable stock a country can boast. Oriental blood is not now fashionable in England. The best Asiatic is not equal to a third-rate horse in this country. But it must not be forgotten that we derive all our valuable blood from it; and that the horses of Oliver Cromwell and Charles the Second, the great com-

mencement of our present stock, are entirely dependent upon it even for existence. Shetland ponies crossed with Hanoverian carriage-horses would never have produced a Bay Middleton, a Touchstone, or a West Australian; and I am not sorry to see that a premium of 200 thalers, or 30*l.*, was carried off by the exhibitor of a flea-bitten Arab, of whom more hereafter.

We are not accustomed to place in the same category the hack, the hunter, and the charger. There were, however, two—St. Giles and North Star—which figured as representatives of the class; the first belonging to an inhabitant of Hamburg, who was equally successful in other classes of animals, and who has a great reputation for all stock. It would be improbable that the sire of a pure hack would be likely to prove equally successful as the sire of our hunters; but it is possible to reverse the position, and believe that the sire of the best hunter might be the sire of the best hack. In a case of this sort, in our country, eye must be had to the dam; and should she possess those qualifications of size and action, which are different in the hunter, it is more than probable that the result of the cross would be satisfactory. A charger may be better manufactured from a first-class hunter than from any other sort of horse, unless it be necessary to make a sacrifice to show. Strength, endurance, pace, and courage are essentially qualities for crossing a country or charging a battery. Soundness and quickness are requisites equally for lengthened days, alternations of heat and cold, and readiness for an emergency; and certainly in a country where there can scarcely be the legitimate hunter, as we call him, the classes Hack (*Reit-Pferd*) and Charger (*Soldaten-Pferd*) might go together. My own idea of a hack is something small, neat, compact. My idea of a hunter or charger is as much strength and size as is consistent with comfort and activity. In the distribution of these prizes the classes have been kept singularly select; so that the horses bred in Great Britain, though of the same description, are distinct in class from those bred on the Continent. Of those bred in this country I was glad to see some in the hands of foreigners, though the reverse, I imagine, is but seldom the case. This division of the two classes simplifies matters materially, though the amount of the prizes is the same. It preserves the features not only of the blood, which might possibly be the same, but of the food, care, climate, and consequent growth, and leaves a very fair field of competition to either party.

Of the carriage class the same thing may be said. In both these classes the two prizes were taken by foreigners, though those for mares in foal, or with a foal at their feet, went to Yorkshire. Indeed the peculiarity of the German horse rather recommends him as a good cross for draught: and a modification of the large crest, high action, and grand gait of the Hanoverian, giving more size behind the saddle, with larger arms and thighs, would make a very model of a London carriage-horse. The active, quick harness-horse, which we know better as a phaeton horse, is of a much smaller and lighter sort; and though first-rate in his place, and, in perfection, as difficult

to meet with as any horse in England, would be lost in one of Hobson's best, or in the heterogeneous crowd of all nations on a drawing-room day.

It is not out of place here to notice a new feature in an agricultural show—the exhibition and reward of a pair of carriage-horses by a prize of 45*l.* This fell to a gentleman, before mentioned, of Hamburgh; but a second prize of 30*l.* was carried off by a Yorkshireman, whose taste for match-making was worthy of a mamma. This arrangement facilitates business, and throws an onus upon the exhibitor, which increases his labours more than his profits. The horses are to be of the same colour, stamp, and sex, between five and six years old, and sixteen hands high; and I recommend the fortunate possessor of such a pair, if he be wise, to forego the pleasures of the agricultural meeting and present them for sale to a London dealer. If the circumstance of being a pair be only taken into consideration, they may be equally bad, and two bad horses is worse than one; but as we presume a certain standard of excellence, if they be really good, a perfect match is so difficult of attainment that it ought to command a handsome premium.

Of the agricultural horses, strictly so called, Yorkshire and Suffolk have the palm; and Sir T. B. Phipps, on behalf of the farm at Windsor of the late Prince Consort, received his share of reward. There seems but little more to be said on this part of the business, but that the horse ponies did not come up to the standard, and that the mares fell to the foreigners with one exception, which went to Suffolk.

If I turn to more purely agricultural topics, I am lost in a maze of doubt. On this head, however, it is unnecessary to dilate. It is a topic which can be dealt with properly only in minute detail. The gentleman who was selected to fill the office of judge for his countrymen is Mr. Robert Smith, the great pony breeder, of Devonshire. Of shorthorns, Ayrshire, and other races of bulls, cows, and beasts, there was an excellent show. Among the prizetholders figure the names of many of our best English breeders, as I have before said, too numerous to mention. In Leicesters, Southdowns, Cotswolds, and Lincolns, we were no whit behind ourselves; and the effect produced upon foreign exhibitors has been very marked. Again, Yorkshire and Suffolk stand prominently forward in the pigsty; and whether those two counties have laid their heads together or not is not explained. If I add Scotland to them, they represent England in the live stock; too small a proportion of this country to be much depended upon. The manufactures, machinery, and products have enlisted a much larger share of speculation, and the success in most departments has been proportionally great.

We English are not remarkable for our ability in managing the details of a great undertaking. We somewhat resemble an over-balanced horse, with magnificent quarters, always propelled forward with an impetus to which his forelegs do not respond. England is all energy, but sadly deficient in order. It is curious to see the mess

we get into, and the shifts we make to get out of it. Now in the management of these wholesale undertakings our neighbours beat us. Foreigners have more method, more care for the interest of those connected with them. This Hamburg Exhibition has been brought to a close, without difficulty, without dispute. There were the sixty guarantors, good men and true, an executive committee, the German Agricultural Society, represented by the president, Von Nathusius. There was a committee of finance, which did not get in debt; a building, water, and lighting committee, which did not let in the rain and let out the light, and make a terrible boggle of the materials, so as to have everything in the wrong place; and there was a committee for the transport of the animals, products, and machinery, which neither loaded the place with unmoveable packing-cases, nor puzzled the drovers, nor threw the machinery about, nor committed the blunders which we English generally commit when we undertake any international business whatever. Practically what we have is good, what we undertake we go through with, what we cannot do we persuade ourselves need not be done; but when we have to deal with others more practical or less practical than ourselves, we always manage to inconvenience or offend. In fact, we might take a lesson from the late agricultural meeting at Hamburg.

Though not forming any necessary portion of this meeting, there is a subject in connection with it which may prove interesting to the readers of 'Baily.' It seems that during the *séance* at Hamburg the King of Hanover, with the kindness and condescension worthy of him, sent an invitation to the gentlemen assembled in the free city to see his stud; and that no sort of inducement might be wanting, his Majesty engaged a special train to transport such persons as felt an interest in his horses. A very handsome luncheon was prepared for those who availed themselves of the invitation, in the Riding School. It is true that his Majesty did not send anything from the Hanoverian stables to compete at Hamburg. Nor are we to feel much surprise that this should be the case. There might be twenty excellent reasons why a valuable animal like Saunterer should not be sent for competition; but it certainly shows an interest in the proceedings above common to have placed at the service of the visitors so pleasant an exhibition as the private view of the royal stables, and to have promoted it by so liberal an arrangement. The guests were received by his Excellency Baron Spörcken, who has the chief management of affairs there, and his health was proposed at the *déjeuner* by the Minister of the Interior. In the mention of Baron Spörcken it is difficult to exaggerate the estimation in which he is held. He has been constantly and zealously occupied in the duties of the office with which he is connected. He is truly devoted to the improvement of horses in his country, and his long experience has made his management and superintendence of the greatest importance to Hanover. It is pleasant, at the same time, to be able to acknowledge the courtesy with which he dispensed the favours of

his Sovereign to all the guests ; and I should be glad to hope that he may be still spared many years for the fulfilment of duties which will be found sufficiently arduous for his successor whoever he may chance to be. In acknowledging the honour done him, his Excellency alluded to the presence of a gentleman to whom the Hanoverian government was much indebted for the assistance rendered in the selection of thoroughbred stock. No name was mentioned, but it could hardly fail to be understood that Mr. James Weatherby was meant ; and there can be no doubt that not only Hanover, but many continental states and countries have benefited by his zeal and knowledge. Indeed it seems difficult to conceive how, without some such assistance, the requisite information could be obtained ; and certainly no compliment could be more properly bestowed or more graciously appreciated. The stock at present in the royal stud includes, among many others, Saunterer, Poodle, Calculator, Wardermarske, Charleston, The Nigger, and, until lately, Black Tommy, one of their best stallions, and now no more. There are also, among the half-bred horses, Paddy from Cork, Magnum Bonum, and a horse called The Prophet, formerly the property of Colonel Cotton, one of our best judges. This horse was ridden by the colonel, and is said to be a perfect wonder as a hunting stallion : my own views, however, are so totally opposed to the breeding of hunters from half-bred horses, when the question of propagation is at stake, that I should refuse him here : and from the peculiarities of Hanoverian horses, as I have already remarked, I should suppose no country in the world would benefit more by strictness on that score than the one we are discussing. There are some most admirable horses bred in Hanover and Mecklenburg, expressly for the purpose of getting harness horses ; horses that for that purpose alone are at present as good as can be—unapproachable, or very difficult to find in our own country. But it must never be forgotten, even in this case, that in successive generations degeneracy must take place. The system may be propped up by the introduction of highly-bred mares for a time, but nothing can counterbalance the tendency to sink to a lower grade through each successive sire.

The opportunity given for forming an opinion of these horses was most unshackled. They were brought into the ring in classes of thoroughbred, hunting, and riding horses ; the carriage horses followed, and a very extraordinary trotting stallion was exhibited. Out of 224 stallions which now belong to the royal stud at Hanover, no less than 120 were shown ; and it seems to me that where attention and care are paid to the crosses in a country like Hanover, with such an opportunity of getting mares from Holstein and the rest of the north of Germany, there ought to be no failure. Success may be better assured there by proper premiums for the best horses, and by encouraging the breeders by long prices. In England I would advocate other means, because every man is a jockey, or fancies himself to be one, and we have lost sight of our country's interest in our own. Theoretically ours is the best plan, practically it has become

the worst ; for the demand is so far beyond all precedent and possibility of supply, that there is no class so bad but that a customer may be found. From circumstances which have been explained in these pages even a bad race-horse is as *practically* valuable as a good one ; and after serving his master for a year or two in one capacity, by being turned loose on half the race-courses in England, he is turned loose on the country to continue the propagation of his own defects *ad infinitum*. I cannot tell the foreigner what I tell my own countrymen, that the way to secure good horses is to give a good handsome prize to be run for by hunters from four years old and upwards, over a fair hunting country, at as low an entrance as possible ; but I recommend him to make the marketable value as high as possible by rejecting from all public service, as the army, all weedy, unsound, and underbred horses, and by making the prizes for thoroughbred stock as valuable as possible.

Whilst on the subject of these horses it will interest my readers to have a word or two on these sires, the more so as Saunterer has been lately filling an important place in the improvement of our own blood. He has had lately, on the English Turf, indisputable success. There can be no doubt that Saunterer is and must remain one of the best stallions in Germany. It is said that a very large price was given for him in this country, and those who were unable to see his strong points have expressed their surprise at the selection. Let us see what is the fact. He was brought into the ring the other day at Celle, the royal stud of Hanover, first and last. He was the Alpha and Omega of the business. On his first appearance he was thought somewhat small and mean-looking for the reputation he had gained. The connoisseur did not at once recognize his great points. But when the rest had been exhibited Saunterer was once more brought under the critical eye of the vast assembly, and under other circumstances. He was ridden into the ring by a stalwart German groom, a man of considerable size, length, and substance ; and then the admiration of the spectators found vent. The manner in which the horse moved was a marvel to the crowd. He walked, he trotted, he ambled, and he proved, as clearly as could be proved, that breeding and action combined are the great essentials for carrying weight. No trial could have been more satisfactory. The King of Hanover has a horse he may well be proud of : nor can any price be too great for the qualities he possesses. His colour, black, was in Hanover a great acquisition ; and whilst his stock are doing him credit in England the number of racing noblemen and gentlemen in Mecklenburg who send mares to him, with those all over the north of Germany, and even in Silesia, are a sufficient guarantee that he is appreciated where he is. He is sure to be one of the very best stallions on the Continent ; and it ought to be a great satisfaction to the present management that so much good has already been done. We can desire nothing more than that the business of the stud may be carried on with equal success from year to year. It requires much experience and much attention to reach this desirable end ;

but having attained it, it is of the greatest consequence that efforts should not be relaxed, or means misapplied, for the performance of so great a trust. So long as the selection of such horses as Saunterer, with his power and activity, is the rule, there can be no doubt of continued success.

One word on the Arab class in Hamburg. It was moderately good as a class. Englishmen seem to think that they have taken the best blood out of it. Possibly such may be the case as a rule; and as racers they have no comparison whatever with our own. But it does happen, in the present case, that the white or grey Arab which took the first premium was of the very highest type. The horse is 29 years of age, but he carries his owner (considerably over 15 stone) constantly and well. There was nothing near him in appearance; and he is said to have been as much better than the second horse as our highest class Derby winner is better than the worst plater. These circumstances convince me that due attention is being given in that part of Germany to a very important branch of internal commerce: the kindness and condescension with which our own representatives have been received, and the manifest wish to do everything which was right, make it a pleasure to have to record this meeting in a popular magazine. We wish it every success; and I proceed to give a short account of the early establishment of a royal stud, which seems to have the elements of real and practical improvement.

It must not be thought that—in Hanover, at least—the propagation of the breed of horses is a new idea. I do not mean to say that, as early as in England, attention had been called to the necessity of promoting so important a branch of commerce; but it is a very prevalent notion that until quite lately foreigners had been content to take what they could get, without much thought as to whence it derived its qualities, or, indeed, what the qualities were which made it valuable. This was by no means the case. Of course some countries were more accessible than others to good or highly-bred horses. Turkey and the Levant were pre-eminent as exhibiting Eastern blood, whilst Germany, France, Spain, and the Netherlands seem to have cultivated races of their own remarkable for certain individual properties, but not approaching the high type of the present English horse. We ourselves seem first to have been aware of its importance in the reign of the Stuarts, and about the middle of the seventeenth century were encouraging an importation of Eastern blood. The Civil War, in itself, like every other war, diverted men's minds from social or mercantile good; but it may readily be imagined that the necessity for mounting a light cavalry, now divested of heavy armour, gave an impetus to the traffic as soon as peace afforded time for such considerations. Oliver Cromwell was not exactly 'the man for Galway,' nor do we suspect him of any hankering after the excitements of Newmarket Heath; but he had quite sense enough to know that the improvement of the breed of horses was essential to the glory of his country,



and that it could not be attained without interesting his subjects in the business through their inclinations.

It was certainly less than a century later that Hanover, under George II., commenced a series of operations, and laid down some plans, which may be considered as the basis of the Hanoverian stud. Whilst his English subjects in 1735 were running four-mile heats at Newmarket for 50*l.* plates at 10 *st.*, 11 *st.*, and 12 *st.*, according to age, he was urging his Hanoverian subjects to a consideration of the same subject through his Oberjäger Brown, and a commission was given him to exert his influence and to use his knowledge in furthering his sovereign's project. A commission was given to the Oberjäger direct from the king, which resulted in the selection of 301 mares from the province of Hoya, from Stolzenau, and Nieuburg. For the service of the mares 12 stallions were selected, of which 4 were sent to Bremen, 4 to Hoya, 2 to Stolzenau, and 2 to Nieuberg; and we may remark upon the remuneration for such advantages as being somewhat singular, and certainly not extravagant—one-fourth of a quarter of oats, and one thaler in money, the latter to be paid only upon the birth of the foal. Twelve more stallions were shortly added.

According to this determination on his Majesty's part it was expected that a produce should result, having especial regard to hacks and carriage horses. The colour even was a matter of consideration; and whatever modern ideas on that subject may be, black and chesnut were to prevail. Strict orders were given as to the quality of the oats to be provided—no inconsiderable item in the propagation of good stock—and the hay and straw were to be of the best quality. The Oberjäger was no sluggard in these matters, and every detail as to the grooms and the number necessary for the service was laid down by February, 1739. That the orders of his Majesty were well attended to we have a guarantee in the approbation of the king; and a further demand was made upon the English market of an additional seven horses. In the year 1765 one of these original stallions still remained.

The successor to the Oberjäger Brown was the Stallmeister Stegemann. It is not remarkable that the seven years' war from 1756 to 1763 should have proved a considerable hindrance to the good intentions of George II. and his successor. England had its hands full. And as George III. was at that time on the throne, and brought with him more of the English tastes than had belonged to his predecessors, we may imagine his very natural regret that the number of Hanoverian stud horses had decreased. Previous to the war 50 stallions had been in use in Hanover; these had decreased to 40; and it was not till a general peace, for which some historians blame and others applaud Lord Bute, that time was found to raise that number to 60. The subscribers or members of this governmental establishment were exceedingly desirous that vigorous measures should now be taken for the introduction and preservation of English blood in their own country; and it will perhaps amuse my

readers to know exactly the class of animal that the Stallmeister Stegemann determined upon procuring. The directions given are sufficiently distinct. Of six English stallions to be brought from this country two were to be brown, two were to be bay, and two were to be black. They were to be without blemish, to have no white legs, and only a portion of white on the hind feet could be allowed. They could not be too large. Their heads were to be fine, not thick jawed, straight backed, with well-set-on tails, and their quarters not drooping; clean, thin, flat, nervous legs and short fetlocks were to be regarded as indispensable; they were not to go wide behind, and to be without tendency to spavin. Such is the description given of the animal which was to be sent from England to improve the breed of German horses; and although I might have written a little differently in some respects, still, regarding the uses to which they were to be put, it shows a considerable knowledge of the best points of a good and useful horse. In our country regard has always been had in the breeding of horses for ordinary purposes to the points of a race-horse or high-class hunter. There are good and sufficient reasons for this which may not extend beyond England. But it would be hypercriticism to judge of the desiderata of a useful animal for Hanoverian purposes in 1765 by the class of horse which we regard as essential for the propagation of English stock in 1863.

The method pursued for rendering this ordinance as generally available as possible is simple enough. There were then in Hanover 51 stallions of note for the propagation of stock. Of these 1 was English bred, 13 were Danish, 31 were Holstein, 3 were Prussian, 2 were Neapolitan, and 1 was Spanish. To these 51 horses 32 stations were allotted, to some of which only one could be given, whilst to others two, three, and even six were allowed, according to their probable requirements, or the excellence of the mares. It was found impossible to satisfy all demands, and an addition was therefore made from the royal mews. So late as 1814 a further distribution from the same source was made, after having been given up in 1785. Whether the fearful events connected with the French Revolution, and the wars consequent upon it, had anything to do with this I am unable to say. The very scanty records from which I draw my information, and which are published in the German language, give me no help beyond the bare details; but as the year 1814 seems again to have commenced with an active renewal of these exertions I cannot but consider my own suggestion as almost conclusive. Up to 1839 this energy in a good cause, and this liberality on the part of the private Stud-Royal, was on the increase; and certainly the late kind and princely exhibition of blood stock by the King of Hanover to his guests proves the welcome fact that, amongst other continental counties, she is not deficient in the development of a great privilege.

The mere translation of a pamphlet which gives every statistical account of the number of horses bred in Hanover, and the cost of

their breeding, would not interest my readers, and would be better collected by foreigners from the original documents. Suffice it to say that the progress has been steady, praiseworthy, and successful, and that Hanover not only reckons among her stock some of the most useful horses for her own purposes, but has carried away from us some of our best blood. If ever the Turf becomes an amusement in Northern Germany as popular as it is in England it will behove its patrons to remember the definite end with which it sets out, and not to sacrifice to the interests of avarice one of the highest objects of patriotism.

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### LORD WILLIAM LENNOX'S 'FIFTY YEARS' BIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES.'

#### A REVIEW.

It is customary at most public schools for the boys of the upper forms to indulge once a week in original composition. The exercises, previously to their being submitted to the master in school, are revised by the different tutors, who treat them much as follows. Those that are moderately good and free from faults receive a certain extra polish, and have their general tone and style somewhat improved. Those in which mistakes are of more frequent occurrence have a black mark fixed under the false word or erring gender, and are then remitted by the tutor to his pupil for correction; while a third class is formed by exercises whose grammar is so hopeless that it is impossible to correct them, or whose contents are evidently purloined from some foreign source. These latter are simply torn down the middle and thrown into the fire; and the perpetrator not unfrequently pays with his person for the faults he has committed with his pen.

With reference to the present work it is unfortunately impossible to adopt either of these courses. To give tone or style to Lord Lennox's 'Reminiscences,' it would be necessary, so far as they are his own, to re-write them. To make a mark against each blunder or to expose each plagiarism would be to quote the book from end to end; and although tearing it up and throwing it into the fire would no doubt be a personal gratification, the operation would necessarily afford but slight compensation for having been previously compelled to read it. The tutor has clearly the advantage. He is not obliged to wade to the end. The critic unfortunately is; and his only consolation under the misfortune is, that he may possibly be the means of saving others from a similar catastrophe.

This very bad book is trebly unfortunate—unfortunate in the time of its appearance—unfortunate in its style and treatment—unfortunate τὸ μέγιστον *κακόν* in its length. We wish we were able to reverse this string of negatives, and to add 'mortis opportunitate felix;' and the sooner for the author's sake the better.

Captain Gronow, as our readers are aware, has just published his 'Anecdotes of the Camp, the Court, and the Club.' Of course there are many old friends amongst them; but still the book is a light, genial, chatty sort of work, and has the merit of conciseness without being to any appreciable extent egotistical. Will it be credited that Lord William scruples not to tread over the identically same ground, and, although conscious of his prede-

cessor's work, has not even the sense to emulate his brevity, or the modesty, so far as himself is concerned, to observe his reticence?

It may be perfectly true that the facts are common to both, and the anecdotes as open to Lord William as to Captain Gronow; but can the former seriously think that the world cares to see the same defunct scandal brought to life twice in the same year?—that it wades with any pleasure backwards and forwards through the dirt of the Regency? or cares again and again to hear the oft-told tale of the Duke of York and his mistress, Mrs. Clark; and how the latter obtained a commission for her footman from her royal lover?—and all this done in slipshod English. Have the stories of the Barrymores, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, Beau Brummell, and Romeo Coates done duty so seldom amongst the retail conversationalists of elderly club windows that they must again be printed and paraded before the world in all the glory of red covers and big type—‘*Sosiorum pumice mundi*’? Would Lord Lennox dare go down to the Garrick Club and relate there how he remembered when ‘Mrs. Fitzherbert was the Prince’s mistress, and supposed to be privately married to him; how Mr. Flint rode a match with the wife of Col. Thornton for 1000 guineas over York race-course; and, finally, how a certain Captain Barclay backed himself to walk one mile every hour for a thousand successive hours; how ‘pedestrianism has since been much cultivated,’ and ‘the recent exploits of the North American Indian known as “Deerfoot” have given a fresh impulse to it?’ Would he venture a word of this twaddle in any club he may belong to? or, doing so, would he not clear the smoking-room in a twinkling, and be shunned as a bore by every man of his acquaintance? And why should he insult the reader in a manner that he would be afraid to do a friend? Why am I to wander through these anile maunderings? Because their writer is a Lennox, and might date from Goodwood? One exception, however, should be made to the undeviating fidelity with which our author adheres to the text of antiquity, and it is but fair it should be given in his own words. Speaking of the death of the Princess Charlotte, he narrates that ‘in the preceding year,’ which, being interpreted, means the year exactly before the one in which the Great Duke had addressed Lord Lennox in the ever-memorable words—‘Ha, William! how are you?’ speaking then of that blessed Hegira, he states ‘that its successor was rendered memorable by the union of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and the country looked forward to the future sovereign from such auspicious nuptials. Never shall I forget the evening of the 6th of November; but *six months afterwards*! I was dining with the equerries at Windsor Castle. We had drunk their Highnesses’ health, when a messenger arrived, and, without waiting to be announced, rushed into the room. “Is the child born alive?” exclaimed one, his feelings being absorbed in that event. “Dreadful news!” rejoined the new-comer; “the Princess “has died, after having been the mother of a still-born male child.”’ The six months’ date assigned to that event is new to ourselves, and perhaps to our readers. In this instance the mistake is so silly as to refute itself. We wish we could say the same of another occasion where royalty is implicated.

The world has long since formed its estimate of George III.’s sons, and has put them down as a set of unparalleled blackguards, in whom selfishness was but rarely redeemed by good nature. If it were possible to whitewash their characters, it should be done for the sake of justice, if not for that of charity. When, then, Lord William tells us that the old notion of Mrs. Jordan’s having been deserted by the Duke of Clarence after having borne him

several children, of her having been subsequently compelled to reside in France, where she sometimes wanted even the necessities of life, and where she eventually died in penury—when he tells us that this notion is altogether false, he is bound, we say, for his client's sake, to descend to particulars. And what does the reader suppose they are? On one occasion our author was dining with the Duke, who, as the ladies were leaving the room, stopped opposite the picture of Mrs. Jordan, gazed at it with the deepest intensity, and to all appearance seemed deeply affected; and 'on the following morning 'the Duke's confidential secretary entered at considerable length into the 'history of the last days of the lamented actress, and gave a satisfactory 'explanation of many circumstances that had hitherto appeared to the prejudice of her royal lover.' Till this satisfactory explanation is made public, the world will continue in its old belief, and when called upon for its judgment of the Georges will be tempted to follow the estimate of Mr. Thackeray, rather than that of Lord Lennox.

So much for the time of this unfortunate book's appearance, and now for its style and matter. The former may be briefly described as slipshod in the extreme. There is no glaring defect in grammar, nor, on the other hand, is there any elegance of expression. It lacks wit without commanding brevity; and the false stones are ill redeemed by the setting of the Palais Royal. To write with success a man should either have knowledge, or the power to conceal his ignorance; but when both are absent it is best to take to reading, and leave others to write. Book-making is a different art from book-writing. A stoker on the Great Western is not necessarily a Brunel, neither is a driver on the Great Northern a Stephenson—they have a certain affinity to, and are dependent one on the other, but when judged by their fellows, bear, in the engineering world, the same relative value that paste and scissors do to brain in the intellectual. But then neither the stoker nor the engineer must be slipshod. In their case we should have some chance of redress; but neither coroner's inquest nor special jury can replace the time wasted over a foolish book.

One would imagine that the Author had, in common with many busy idlers, kept a diary, without, unhappily, the knowledge of the use to which a diary should be put. If his godfather, William Pitt, had told us, for instance, how the idea of certain taxes was conceived in his brain, what was the pressing necessity which led to their imposition, whom he consulted about them, and so had let us into the inner workings of finance, it would form an instance of a diary used with a good and beneficial result; but if a jackass in *Æsop's Fables* were represented as chronicling his daily browse on thistles, or when deprived of them telling us how he had had recourse to dandelions, and narrating at length all the various brayings and gallops that he and other jackasses had enjoyed together, we should be at a loss to know what moral the fabulist would append.

A similar remark is applicable to newspapers, magazines, and reviews. There are many salient points in either which it is as well from time to time to preserve; but this should be done with a view to their orderly digestion and leisurely rearrangement, both of which qualities are in this instance conspicuous by their absence. The mere throwing a naked quantity of facts, dates, and anecdotes without the slightest connecting link into the pigeon-hole of a bureau is obviously useless, unless the owner have the talent to organize, arrange, and connect them—a process which requires a certain amount of brain, patience, and mastery of detail. When Lord William shall have

arrived at these he may not unreasonably aspire, with his present stock of information, to edit a decent almanack. There is, however, some difference between Lippus and Horace.

The faults, however, which we have mentioned are light and comparatively venial, when viewed in connection with others which abound throughout the whole of these two volumes. First and foremost comes the intense and unadulterated egotism which runs rampant in every page—I, I, and nothing but I. If the Member for Devizes be rightly christened the incarnate note of interrogation to the House of Commons, surely our Author may amongst writers be looked upon as the embodiment of the personal pronoun. Cæsar, Charles XII., Wellington, and Napoleon were men who made some noise in their day, and who might properly be forgiven for dwelling occasionally on their own exploits; but the four combined have not within the whole range of their works said one-tenth part so much about themselves as the gentleman whose work we are criticising, has about a certain Lord William Pitt Lennox. He commences literally *ab ovo*, to the great regret of his readers that it had not been an addled one, and goes on to narrate divers incidents connected therewith of more interest perhaps to his nurse than to them. Emerged from the shell, we hear that his youthful education was neglected; and after a careful perusal of the volumes before us, we see no reason, in this instance at least, to impeach his lordship's veracity.

We are then favoured with a disquisition on politics, apparently for no other object than to give the author an opportunity of puffing his own connections, being flippantly impertinent about Pitt, and flatly contradicting himself. After a schoolboy's description of the venality of the times, he goes on to state that 'it was during this session that Pitt made his last show of attachment to the liberal principles he had so warmly advocated when out of power, by bringing forward reform in Parliament; but it was so ineffectual a measure, that it was only ridiculed by the Opposition, and as he did not use his own Parliamentary influence to support it, it was clear that he never intended it should pass. He was ever after a resolute opponent of Parliamentary reform in whatever shape it was presented.' Under these influences, our author was not long in gaining an appointment; but judge our astonishment, when, on turning to page 162, vol. ii., we find the improved system of representation ascribed originally to *my* godfather, William Pitt, and *my* great-uncle the Duke of Richmond, who are thus declared to derive an additional grandeur from the relationship. Everything is subsidiary to this capital I; never was such an actor or such an athlete, never such a Nimrod or rider of gentlemen races, no such runner or shot with gun or pistol, no such favoured companion of women, men of letters, or even of royalty. Others may have succeeded in these different walks, but they are all introduced as a peg whereon to hang the personal pronoun; and yet it is possible the world would have remembered William Pitt, even had he not had the good fortune to have been the godfather of our dear Lord William.

At the most impressionable age, our author was placed on the staff of the Duke of Wellington, at a period when the most important events were taking place. With him he went to Paris and Vienna. From his position he had the companionship of the historic men of the age, the opportunity of gathering the most authentic information of the mighty events then passing, and an insight into the secret workings of the machinery which formed treaties and changed dynasties; and out of these advantages he gives as his fifty years' reminiscences only bald records of dinners that he

ate, and races that he won, chronicles of paltry wagers, whose egotistical results were too trivial for other notice, or scraps of barrack-room scandals which are only striking on account of the names that are unnecessarily introduced. Located at Vienna at a time when Vienna was the concentrating point of Europe, when Wellington, Castlereagh, Sir Charles Stewart, Metternich, the Grand Duke Constantine, and a cloud of kings and queens were, according to his own statement, his constant associates, he finds time to copy out two pages of a guide-book, to describe a tournament and several balls, to give an account of a stag-hunt, and reproduce an exploded squib from the 'Morning Chronicle.' Translated from Vienna to Bruxelles, he met with an accident from riding a Cossack horse, which running away with him, knocked his head against a tree, and injured—what men call, as Mr. Kinglake would say,—his brain.

We consider this accident as the only possible explanation of the whole book.

From Brussels he gives an authentic account of the ball at his mother's house, and pays a hitherto unrecorded visit to the field of Waterloo, which no more entitles him to criticise that battle, than would the fact of having been a bottle-washer constitute a man a judge of '20 port. Besides which, the world has long since had enough of Waterloo and formed its own opinion of it. There is, however, a tolerable anecdote about Blucher, and another about a horse-dealer and his flight over the Brussels race-course; their interest, however, is somewhat impaired by their being copied from page 116, vol. iv. of the 'Sporting Review,' a remark which is equally applicable to the stories about gentlemen riders in general, which may be found in other pages of the same periodical.

From Waterloo to Paris the road runs easily enough, and we enter in the wake of the allied armies; but as Captain Grönow has here again the advantage of precedence, it would have been better to have left him in possession of the field. Tastes, however, on matters of this sort, proverbially differ; and many men will no doubt prefer his lordship's style of telling an anecdote to that of the Captain. The site, by-the-by, is not in the French capital, but one example will do for all. Speaking of Lord Allen and Count D'Orsay, Captain Grönow tells us as follows:—'Lord Allen being rather the worse for drinking too much wine at dinner, teased Count D'Orsay, and said some very disagreeable things which irritated him, when suddenly, John Bush entered the club, and shook hands with the Count, who exclaimed, "*Voilà la difference entre une bonne bouche et une mauvaise haleine.*"' Here is Lord Lennox's version:—'Among the celebrities of the day was Lord Allen, commonly called King Allen, and it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that he gave rise to the witty saying of Count D'Orsay, who, seeing his lordship and a most popular Emerald, John Bush, *arm-in-arm together*, exclaimed, "*Voilà mauvaise Allain et bonne bouche.*"' The one preserves the entire gist of a very witty saying, the other makes a clever man and a gentleman say a rude thing. If they were walking together arm-in-arm, where was the pertinence of the '*mauvaise*?'—but, worst than all, his Lordship does not see the entire pith of the joke, which consists in the apposite nature of the English proper names and the French noun substantives; 'so,' as Lord Maucaulay observes, 'may such ill-got gains ever prosper.' A moderate violation of the eighth commandment is, on the whole, useful if not commendable, and it was probably this idea which led the Spartans, who were sensible men in their day, to encourage theft if practised with a certain degree of success.

Mediocrity, however, in this, as well as in other things, is not allowable either 'by gods, men, or columns,' and we are sorry that we cannot concede to his lordship the somewhat questionable merit of being a successful thief.

One more example of anecdotal power and the reader must be content. Speaking of the Reform Bill, and the various incidents connected therewith, including the illumination, or rather non-illumination riots, we are favoured with the following:—'In honour of the Reform Bill, and, if the truth is to be spoken, from a fear of having my windows smashed, I ordered my portress to light up my house; this she did with about three dozen tallow dips stuck into wine bottles. For some hours the effect was sufficiently good to escape the bill of "panes and penalties" attached by the mob to those who would not illuminate. Unfortunately, about midnight, the dips were burnt out, and the front of my residence showed no sign of rejoicing. "He's a hantireformer," cries one, "and ought to be marked." Suiting the action to the word, he hurled a huge stone against my drawing-room window. "Sarved him right," shouted a glazier's boy, with an eye to business; "hoorah, let's give him a volley!" In less time than I can record the circumstance, every pane was demolished.' This is chaste in the extreme, and combines dignity of expression with true Attic wit. The happy play of fancy between 'pains' and 'panes' is both novel and ingenious, and every way worthy of a nobleman.

From Paris we are taken to Canada, where, in addition to the usual routine of sports, for which *vide* the 'Field' *passim*, we are treated to a *réchauffé* of defunct playbills and resuscitated race-cards, with the name, weight, and colour of Lord W—— prominent in either category. Returning, on the death of his father, to England, it was soon discovered that promotion, either by sale or purchase, could never be commensurate with the hitherto latent abilities of our Author: what Brussels, Vienna, Waterloo, and Paris had failed to develop, the Horse Guards could hardly hope to mature; accordingly he determined on selling out of the Blues, and seeking in the Hall of Westminster that renown which fortune had hitherto denied him in the field. Had he, as he states himself, been allowed to exchange, 'he might have been a General Officer, and been full Colonel of a cavalry regiment.' Which of our least fortunate cavalry regiments would feel gratified in the fulfilment of this aspiration? Of his success in Parliament he has no doubt, and instances as his reason for the same the series of 'Hear, hears' which greeted his orations. As, however, he has in kindness refrained from publishing them, we are spared the necessity of discussing this matter. His duties as a legislator do not seem to have interfered with his usual amusements, for his second volume is, on the whole, as like the first as one racing-calendar is to another. The programme of the races is varied, and so is that of the playbill, but the principal rider, actor, driver, and scene-shifter is that everlasting 'I' whose acquaintance we made in the first volume. A necessity, however, arises for what publishers call 'padding,' and herein our high-born Autolycus is moderately at home.

To eke out the bulk of two large octavos he has recourse to printing matter, which is accessible to every one, at the greatest possible length. Being on a visit to the Stanley family, it is necessary, 'while the carriage is unpacking,' to enter the well-stocked library, and there to find the whole account of his host's ancestors. Here—will any reader credit it?—follows *a deliberate account of the genealogy of the whole Stanley family*, which all who wish may find as easily for themselves in a more authentic volume. Not



content with copying out Burke's Peerage, the reader is treated to a catalogue of game shot, extending from page 343 to 354 or, in other words, the entire length of a moderate magazine-article—statistics about as appropriate to a volume of reminiscences as would be the daily tide-table at London Bridge, or the, no doubt, interesting fact that it is the deliberate intention of the writer of this notice to have a leg of mutton for his dinner.

*Ohe! jam satis!* As, however, we have incidentally mentioned *Æsop*, we will conclude with a motto, a story, and a moral. His lordship tells us in the first volume that he studied French under Mr. Gallay; and although his version of Count D'Orsay's anecdote would lead the reader to doubt it, we give him the benefit of the assertion. They have a motto, those French, and an ancient one, of '*Noblesse obligé*;' let his lordship, when he next writes, strive to understand its meaning. He is also, as he takes care repeatedly to tell us, a member of the Garrick Club, and will at once recognize the following story:—

There is a well-known barrister, a member of that club, who has for a long time been on terms of intimacy with his lordship's family, so much so as to have made the interesting fact well known to each of his fellow-members. Men, indeed, would bet that he would not be ten minutes in the smoking-room without alluding to it. Coming in one evening from the opera *en grande tenue*, he threw himself into a chair, and amidst profound silence exclaimed, 'Well, would you believe it!' No answer being made, except an inquiring look or two, and the puff of a cigar, he opened his mouth again, and ejaculated, 'Yes, I can assure you it is a positive fact: I was dining with 'Richmond-to-day, and we had no fish!' Amazement was on the face of his audience, when Douglas Jerrold, who sat by the fire, quietly remarked, 'Well, what of that? I suppose they had eaten it all *up stairs*?' When his lordship next attempts to write, let him reflect upon this—take our advice about the almanac, and, as a literary man, appear only at the second table.

## A WEEK OF FOREST AND PRAIRIE LIFE.

(Continued from p. 353, Vol. vi.)

THE following morning I determined to get up early and hunt turkeys. Although before my arrival my friends had killed a great number they were yet very plentiful, and in the forest just before daybreak could be heard gobbling in all directions. The craftiest and shyest of all game birds, it takes a hunter to be well acquainted with their habits before he can calculate upon much success in their pursuit. As it was now near the breeding season, and the hens had not yet begun forming their nests, both sexes were in the highest condition, and we shot them indiscriminately, though we only carried to Columbia the gobblers.

On this morning, although we all started at the same time, we had determined in which direction each was to proceed, to avoid any danger when trying to call up turkeys, on our 'yelpers,' that we did not shoot accidentally one another, a circumstance which has happened more than once in that sport. On this occasion we agreed that one should go down the creek towards where it emptied itself into the Brazos River to the east of the camp, whilst another

should go up it, and the others should take one a northern, the other a southern course through the forest, neither one of us to commence operations until he had left the camp a good mile behind him.

I preferred going up the creek, as I was not so well acquainted with this part of the forest as my friends. Although in broad daylight I was too used to the woods for that to matter, still I thought in the dull half-light, or nearly darkness of early morning, it would be better for me to follow the prairie on the edge of the timber of the creek up to where I should either hear turkeys gobble, or when, having gained a proper distance from camp, I might begin to hunt.

Smoking my pipe, I walked steadily forward, until I thought I had gone at least a mile and a half; but it was still too dark to see to shoot, though a red flush came up over the timber to the eastward, which gave promise that the day was near. The wren and the red-bird (cardinal) had for some time been twittering in the bushes, another sure sign that it would soon be light, and that with an instantaneousness unknown to more northern climes. Far into the woods on my right I could hear turkeys gobbling, so, seating myself on a fallen tree, I waited patiently for day. All at once, so it appeared, the sun tipped the forest, against which the sylvan giants of the woods cut sharply. Each lofty branch of those trees which towered above their fellows stood out in bold relief against the crimson background, and a heavy mist, not before perceptible, which had hung all night over the waters of the creek, rolled up like the drop-curtain at a theatre. From each leaf the dewdrops, unexhaled as yet, hung sparkling, thicker and purer than the rarest diamonds that ever decked the raven tresses of a bride. The air was still as yet, but everything gave token that it was going to be a bright and beautiful day, and with the sun I felt sure would spring up the cool, delightful breeze from off the blue waters of the Mexican Gulf. Having selected a large fallen tree behind which to conceal myself, I began to imitate the cluck of the hen bird upon a caller made from the small bone of the middle joint of a hen turkey's wing, for I could hear the heavy flight of these birds as they flew down from their roosts, for they are very cautious not to alight upon the ground till they can see all around them. Before long I felt almost sure that I was answered by a cock, and from the way in which the sound came, and its rapid reiterations, I felt nearly certain there were two. The result proved I was right, for after giving another low yelp or two up came racing, to see who should be first, a brace of beautiful cock turkeys. They paused for a moment or two in front of me, at about twenty-five yards' distance, and sweeping the ground with their wings, and spreading their tails like immense fans, challenged again, as if to get the direction from the hen; but their time had come, for they were both close enough, and, making a double shot, I secured both. Hanging them up to the branch of a tree, I started up the creek a little further, as I feared my double shot might have alarmed any others that were near, and was again successful in calling up a turkey and killing him. Then taking him down to

where the others were suspended I tied all their necks together, and throwing them over my shoulder, so that two hung down behind and one in front of me, I lit my pipe, and put my best leg first to reach the camp, feeling perfectly satisfied with my morning's sport, as well as thinking not only that I had earned my right to a good breakfast, but that I had secured an appetite for its due appreciation. My companions had been successful; and we were able to show eight turkeys and two deer for our morning's work. The rest of the day and evening was spent nearly as the previous one; and as it was Hampton's turn to go to market on the morrow, we agreed to spend it as a rest day; for having plenty of meat in camp—the fore-quarters of the deer and the hen turkeys being always reserved for home consumption—there was no necessity to kill any more in waste.

I spent most of my holiday—yes, holiday, strange as it may sound to British sportsmen's ears; but when almost every day for years the hand is grasping the smooth-bore or the rifle a rest day is a holiday, even from sport—under the shade of an immense live oak on the bank of the creek, with a fishing-line, a book, and my pipe, M'Culloch sitting by me most of the time 'yarning' of hair-breadth adventures with the Comanches down to the humble 'coon' hunt round an Indian corn-field.

'Ah!' said M'Culloch, after taking two or three long pulls at his pipe, 'you know the "Cross Timbers;" for I think you were up 'there ranging for a while.' The 'Cross Timbers,' a long point of timber which runs for many miles out into the prairie above the head waters of the Trinity and Brazos Rivers, is one of the best-known landmarks in Texas; trappers and prairie tribes of Indians calculate their position from it, as the mariners of England do when at sea from Greenwich. 'There is a cañon about twelve miles due west 'of "Prong-horn Point,"' continued M'Culloch, 'and I was 'scouting out there alone, having left my company of rangers 'camped on a small creek, which is, I believe, unnamed, about 'eight miles to the west of where I was. I was about trying to 'crawl up to an antelope, when all at once I noticed to the north-west an Indian "smoke." Presently these "smokes" were starting up in all directions, and I saw that I was nearly surrounded.'

These 'smokes' are made with great ingenuity by the Indians in a very few minutes: they build a few sticks up chimney fashion, and cover them closely with prairie sods, leaving a kind of oven door facing the wind for the fire to draw well, which, being kindled, they throw upon it green twigs, grass, or weeds, or anything, in fact, which will make a good black smoke. This, in the clear, light atmosphere rises in a straight, thin column to an enormous height, and is used as a signal to let the scattered bands know that there is an enemy in the neighbourhood. Every Indian or scattered band at once answer it, to warn others more distant; as well as to show their position, so that they can, by means of other signals, combine to hem an enemy in.

McCulloch went on. 'I saw it was no time for swapping horses, and that if I wanted to save my scalp I had some of the tallest riding to do. So I started back for my men, not at top speed, though, but holding my horse together, and saving him, for as yet there were no "smokes" between me and my men. I had not gone far, however, before I saw one just starting up to my right front, and in less than two minutes there was a thin blue thread rising to the left. I saw now that I had to run the gauntlet, and I put old Alamo to his best pace. I knew that some of the copper-coloured scamps would try and cut me off, but if I could only get beyond them they'd have a stern chase of it; and I fancied I could play with them as I liked, for I was splendidly mounted, the old sorrel is yet alive, and I determined, if chased, to lead them up to my men, and turn the tables upon them with a vengeance. Even going at my best I was almost too late, for diverging to a point from the two "smokes" were two bands of Indians. I had not time to count them, but I should think there were altogether about thirty; but I held on like grim death to a dead nigger, and just managed to slip through by the skin of my teeth, leaving the two parties about three or four hundred yards on either hand. The way they began yelling now was a caution to snakes; I cared little about that though, for I had heard it too often in the last twenty years to be scared. But it was of service one way, as it showed they were Comanches, and as I looked back I saw that most were well mounted; but as I had double cylinders for both my "Colts" it was "York State to a musk-rat" that I won. We were racing now, but I never let go of my horse's head. I had ridden four-mile heats when a boy in old Kentuck, and I knew the advantage in keeping your horse together in such a brush as this. Miles slipped away in this ride for life, and whenever a savage came closer than I liked I pointed my pistol at him, which made him diverge a little, and thus I gained a few yards; they were gradually tailing off, too, I perceived, and only three were holding their own with my sorrel. Thus we galloped until we were about a mile or a mile and a half from my camp, when an arrow whistled past my ear, which warned me that it was time for me to do some shooting. The foremost Indian was whirling his lasso as I wheeled short to the right, so I let him have it through his chest, and he dropped on the instant; the second had not time to pull up, or turn, before he caught it pretty hot in the shoulder; but the third, wheeling to the left, threw himself on the other side his horse and let slip an arrow at me from under his mustang's neck. His arrow went through the sleeve of my hunting-shirt, and I at once fell forward on my horse's neck, as though badly wounded, whilst I put his head again straight for camp as hard as we could go. The ruse succeeded, for, yelling and waving forward his lagging warriors to renewed exertions, the red-skins came on in pursuit. Although leaning forward as though mortally hurt, I managed as we neared

' the camp to send several bullets at my pursuers, as much to warn my men as anything else; and when within about two or three hundred yards of the timber I saw the old felt sombreros and blue hickory or buckskin shirts come pouring out on my surprised followers. You may guess how it ended, fresh horses against blown ones. Eighteen of the catchers were the caught, and those were the luckiest who had earliest abandoned the chase of me. The Texas Rangers once more taught the Comanches that they had to do with "different guess stuff" than the Mexican braves, who dread one of that tribe more than they would the fiercest old "grizzly" of the Rocky Mountains.'

' Let us go in and fix a drink. I'm tired of talking, and you, I expect, of listening to my old stories.'

Hampton brought back a fresh supply of papers, as well as two or three magazines, which the editor of 'The Democrat and Planter' had given him, and the evening was spent by all in looking over the news. Early in the morning, before sun up, we all started after deer or turkeys. I had, after about two hours' hunting, returned to camp with a turkey and catamount (the large dark short-tailed cat; I believe it is really a lynx); the latter I had seen steal up a tree, where I discovered him crouched upon one of the boughs; but a well-placed load of buckshot brought him down nearly dead, and quite incapable of fight. I was just about off saddling when M'Culloch rode up with a buck.

' Keep your saddle on,' he shouted; 'I want you. Never mind your gun. I have wounded a doe; we'll take the old hounds and catch her. Cross the ford and keep up the creek; I'll take the hounds up this side, and lay them on where I shot at her: she's safe to take the water.'

After riding about a mile up the creek I heard the old hounds open, and could, as the timber was thin here, now and then see them. One of the deer's hind legs was broken high up near the hip. The poor animal took the water nearly opposite to me, and the old turkey dog, who had followed the hounds, and could outrun them, was first up, and, springing on the deer, seized it by the back of its neck. The poor thing plunged towards me, looking up with its pleading dark eyes, soft and tender as a Mexican *senorita's*, as if for protection.

I would willingly have given all I possessed to have been able to place it full of life and unharmed as it was two short hours previously on the prairie; but I could not do this, so I yelled with all my might for M'Culloch to come up and put it out of its misery. Mac's bullet entered the nape of its neck, dividing the last vertebral articulation, and it died so instantaneously that I think it did not feel a pang. I rode back almost determined never to kill another deer, or, at any rate, a doe. These good resolutions soon died out, for I have killed hundreds since.

On our return we found that Hampton and Lonus had returned each with a deer, Hampton had discovered a very large bear-sign.

He spoke of it as having merely come across it, and that it was quite fresh, but he never evinced the slightest wish to overhaul the animal. Mac received in the same way the news, but Lonus's grey eyes twinkled as he said:—

‘Well, we’ll kill him in the morning.’

‘Kill him!’ said Hampton, in a tone of reproof, such as a Padre would use to one of his flock who proposed giving a dinner-party in Lent—‘kill a bear in the spring! Why his skin is not worth the lead you’d put into it!’

‘What do you want to kill him now for, Lonus?’ put in M’Culloch. ‘Wait till the fall, when he’ll be fat.’

‘What do I want to kill him for now? why, just this,’ replied Lonus. ‘If you have not noticed it, I have. There’s as good a promise for mast as I ever saw, and I’ve got a right smart chance of hogs to fatten. I mean to drive my pigs over here next August: it’s not more than fifteen miles from my ranche, and I’d sooner kill every “bar” in the forest than lose any of my porkers—that’s what’s for.’

It was no use arguing, so it was agreed that Bruin, the next morning, should, if possible, be made to bite the dust; an event by no means improbable, considering what sort of hunters and the stanch pack of hounds he had opposed to him.

‘Mind,’ said Hampton to Lonus, ‘he’s thin, and he’ll run like a quarter-horse; and if he don’t run he’ll fight like forty wild cats. Most all the “bar” dogs are yours, and it’s my belief he’ll thin ‘em.’

Long before the sun was up, the following morning saw the hunters preparing for the ‘bar-fight.’ Each of my companions looked carefully to the loading of his rifle as the arm they most affected; whilst I, knowing it would be close quarters, trusted to my double-shot gun, into each barrel of which, over four-and-a-half drams of powder, I placed a good ounce-ball well patched with a piece of an old white kid-glove which had once covered the white, plump hand of a Texas belle, but who, having married without my consent, I no longer valued, and as she had gone to live with one bear, I was determined, if I got a chance, that her souvenir should aid in the death of another.

Having gained the spot where Hampton had discovered the sign the day before, we tried the hounds, but they did not own that he had been there on this morning; but having made a kind of half-circle from the edge of the prairie, through the timber, to near the banks of the creek, we came upon the remains of a wild hog which had in the night been killed by a bear, and the hounds at once burst into full cry. After running about a mile down the bank of the creek we heard them baying, and upon getting up found that Mr. Bruin had gone to his den in a hole in a huge sycamore tree, where it forked about fifteen feet from the ground, where he was probably enjoying his first nap if the awful noise of the fierce hounds had not already awoken him.

'Here's a sell,' I remarked as soon as I could get my breath after the rattling burst: 'we'll have to cut the tree down or burn it.'

'How do you mean?' grinned Lonus. 'I'll soon fetch the varmint out of that.'

In a few minutes a fire was kindled, and when the brands were well burnt they were pitched into the hole, whilst Hampton stood ready with a large bundle of dry Spanish moss on a pole to put in on the top of the brands, and thus create a smoke that nothing with lungs could endure.

'Mind,' cautioned M'Culloch, 'don't shoot him so that he falls back into his den: let him show out well; and the next caution I have to give is to make a sure shot, for he'll be awful mad when he does come out.'

Dreadful grumbling and expostulatory growls could now be heard in the interior of the old forest giant, and before many minutes the brown, angry muzzle of the bear was seen emerging from the hole. His little eyes were red with rage and smoke, and he looked, as Hampton remarked, 'pesked ogly.' If a bear ever had a sore tail, I fancy this one had, and he looked as if he thought that any punishment he could inflict on his disturbers would be only an instalment of the debt he owed us. Upon first putting his head out he hesitated as he looked down at the yelling pack, but the fire was too fierce in his rear, for the dry Spanish moss had burst into a flame, and this decided him. Still he had no fancy to face the powerful hounds below, and so he began to ascend on the opposite side of the tree, and having ascended a few feet he stopped, as the smoke was now blowing clear from him, and seemed to meditate upon the situation. This pause hastened his end, for having each side of his brisket well opened by the position of his forearms as he clung to the tree, gave Hampton on the one side, and Lonus on the other, a chance for a dead shot at his heart (which in a bear lies lower down and farther back than in other animals). Both rifles cracked together, so that both reports were blended into one, and the bear fell to the ground. A few convulsive, aimless blows, a slight quiver through the muscles, and he was dead. Nevertheless one of the dogs got a nasty, accidental stroke from one of his dying blows, which ripped the skin off from the shoulder to the hip. His skin, owing to the season and the severe singeing it had got, was utterly worthless, and he was too poor to eat, so 'we left him alone in his 'glory,' having secured his head for the sake of the tushes, which, carved and hollowed out, make pretty powder-chargers for small-bored rifles. Then slowly we returned to camp after a successful, though not very profitable morning's sport.

After breakfast, with pipes under weigh, we discussed our future plans, and agreed that, after one final turkey-hunt, we must separate, my companions having business to attend to. All the game on hand, and all that we might kill on the following morning, was destined for the benefit of old Caleb, the negro, whose willingness to do what he could was appreciated by us all, Lonus telling him that

he might take one of his spare horses to pack the spoils upon, and go into Columbia to dispose of them for his sole use and benefit; for though a slave, I do not hesitate to say that he was treated with as much kindness and consideration, perhaps rather more, than falls to the lot of an English labourer. If any threats were ever held out to him about looking sharp, or anything which to the uninitiated might look menacing, Caleb knew that they were as harmless as my 'Uncle Toby's' oaths, for the hot-blooded Southerners have one of the customs which pertained to the 'Army in Flanders.'

It would be almost a mere repetition to describe the hunt which took place on the following morning. It is enough to say that seven turkeys were bagged, and that with what we had already we thought the negro would net about fifteen dollars, or three guineas English money. After breakfast witnessed the breaking up of the camp-hunt, M'Culloch accompanying Lonus to assist him in collecting, marking, and branding his cattle, of which he had several hundred. Hampton started for a situation which had been offered him as hunter for a plantation near the Gulf, and I returned to Columbia, where, crossing the Brazos River, which was now practicable, I made my way to Oyster Creek for my summer's buck-stalking through those silent old forests.

We parted with many warm and kindly adieus, and although in after years we now and then caught glimpses of each other, yet we never more all met together again for a week's hunting in the forest and prairie.

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## ROWING.

OUR trusty friends the Tynesiders again show what we must consider the great events of the month, the mile race between Chambers and Cooper, and the pair-oared match between the Taylors and old Clasper and partner. The first was a most interesting affair, and, as usual on all great occasions, all Newcastle turned out to look at it. The race was never in doubt after the quarter, Cooper winning, to the surprise and disgust of the public, who laid 3 to 2, and even 2 to 1, on Chambers, as was natural, from his public running. If, as Chambers's friends say—and we see no reason to doubt—his *forte* is pre-eminently distance, he was foolish to make the match at all, and, having done so, doubly foolish to come to the post manifestly unfit; but he no doubt underrated his man, and thought it an uncommonly easy job—so much so, that for the first time in his life he stood part of his own stakes. Lots of people will now jump to the conclusion that Chambers is stale, especially since Cooper has repeated his victory at Talkin Tarn Regatta; but there is no doubt that he was 'dead amiss' on both occasions; and the regatta course is no more his distance than the mile on the Tyne. We should like to see the two alongside for a four-mile spin; but probably Bob Chambers, after his unusually victorious



career, will not give Cooper, or, in fact, anybody, many chances of beating him. The pair-oared spin between the Taylors and old Clasper and partner boiled another 'pot' over, for up to the day odds were freely laid on the latter, who were astern all the way, though they got up a little in the lumpy water at the finish. Clasper evidently expects to see a better day, having entered for the Tyne Regatta, though what chance he can have against Green and Kelley, who beat the Taylors anyhow on the Thames, it is difficult to understand.

The time-honoured race for Doggett's Coat and Badge brought six to the start at London Bridge—a most uncomfortable starting-point in these days of incessant steamers, especially when a race to Battersea against tide is in prospect for the aquatic aspirant. Young of Rotherhithe proved the winner after a stern wager of about a mile; but his boat was so much superior to the others that we think either Egalton of Blackwall, or Russell of Bermondsey would be a good match for him in equal craft.

The Australian, Green, had a benefit at the Surrey on the 18th, when, to judge by the state of the house, he must have made a good thing of it. The inevitable 'Tom Tug' was of course played, and during the evening several of the lions present, including Kelley and Tom King, and the Australian Eleven, responded to the call of their respective admirers. The *bénéficiaire* also showed, and in a few words thanked his friends for their presence, and alluded to the Tyne Regatta on the 28th, at which he should have an opportunity of contending with Chambers, and, he trusted, of defeating him.

Bain of Lambeth has been industriously impressing on the *Moussers* (by which term we most unjustifiably include all foreigners) in the distant waters of Dieppe and Antwerp the potency of Britannia's power over the waves, winning all there was to be won at each place, and dropping in at Hastings to pick up a trifle of 40*l*. At the last-mentioned place, however, he had to work for the money, being opposed by Tagg's crew—no mean opponents, though they are more at home in racing craft.

Amateurs have during the past month had plenty to do and see, regattas claiming their attention in all parts of the country. The Tewkesbury Regatta on the 4th was chiefly remarkable for the sculling of Messrs. Hopton and Roney, who cut down all opponents in the two races for which they had entered. There was also some good four-oared rowing, and the regatta was most successful, though a little more sunshine would have been gratefully received. The Clydesdale Amateur R. C. Regatta on the 13th and 14th offered a splendid programme; and it is really surprising that the handsome prizes offered do not tempt crews from London, Oxford, or Cambridge. As it was, the Chester Rowing Club carried off the two chief prizes of the meeting; and if they row as well as they did at Henley in 1855, the South country crew, unless very crack indeed, is perhaps just as well away. Chester and Bedford unfortunately

clashed, both being fixed for the 20th. At the former a most liberal prize, 50*l.* in plate, was offered for fours; but even this munificence only brought three crews to the post, and neither the visitors from Liverpool or Manchester had a chance with the Chester lot, who on their own water repeated their Glasgow victory. It is a pity that Southern oarsmen do not more frequently assist in the regatta at this fine old town (we beg pardon, city), where fair play and a hearty welcome await them. At Bedford the London Rowing Club put in an appearance to some purpose, carrying off everything they went for, viz., fours, pairs, and sculls. Some unpleasantness arose owing to some Cambridge roughs—in fact, artisans—being allowed to row for the Amateur fours and sculls, and not being successful in either, they gave way to language *not* parliamentary.

We were sorry to find the same band of brothers turn up at Lynn Regatta on the 24th, and doubly sorry to find them victorious, as, having no London Rowing Club or other crack lot to contend against, they had an easy journey, the St. John's College crew being quite out of condition. Provincial regatta committees seem to have the most elastic ideas as to the qualifications of a 'gentleman amateur,' that definition being, it has often seemed to us, at most places, held to mean nothing, and include everything. These remarks especially apply to salt-water regattas, where we have more than once seen mechanics carry off prizes intended, in our judgment, for gentlemen amateurs. Such goings on would not be endured at any of our metropolitan meetings, at Barnes, or Kingston, where the arrangements are brought to greater perfection; and it is very desirable that some general understanding should be arrived at as to who is and who is not eligible, and what races are or are not restricted to amateurs proper; for it is objectionable, after fairly beating one's opponents with the oar, to be challenged to a *slanging* match, an art in which the accomplished oarsman may chance not to be an adept. The Manchester and Salford Regatta, which has in former years been a great affair, was this year almost exclusively local, the only visitors being Taylor's four, who, greatly to their own surprise, did *not* win the 50*l.* prize.

The Kew Regatta put forward a full programme; and, with very handsome prizes, would no doubt have been a success, but for a sad accident, which put a stop to the day's enjoyment. This was the drowning of Mr. E. Embleton, while steering in a gig race. The water was terribly rough, tide running up, with a strong wind down, and the boats were started in a perfect sea, but had not gone far when the one which the unfortunate little fellow was steering filled aft, and sank, leaving the crew—two oarsmen and coxswain, of whom only one could swim—struggling in the water. H. Embleton succeeded in getting hold of his brother, but being separated by the violence of the waves, only just managed to save himself. The umpire and crew, dumbfounded at the sight, could do nothing towards rescuing the poor little fellow, whose body was not found until ten at night, when several friends had been dragging the river

for some hours. This sad affair of course precluded all the West London men, of which club poor Embleton was a member, from rowing; and the members of other clubs intimating very generally their intention not to start, the committee were compelled to postpone the regatta. The poor little fellow was known as one of the cleverest coxswains on the river, and his loss, both in an aquatic and social point of view, will be long felt by his friends and associates, among whom he was a general favourite.

The chief events on the metropolitan course have been the annual Leander and Westminster match, in which the superior strength of the adults left Westminster no chance from the first, though their form was the better of the two; some fine pair-oared rowing for Mr. Shearman's prizes, also a splendid race for the Layton fours, both of the L. R. C. The Corsairs (Putney) rowed a home and home match with the Excelsiors (Greenwich), and each were on their own water. The below-bridge race was a fine display of skill and strength; and the distance being five miles (Woolwich to Greenwich), there was full scope for the display of the latter aquatic requisite. After an exciting race, in which they were several times pushed very close, the Greenwich men won by four lengths.

The Championship Swimming Match between Beckwith and Mather, in the Thames, drew thousands to the river side. The result was a striking instance of those cases in which youth can't get served. It is all very well to say, 'Youth *will* be served;' but how is it if the other side decline to serve him? Mather, a fine young fellow, was thought able to beat Beckwith if any one could, but the game perseverance of the veteran pulled him through after a most exhausting struggle. If apology were needed for bringing swimming under the notice of rowing men, the late accident at Kew affords the saddest and most convincing evidence of the necessity of this elegant accomplishment to all who affect aquatic pursuits.

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## A COLLEGE FINGERPOST.

### PART III.

FEW days are so thoroughly enjoyable as the opening day of one's first term, few so fraught with anticipation, or so important with regard to future destiny. It is true everything around appears strange, every face a new one; but then novelty gives the actual charm, and early impressions are of the strongest, though of the quickest nature. I seemed to enter, as it were, upon a new stage of existence, to make my first step into life on my own account, free as the air, hopeful and confiding. As to matters in a lower scale I found everything remarkably clean (a vast contrast to the end of term), substantial, neat, and good. Scouts were looking a cheerful welcome; little groups of men in the prime of youth were to be seen in different parts of the 'quad' meditating a luncheon, a row to Ifley, or a ride to Abingdon; Skye terriers were making

each other's acquaintance in their peculiar way for the first time—shaking hands, as it were, previously to a fight. Here a freshman peeped shyly from his window, beholding his 'home, though 'distant still;' there a fast-looking man, smart as a new penny, was smoking a bad cigar and drinking 'Bass,' and as he lounged against the window, seemed perfectly 'at home' in his rooms. Peers and commoners are chatting gaily. Dons are all smiles, and duns happily unknown. Chapel over, and breakfast partly so, the next morning, and in rushes an old schoolfellow, and exclaims in one breath—

'Ah, Broadley! I heard you were come up, so I thought I would 'just come and have some breakfast with you. How are you, old fellow? Glad to see you. But what a big chap you've grown!'

'Why, I had no idea you were here,' I replied, for being a most idle youth, with the strongest disinclination to study, Burr had requested him, some three years previously, to pack up very suddenly, and take a seat on the coach next morning *en route* for his paternal demesne, adding before us all, by way of example, I suppose, 'I will not keep any such boys as you, Mr. Bolton, in this 'school any longer.' He spake, and it was done!

'Oh! yes, I've been at "Skimmery" a year and a half. I say, 'haven't you got any more chicken? I'm awfully hungry. Tell 'your scout to get some; in the mean time I'll take an egg. How 'did you leave all your family?'

After full justice had been done by my friend to the eatables, his thoughts immediately turned to the drinkables. He was no believer in the less exciting beverages of tea and coffee.

'Have you got some "Bass," Broadley?'

'Some what?' for I did not comprehend the abbreviation.

'Why, bitter beer, to be sure.'

Being answered in the negative, his fertile brain soon discovered a remedy for the evil.

'Well, but old fellow, get your scout to borrow a couple of bottles 'or so from some one on the staircase; it's what we always do when 'we run short. You can pay him back when you get some in; for 'you know, Broadley, by Jove! you *must* have Bass, and a tankard.'

The bottles soon became 'dead men,' Mr. Bolton evidently being thirsty *that* morning. A little tour of inspection through the stables in Holywell Street at my friend's suggestion led to a mutual determination to have a cart and a drive. In due time we were taking an early dinner at Farley's at Woodstock, where I was rather surprised to see Mr. Bolton just giving the ladies a quiet kiss, as he remarked, 'for old acquaintance sake.'

'One of the girls, you know,' said he, 'married an University 'man; and that's one reason why we get on so well. We must go 'and hear them play and sing when we've had our dinner.'

Of all wretched places—the model of a deserted village—Woodstock was in my day the most miserable. Poverty appeared to be the reigning demon—no trade, no money, no life in the place—all

the coaches knocked off the road and the hotels presenting a most woe-begone appearance. Still that such should be the case, contiguous as the town is to the magnificent palace and park of Blenheim—in fact, it appears to be part and parcel of it—was to me something both remarkable and to be deplored.

A stroll through the park gave a good appetite for a bad dinner ; and as there was nothing else attractive we were shortly on our way back, during which time the question of hunting was eagerly discussed, and, I may say, enthusiastically dwelt upon, my companion pointing out occasionally a line of country which he had taken, embellishing it with a detailed account of the run. I there and then made up my mind (which was not a work of time or of any severe effort) to see what the Oxfordshire country was like on the very first opportunity. We drank deeply of Farley's port, and it certainly must have been literally a *dry* wine, for we both felt dry ere we reached the turnpike, some six miles from Woodstock, and a friendly public being at hand, we gratefully acknowledged its presence, and to the toast, 'Success to foxhunting!' refreshed the inner man with 'cold pale,' and went on our way rejoicing. Next day found me at the Tattersall's of Oxford, where, irrespectively of the hour or *day* of the week, men who took a delight in horse-flesh were wont to congregate, and where anything from a corky screw to a perfect hunter might be had ; and I will add that better, cleaner, and more healthy stabling for some seventy or eighty horses it has never been my lot to look over. Finding, upon reference to the hunting-card in that well-known saddle-room, that Mr. Drake's fixture for the following Friday was 'The Three Pigeons, 'Rycote,' where formerly were the kennels, I gave orders to the head groom to have a hunter ready for me, up to my weight, at the Gate of Canterbury in good time. He listened patiently to my command, and then compressing his lips, and with a jerk of his head, replied—

'Can't be done, sir.'

'What do you say?' I inquired, rather haughtily.

'Can't be done, sir; too far, sir; it's over nine miles there. 'You must have a 'ack, sir; and we can send your hunter on to 'meet you at cover. Your 'ack shall be there, sir, at a quarter-past 'nine. But perhaps you would like to see the mare as I intends to 'put you on, sir. This way, sir. She's up to thirteen or fourteen 'stone, and I guess you won't ride twelve. There's no better 'timber jumper in our yard. She wants a bit o' riding just at first, 'and then only keep her head straight, sir, and she'll go like a ball. 'What do you think of her?' added he, removing her clothes. 'Just feel her, sir; she's as 'ard as nails, full of muscle, and her 'legs as clean as a smelt.'

'Oh! she'll do very well. I like her looks immensely. Be 'sure to be in good time.'

'I'll take good care of that, sir.'

The next thing was to equip myself with breeches, boots, and

spurs, for I had not brought these hunting indispensables with me, as those I used at home were worse for wear, and I had inwardly promised to treat myself with new ones of a superior make and quality upon the first occasion of my being entered to hounds in Oxfordshire. With characteristic youthful thoughtlessness I had not recollected that boots, like Rome, could not be built in a day, and that breeches required a considerable amount of cutting, sewing, &c., which process must necessarily involve a certain amount of time and labour; and so, having called upon Bolton, and told him of my plans with great glee, I all at once found myself, as they say in Shropshire, in a 'quandary,' for that astute youth in a few minutes exclaimed—

'By Jove! that reminds me I must get my boots and breeches cleaned to-morrow, for I intend to go to "the Pigeons." It's a favourite meet of the Old Boy's, and we can go together.'

'I never thought of mine till this moment, and I've left them at home, intending to get new ones here. What a nuisance! I must go and countermand the order, for there will not be time to get them made now.'

*(To be continued.)*

## SHARK FISHING.

### A SEQUEL TO 'BEARS—GRIZZLY AND POLAR.'

AFTER the enjoyment of several days' great hospitality and kindness, combined with admirable quail and varied shooting, together with the charms of wild and beautiful scenery, I felt the time had arrived for my return to the busy scenes of the Broadway. To this, however, my host was by no means inclined to listen. 'One more day, at least,' said he, 'if not for sport, that you may look on scenes which I trust will cause you to speak favourably of our country. Moreover, I am desirous that you should take a peep at the homestead of our friend Captain Peter and his amiable help-mate. He lives within a mile, and his home, though simple and rustic, commands an unrivalled view, and is surrounded with rare natural beauties. I will ask him to join us again this evening, that he may tell us another sporting anecdote for the benefit of your friends in the "ould country."' Having given way to his urgent entreaties for another day, breakfast being over, we sallied forth to visit the captain's cabin, as he termed it; and never did I visit a spot which has been so faithfully and pleasantly stamped on my memory.

Having reached an elevated ground, we paused to behold the landscape which lay before and around us. In the distance behold the glorious Hudson, which, blue and broad, swept majestically along, enframed, as it were, by its picturesque rocky and wood-clad shores, decked with dark woodlands, while here and there cedars and other dusky evergreens seemed illuminated, as it were, by the orange and flame-coloured trees of the Indian summer; while around and about us scarlet creepers hung, long trailing garments over the faces of the

dark rock, and fringes of golden rod above swayed gently to the slight autumnal breeze of a cloudless, sunny day of the end of October—perhaps the brightest month of the American year.

The great river beneath us rolled onwards like an unbroken mirror through its pine-girt shores. It was, in fact, one of those calm, dissolving days of autumn, or Indian summer, of America, when everything is so quiet that the faintest breath of air alone seemed to break on the dreaminess of earth's solitude, and give to the fine-cut outlines of the northern landscape all those mysteries of light and shade which impart such tenderness to Italian scenery, touching alike the heart of man through nature's charms with God's omnipotence.

The little knoll where the cottage stood had on its right hand a tiny bay, where the waters of the great river rippled up amid picturesque rocks shaggy and solemn. Here trees of the primeval forest grand and lordly looked down silently into the waters; every variety of beautiful evergreen, in fact, seemed to find here a representative. Never have I beheld such lovely autumnal tints, such foliage, as bedeck the woodlands of America.

Nothing, in short, could be more quaintly wild and beautiful than the surroundings of the little cove, the finest point of which the retired whaling captain had selected for his retreat. As we approached the cottage we beheld the worthy owner pacing the terrace on the river side of his abode, pipe in mouth, apparently contemplating the passing shipping, as he strode his own quarter-deck. No sooner, however, did he catch sight of us than he rushed forward with a hearty welcome; and five minutes scarcely elapsed ere we were seated in a snug and comfortable little parlour, with all the materials before us, had we been so inclined, for a drinking bout.

'A phlegm-cutter, colonel?' said the captain, taking up a large bottle of Bourbon whisky, 'just to clear your throat and calm your stomach after your walk over the hill-side. No? Well, then, a brandy cocktail, just to settle your nerves.'

My nerves were in good order, but courtesy compelled me to accept the cocktail. As we were thus enjoying ourselves a lady, worthy to be the wife of Captain Peter, entered the room, whom he introduced to us as his missus, remarking, at the same time, that her figure was not quite so slim, he guessed, as when he first courted her, which was five-and-thirty years past, but she was as good a creature as ever mixed a mint julep or stewed a hoyster; on which the worthy lady, who must evidently have been a beauty in her youth—but American beauty soon fades—suggested that we should try some of her pickled oysters or kippered salmon—in fact, was so bent on hospitality that it was almost impossible to resist her kindness. At last, however, our pleasant visit ended, with a promise from Peter (I beg his pardon, the captain) to join us in the evening. As we walked homewards, still in the enjoyment of magnificent scenery, I could not help thinking the captain was far less free with his tongue in the presence of his better half than he

was in ours, with the whisky bottle before him; and it did occur that some of his interesting little historiettes of other days and other lands might in a slight degree be influenced by the amount of liquor he poured down his capacious throat. Yet I honestly declare, spite of quantity or quality, I never remarked him to be anything beyond what in Old England is, I believe, termed 'fresh.' His whole demeanour, however, was softer, if I may so term it, in the lady's presence, and, if not less kind, far less amusing. Perhaps courtesy induced him to place his *spouse* in the foreground—perhaps love or pride: whatever it was, he was scarcely the same man when he joined us in the evening.

We were calmly chatting over the events of the preceding days, and arranging my return to the city on the following morning, when the captain entered, his face bright with the glow of health and good humour. Dinner was long over, and the moon in its glorious light was rising over the dark woodlands, and throwing its brilliant rays on the Hudson.

'Welcome! most welcome! captain,' said our host, as he entered. 'The air is keen this evening: frosty, is it not? You dine early; in fact, so did we,' as he rose to ring the bell. And first ordering a hickory log to be thrown on the fire, he added, 'Bring in a tray, that cold quail-pie, and some fried oysters. What say you, Peter?'

'Say,' replied the worthy captain, 'I have not the slightest objection to either—maybe I can taste a bit of both. The hill tries my wind, and when my wind is tried I's allays a hungered.'

And so we went to supper as merrily as may be, as if we had never dined, and many a quaint saying and brief tale passed between my companions, till at length, the relics of the supper being cleared away, and various bottles, ice water, hot water, sugar, lemons, &c., placed on the table, we gathered round the fire, as my generous host determined to make my last night a pleasant one. And the captain had scarce mixed his first glass of toddy, or whatever he might choose to call it, ere we pressed him for a sporting tale.

#### THE SHARK STORY.

'Well,' said he, as he had said on a previous occasion, and I was subsequently informed such were his words on most occasions, 'I'll go ahead if you say so. Here's the story. It's true, upon my honour, from beginning to end, every word of it. Nevertheless, gentlemen, it's as well to have a cent's worth of honour to spare.'

'I once crossed over to Faulkner's Island to fish for tantangs, as the north side people call black fish, on the reefs hard by, in the Long Island Sound. Fred Bounce, who died of the dropsy down at Shinnecock Point last spring, lived there then. He was a right good fellow, though by no means a sober man, as the world goes: he drank rather too much.'

'It was during the latter part of July; the sharks and the dog-fish had just begun to spoil sport. When Fred told me about the



‘ sharks, I resolved to go prepared to entertain these aquatic savages  
‘ with all becoming attention and regard, if there should chance to  
‘ be any interloping about our fishing-ground.

‘ So we rigged out a set of extra large hooks, and shipped some  
‘ rope-yarn and steel chain, an axe, a couple of clubs, and an old  
‘ harpoon, in addition to our ordinary equipments, and off we  
‘ started. We threw out our anchor at half ebb tide, and took  
‘ some thumping large fish—too of them weighed thirteen pounds,  
‘ so you may judge. The reef where we lay was about halfe a mile  
‘ from the island, and perhaps a mile from the Connecticut shore.  
‘ We floated there very quietly, throwing out and hauling in, until  
‘ the breaking of my line with a sudden and severe jerk informed us  
‘ that the sea attorneys were in waiting down stairs; and we accordingly  
‘ prepared to give them a retainer. A salt pork cloak upon one of  
‘ our magnum hooks forthwith engaged one of the gentlemen in our  
‘ service. We got him alongside, and by dint of piercing and  
‘ thrusting and banging we accomplished a most exciting and merry  
‘ murder. We had business enough of the kind to keep us employed  
‘ until near low water. By this time the sharks had all cleared  
‘ out, and the black fish were biting again, the rock began to make  
‘ its appearance above the water, and in a little while its hard, bald  
‘ head was entirely dry.

‘ Bounce now proposed to set me out upon the rock while he rowed  
‘ ashore to get a bottle of Bourbon, which, strange to say, we had  
‘ left at the house. I assented to this proposition, first, because I  
‘ began to feel the effects of the sun upon my tongue, and needed  
‘ something to take by way of medicine, and, secondly, because the  
‘ rock was a favourite spot for a rod and reel, and famous for luck;  
‘ so I took my traps and a box of bait and jumped upon my new  
‘ station. Fred made for the island. Not many men would will-  
‘ ingly have been left upon a little barren reef that was covered by  
‘ every flow of the tide in the midst of a waste of waters, and such  
‘ a distance from the shore, even with an assurance from a com-  
‘ panion more to be depended upon than mine to return immediately  
‘ and lie by to take him off. But somehow or other the excitement  
‘ of my sport was so high, and the romance of my situation was so  
‘ delightful, that I thought of nothing else but the prosecution of my  
‘ fun and the contemplation of the novelty and beauty of the scene.  
‘ It was a mild, pleasant afternoon in harvest time. The sky was clear  
‘ and pure. The deep blue sound, heaving all around me, was studded  
‘ with craft of all descriptions and dimentions, from the dipping sail-  
‘ boat to the rolling merchantman, sinking and rising like sea birds  
‘ sporting with their white wings in the surge. The grain and grass  
‘ on the neighboring farms were gold and green, and gracefully  
‘ they bent obeisance to a gentle breathing south-wester. Farther off  
‘ the high upland and the distant coast gave a dim relief to the  
‘ prominent features of the landscape, and seemed the rich but dusty  
‘ frame of a brilliant fairy picture. Then how still it was! not a  
‘ sound could be heard, except the ocasional rustling of my own

'motion, and the water beating against the sides, or gurgling in the fissures of the rock, or now and then the cry of a solitary, saucy gull, who would come out of his way in the firmament to see what I was doing without a boat, or all alone, in the middle of the sound, and who would hover and dash at me, and then, after having satisfied his curiosity, glide away in search of some other fool to scream at.'

'Bravo,' Peter! here interrupted our host, 'bravo! I was not aware you were such a lover of nature,' while I suggested that the captain should mix another glass. This done, he continued.

'I soon became half indolent, and quite indifferent about fishing, so I stretched myself out at full length upon the rock, and gave myself up to the luxury of looking and thinking: the divine exercise soon put me fast asleep. I dreamed away a couple of hours, and longer might have dreamed, but for a tired fish-hawk who chose to make my head his resting-place, and who waked and started me to my feet. "Where is Fred Bounce?" I muttered to myself as I strained my eyes over the now darkened water. But none was near me to answer that interesting question, and nothing was to be seen of either Fred or his boat. "He should have been here long ere this," thought I; "and he promised faithfully not to stay long. Could he have forgotten? or has he paid too much devotion to the jug?" I began to feel uneasy, for the tide was rising fast, and soon would cover the top of the rock, and high-water mark was at least a foot above my head. I buttoned up my coat, for either the coming coolness of the evening or else my growing apprehensions had set me trembling and my teeth chattering most painfully. I braced my nerves and set my teeth and tried to hum "Begone, Dull Care," keeping time with my fists upon my thighs. But what music! what melancholy merriment! I started and shuddered at the doleful sound of my voice. I am not naturally a coward, but I should like to know the man who would not, in such a situation, be alarmed. It is a cruel death to die to be merely drowned, and to go through the ordinary commonplaces of suffocation; but to see your death gradually rising to your eyes, to feel the water mounting inch by inch upon your shivering sides, and to anticipate the certainly coming, choking struggle for your last breath, when, with the gurgling sound of an overflowing brook taking a new direction the cold brine pours into mouth, ears, and nostrils, usurping the seat and avenues of health and life, and, with gradual flow, stifling—smothering—suffocating! It were better to die a thousand common deaths. This is one of the instances in which, it must be admitted, salt water is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. However, the rock was not yet covered, and hope, blessed hope, stuck faithfully by me. To beguile, if possible, the weary time, I put on a bait, and threw out for a fish. I was sooner successful than I could have wished to be, for hardly had my line struck the water before the hook was swallowed, and my

' rod was bent with the dead, hard pull of a twelve-foot shark. I  
' let it run about fifty yards, and then reeled up. He appeared  
' not at all alarmed, and I could scarcely feel him bear upon my  
' fine hair line. He followed the pull gently and unresisting, came  
' up to the rock, laid his nose upon its side, and looked up into my  
' face, not as if utterly unconcerned, but with a sort of quizzical  
' impudence, as though he perfectly understood the precarious nature  
' of my situation. The conduct of my captive renewed and increased  
' my alarm; and well it might, for the tide was now running over a  
' corner of the rock behind me, and a small stream rushed through  
' a cleft or fissure by my side, and formed a puddle at my feet. I  
' broke my hook out of the monster's mouth, and leaned upon my  
' rod for support.

' "Where is Fred Bounce?" I cried aloud. "Curses on the  
' "drunken vagabond! will he never come?" My ejaculation  
' did no good. No Fred appeared. It became evident that I  
' must prepare for drowning or for action. The reef was com-  
' pletely covered, and the water was above the souls of my feet. I  
' was not much of a swimmer, and as to ever reaching the island I  
' could not even hope for that. However, there was no alternative,  
' and I tried to encourage myself by reflecting that necessity was the  
' mother of invention, and that desperation will sometimes ensure  
' success.

' Besides, too, I considered, and took comfort from the thought,  
' that I commit myself to the uncertain strength of my arms and  
' legs for salvation. So I turned my bait-box upside down, and  
' mounting upon that endeavoured to comfort my spirits, and to be  
' couragous, but submissive to my fate. I thought of death, and  
' what it might bring with it, and I tried to repent of my multiplied  
' iniquities, of my almost wasted life; but I found that was no  
' place for a sinner to settle his accounts. Wretched soul! pray, I  
' could not. The water had now got above my ankles, when, to  
' my inexpressible joy, I saw a sloop bending down towards me,  
' with the evident intention of picking me up. No man can imagine  
' what were the sensations of gratitude which filled my bosom at  
' that moment. When she got within a hundred yards of the reef  
' I sung out to the man at the helm to luff up, and lie by, and  
' lower the boat, but, to my amazement, I could get no reply nor  
' notice of my request. I entreated them for the love of heaven to  
' take me off; and I promised I know not what rewards, that were  
' entirely beyond my power of bestowal. But the brutal wretch of a  
' captain, muttering something to the effect of "that he had not  
' "time to stop," and giving me the kind and sensible advice to pull  
' off my coat and swim ashore, put the helm hard down, and away  
' bore the sloop on the other tack. "Heartless villain!" I shrieked  
' out in the torture of my disappointment, "may God reward your  
' "inhumanity!" The crew answered my prayer with coarse, loud  
' laughs, and the cook asked me through a speaking-trumpet "if I  
' "wasn't afraid of catching cold?"'

‘ It was now time to strip, for my knees felt the cold tide, and the wind, dying away, left a heavy swell that swayed and shook the box upon which I was mounted, so that I had occasionally to stoop and paddle with my hands against the water in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal stream of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy and terrific by the contrast of amber and purple glories. Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and, as my eye ran along its dark outline, I saw with horror that it was a shark—the identical monster out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook. He was fishing, now, for me, and was evidently only waiting for the tide to rise high enough above the rock to glut at once his hunger and revenge. As the water continued to mount above my knees he seemed to grow more hungry and familiar. At last he made a desperate dash, and, approaching within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back, and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength I thrust the end of my rod violently at his mouth, and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however, was but a momentary repulse, for the next minute he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung dipping into the water. I leaned forward hastily, and endeavoured to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp, but the monster’s teeth were too firmly set, and his immense strength nearly drew me over. So down flew my rod and off went my jacket, devoted peace-offerings to my voracious visitor.

‘ In an instant the waves all round me were lashed into froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface than it was fought for by at least a dozen enormous combatants. The battle raged upon every side. High black fins rushed now here, now there, and long, strong tails scattered sleet and froth, and the brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled like a whirlpool in “Hell Gate.”\* Of no long duration, however, was this fishy battle. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh, and as its mutilated fragments rose to the surface the waves subsided into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation.

‘ As I looked around me to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three, yes, up to twelve successively, of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me like divergent rays, all mathematically equidistant from the rock and from each other, each perfectly motionless, and with their gloating, fiery eyes fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattlesnakes! how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart! I was the centre of a circle whose radii were sharks! I was the

\* A sort of Scylla and Charybdis.

‘ unsprung, or rather unchewed game at which a pack of hunting  
‘ sea-dogs was making a dead point. There was one old fellow that  
‘ kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a  
‘ sort of captain, or leader of the band ; or, rather, he acted as the  
‘ coroner for the other twelve of the inquisition that were summoned  
‘ to sit on and eat up my body. He glided around and about, and  
‘ every now and then would stop and touch his nose against some  
‘ one of his comrades, and seem to consult, or to give instructions  
‘ as to the time and mode of operation. Occasionally he would  
‘ skull himself up towards me and examine the condition of my  
‘ flesh, and then again glide back and rejoin the troop, and flap his  
‘ tail, and have another confabulation. The old rascal had, no  
‘ doubt, been out into the highways and byeways, and collected this  
‘ company of his friends and kinfish, and invited them to supper. I  
‘ must confess that, horribly as I felt, I could not help but think  
‘ of a tea-party of demure old maids sitting in a solemn circle with  
‘ their skinny hands in their laps, licking their expecting lips, while  
‘ their hostess bustles about in the important functions of her pre-  
‘ parations. With what an eye have I seen such appurtenances  
‘ of Humanity survey the location and adjustment of some especial  
‘ condiment which is about to be submitted to criticism and con-  
‘ sumption. My sensations began to be now most exquisite indeed ;  
‘ but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor  
‘ cold, frightened nor composed ; but I had a combination of all  
‘ kinds of feelings and emotions. The present, past, future, hea-  
‘ ven, earth, my father and mother, a little girl I knew once—now  
‘ the missus you saw this morning—and the sharks, were all con-  
‘ fusedly mixed up together, and swelled my crazy brain almost to  
‘ bursting. I cried, and laughed, and shouted, and screamed for  
‘ Fred Bounce. In a fit of most wise madness I opened my broad-  
‘ bladed fishing-knife and waved it around my head with an air  
‘ of defiance. As the tide continued to rise my extravagance of  
‘ madness mounted. At one time I became persuaded that my tide-  
‘ waiters were reasonable beings who might be talked into mercy  
‘ and humanity, if a body could only hit upon the right text. So I  
‘ bowed, and gesticulated, and threw out my hands, and talked to  
‘ them as friends and brothers, members of my family, cousins,  
‘ uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid. I scolded  
‘ them as my servants ; I abused them as duns ; I implored them as  
‘ jurymen sitting on the question of my life ; I congratulated and  
‘ flattered them as my comrades upon some glorious enterprize ; I  
‘ sung and ranted to them, now as an actor in a playhouse, and now  
‘ as an elder at a camp-meeting, in one moment roaring

“ On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,”

‘ and in the next giving out to my attentive hearers for singing the  
‘ hymn of Dr. Watts, so admirably appropriate to the occasion,—

“ On slippery rocks I see them stand,  
While fiery billows roll below.”

'In the mean time the water had got well up towards my shoulders, and while I was shaking and vibrating upon my uncertain foothold I felt the cold nose of the captain of the band snubbing against my side. Desperately, and without a definite object, I stuck my knife at one of his eyes, and, by some singular fortune, cut it out clear from the socket. The shark darted back, and halted. In an instant hope and reason came to my relief, and it occurred to me that if I could only blind the monster I might yet escape, accordingly I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to affect him much, for after shaking his head once or twice he came up to me again, and when he was about half an inch off turned upon his back. This was the critical moment. With a most unaccountable presence of mind I laid hold of his nose with my left hand, and with my right I scooped out his remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth, and champed his long teeth at me in despair; but it was all over with him. I raised my right foot and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off into deep water, and went to the bottom.

'Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'll think it a hard story, but it is none the less a fact that I served every remaining one of those nineteen sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me one by one, regularly, and in order; and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into the deep water just like so many lambs. By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them they began to seem so scarce that I thought I would swim for the island and fight the rest for fun on the way; but just then Bounce hove in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get aboard and rest myself.'

'A thousand thanks, captain,' said I, laughing till my sides ached. 'A true story, of course. What a position! It would have turned my hair gray.'

'True, on my life,' said the captain. 'True, in course, on my honour. Here's the knife,' said he, producing a clasp knife from his pocket, 'with which I did the deed.'

'Then,' said I, 'you deserve the Victoria Cross. Would that I could recommend you!'

'Ah, bedad!' said he, 'I have had narrower escapes nor that. But you are bound for the ould country: more's the pity.'

'At all events, my good friend, I must ask a favour of you ere we part. Will you give me this tale in writing?'

'I guess I will, in course,' said the good-natured captain. 'I have it in my journal.'

From his journal I have copied it, orthography and all, to the letter, as he told it, and as he wrote it.

We parted. Nothing is impossible. We may meet again. All I can say is, a kinder heart does not exist than that in that eccentric breast.

## CRICKET.

THE Canterbury week was a screamer: weather, cricket, and attendance were alike glorious; and a more successful cricket week than that of 1863 was never enjoyed by the fair maids and sturdy sons of Kent, who mustered on the famous St. Lawrence ground as they never mustered before. The ladies were in great force and attraction, and the 'bevy of beauties' on the seats under the trees were as overpowering in numbers, beauty, and brilliantly-hued attire as ever, and the scene formed one of the finest cricket pictures possible to conceive, and one that we are glad to hear has been since copied for publication by those eminent photographers M'Lean and Hae, of the Haymarket. The cricket was commenced by the M. C. C. return match between Eleven of England and Thirteen of Kent, and some very fine cricket and an exciting finish was evolved. Carpenter's resolute brilliant cutting was the very perfection of batting, and little Sewell's fine bowling, when he had 5 of England's wickets in 7 overs, was a trundling feat that the men of Kent might well be proud of. Willsheer bowled in his old fine form, but with awfully bad luck, richly deserving more than the 4 wickets he obtained; but it was on the Tuesday afternoon that the finest cricket in the match was shown. The Kent Thirteen were put in for 91 runs only to win, and it was thought all over but shouting for them, but the England men came out in fine form, especially the professionals, and the bowling of Tarrant and Grundy, the wicket-keeping of Lockyer, the pointing of Carpenter, and the fine defence shown by young Wenman and Willsheer, was all cricket in perfection. Wenman's 14 was an innings of great promise, but the Eleven would not be denied he was finely had in the slip; and in one hour and a quarter that evening the Englanders had obtained 7 wickets for 29 runs; on the morrow Mortlock's slows secured the remaining 3 wickets, and England won by 29 runs. Three of the Kent lot were lame, but two of these, Goodhew and Fryer, played rare plucky innings against the great pace bowling of Tarrant.

The 12 a side match between the Gentlemen of Kent and the M. C. C. showed us Mr. Grace in fine batting form, his 75 in the M. C. C.'s first innings being put together without giving half a chance; and the fine defence shown by Mr. A. Lubbock in his two innings of 27 not out, and 21, evidenced what a fine batsman Kent has in their gentleman colt. Mr. Hemsted is another very promising young bat, and bowls a capital length fast ball for one so young. But Kent had to follow their innings, and when the 9th wicket fell in their second innings they were only 20 runs on. Mr. M. A. Troughton and Mr. Dyke then lashed the M.C.C. bowling all over the ground, and ere they separated added 87 runs to the Kent score, setting the M. C. C. 108 to win. It was a near thing at last, for when the umpires stood up there were but two wickets (one Col. F. Marshall, with a crippled right hand) to fall, when the match was won by a 'No ball.' The week's cricket was used up by the usual

I Z. v. B. B. match. The Band of Brothers had no very wonderful bowler in their community, and Mr. A. Lubbock (who played for the Wanderers) perfectly revelled in hitting, scored an innings of 102 (he was run out at last), and made the longest hit of the week, a crack to square leg, that rolled down the hill very nearly to the entrance gate. Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Inge

hit terrifically for 31 and 29 respectively; and a very fine display of hitting was the 48 of the Rev. F. Goaling's for the B. B.'s—they played but one innings each side, I Z. heading B. B. by 169 runs; the week's cricket being thus wound up at 5 P.M. on the Saturday. And skedaddling from the hurricane then blowing o'er 'St. Lawrence' at our best pace, the iron horse whirled us up to town that evening, full of pleasant reminiscences of the eminently successful Canterbury Cricket Week of 1863.

A week after, and the M. C. C. season was brought to a close at Brighton; still another week on, and the 'autumn leaves' on Mr. John Walker's beautiful ground at Southgate rustled and capered at the finish of the Surrey season: both have been eventful, fraught with incidents of great moment to cricket, and requiring more space to comment thereon than can be spared in this month's 'Baily,' whose number for September must not be bound without our expressing an earnest hope that those unfortunate differences—that have most certainly deprived the Surrey season of its usual brilliancy, and brought discredit on the noblest, manliest, and fairest pastime ever enjoyed—may by judicious mediation be removed ere we all meet again in '64. It is a notion of 'Baily's' that if a committee of three—or five—influential gentlemen in the cricketing world were to be appointed to settle this unseemly dispute they would eventually find that it was a case of 'Brother, 'brother, we are both in the wrong,' and only wanted a little mutual good feeling, forbearance, and true cricket spirit, to be pleasantly and satisfactorily settled, and enable us all to witness the full strength of each side pitted against each other in all the leading matches of 1864. There are many influential gentlemen who, we think, could easily settle this if allowed. Will no one move and take the initiative in attempting to remove what bids fair to grow into a foul scandal to Cricket?

### 'OUR VAN.'

INVOICE.—August Amusements.—Goodwood Gleanings.—Sussex Sketches.—Cowes Cutters, and Northern Notes.

AUGUST is the holiday month of the year for all classes but Sporting writers and Sporting reporters. They are always 'making running,' 'laying 'in front,' 'coming with a wet sail,' 'and pinching hands down,' until they themselves are broken down, and close their career unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. In every part of the country, sport in some sort or way has been going on. The yachtsmen have had regattas enough to satisfy them for a twelvemonth, and to try the sea qualities of themselves and their vessels. The lovers of manly sports and muscular Christianity have had the intense satisfaction of seeing a brace of gladiators hammer at each other for upwards of three hours, and seeing the pale face victorious over his black brother. The Sportsmen of the West have exchanged the pigeons of Hornsey for the grouse of Inverness. The Four-in-Hand Club is distributed in all directions, and some of its members we trust will follow in their retirement the advice that was given them last month by 'The Great Northern.' Not since 'Waverley' came out has so much curiosity been created in certain circles to know the author of that clever paper, and we can give no hope of its being ever cleared up. With his ideas there has been no quarrelling, and the tone of his article is clearly convincing of the general nature of his disposition; and if exceptions were taken in one or two instances as to the sharpness of his



criticism, it will be seen he was 'only cruel to be kind.' London, in short, now is the perfection of dullness; and the Bishop of Bond Street mourning over his lost favourite is the only public character left in the metropolis. The fashionable Queen's Counsel is at Lausanne, trying to forget in its beautiful scenery the acerbities of Mr. Roebuck and the dull platitudes of Lord Robert Montague. The fashionable Solicitor is at Ramsgate, and the fashionable betting man at Brighton, as, from the network of railways with which it is surrounded, the provincial Meetings are brought within easy reach of him. There, also, in one of those extraordinary breed of coats for which none but a Moses or a Hyam can find a name, by the sad sea waves reclining, he can contemplate his Leger book and the date of the Russian Prince's return with the product of his mines in the Ural Mountains for his friends at the Corner. Rank, as Bulwer says, is certainly a great beautifier, and no one has reason to estimate it more than the scion of the noble Tartar House, whose liberality so astonished the good folks at Abingdon, as we mentioned in our last. But it is hard that such generous conduct should lead to such ungenerous comments merely because His Highness chose to prefer obeying the call of his sovereign at such a crisis to the calls of another nature in the Ring. And if he has given St. Petersburg the preference to the Corner due allowance should be made for his loyalty; and as the latter quality is always based on honour the Russian roubles will, no doubt, at an early date find their way into Tattersall's, and on the pacification of Poland be followed by the Prince himself and his aide-de-camps. Of Goodwood we were prevented speaking last month, because, like the Armada of *Puff*, in 'The Critic,' it had not yet appeared in sight. From Priam's year we have never missed Goodwood, which has experienced those vicissitudes which no Meeting, great or small, aristocratic or provincial, can escape, owing to death, or other casualties of war. But we never can call to mind one that deserved more strongly the alliterative adjective of 'glorious,' which, in the golden age of 'The Sunday Times,' when Sterling Coyne and Leman Rede 'did' the features of the course so graphically, was first applied to it, and has since been adopted by the crop of budding writers that are springing up around us. The weather was Goodwood in its character, and likewise in its accessories. Old times were called up by the old familiar faces under the marquee in front of the House, where the final settlement of the Tomato case was effected, and which in future will, no doubt, be held in as much respect by the Ring as Runnymede is by the lovers of constitutional liberty. To the honour and ability of that tribunal no language of ours could make the most trivial addition; and they wisely showed their discretion by following the example of the old judge who told a relation who had just been added to the Bench of Magistrates, that in most cases he would no doubt decide wrongly, but he should in no case give his reasons. After the mass of letter-paper which was consumed about the case, it certainly was refreshing to come across the two lines signed 'Richmond,' 'Glasgow,' and 'J. Peel,' which transferred thousands with the same facility as the signatures to their own cheques. At first there was a talk of a stroke—of course upon principle—but in the end the settlement was as simple as one on Consols. For the present, therefore, there is a cessation of hostilities between all parties on the Turf; but we fear such a state of things will not last long, and the existing calm is only a prelude to the equinoctial gales that are foreboded in October.

Goodwood, like all other places, has been done to death by writers of every class; and if we say the same Ethiopians serenaded us at Bognor as last year, and the same open-air concert held on the beach in the evening as regularly

takes place, and the population of that little watering-place greeted the arrival and departure of the visitors with similar enthusiasm to that which they have ever displayed, and which is more to be appreciated because it is unpurchased, we fancy we shall have said all that is required of us. Better sport we have seen, but never better company. And on the first day 'His Grace,' as trainers call John Day, was never better pleased than when Birdhill took the Stewards' Cup to Badminton, beating upwards of five-and-twenty others. 'Does he blow?' asked John of his employer, as he led him back to scale. 'Not so much as you do, John,' was the happy rejoinder. And then the congratulations of the Ring were pressed on all sides on the Duke, who said he cared not for the Stakes, but only for the Cup. And we wish he could bring more of his order round to his views. Of the striking efficacy of Mr. Robinson's treatment of incipient roaring, we never had a finer proof than the way in which Ace of Clubs won both his races; and so pleased was Lord Annesley when he managed to secure the Chesterfield Cup—which, it will be recollected, he lost two or three years back solely through Charlton losing start with Sweetsauce—that he shortly afterwards presented John Scott with a very handsome gold cup, *in memoriam* of the three Goodwood Cups which, during his short career at Whitewall, John has won for him. Clarior's victory over Zapateado, although welcomed at the time by Lord Glasgow's friends, brought with it expensive results in its train, as the fruits were re-invested at York and swallowed up. The Goodwood Stakes is famous for affording in the winner a strong illustration of 'the glorious uncertainty,' and the romance of Weathergage is almost eclipsed by that of Blackdown. Both were purchased for nothing, and both won great stakes for their friends; but as the latter had been hawked about for a tenner, and hunted as a two and a three-year old, he has the largest claim to our respect. Tried with nothing but what was very moderate—for Bally Edmond was considered out of all form, and Michel Grove had not speed enough to rely upon for a pace—he came and did Mr. Greville out of 'the best thing he had ever known in 'racing,' and gave the gentlemen a facer which at first they could scarcely stand against. 'What have you done?' we asked of a spirited Hussar, whom we knew to be a follower of Mr. Greville. 'Why, wined to my Jew, to be 'sure,' was the quiet reply. And we left him to his calculations, wondering whether his bill would receive the royal assent, and pass the houses to which it was addressed. That Anfield experienced many disappointments in the race there can be no reason for doubting, and perhaps Grimshaw was hardly strong enough to keep him together; but had he been tried according to the Stanton form at Newcastle instead of at Ascot, he could hardly have been made responsible for the same amount of money. So little was Blackdown's chance thought of, that a noble lord who trained in the stable, and whose name was down in the commission for a tenner, would have it scratched out, from a dislike to be laughed at afterwards. Blondin's decline in the betting caused a wag to remark he was going to perform on the lower 'rope;' and although Mr. Parr was very confident beforehand, he afterwards admitted he had tried too low. Nevertheless, we are almost disposed to believe there is a future still in store for Blondin, if he escapes the fate so often predicted for his namesake. Since Mr. Ten Broeck astonished the natives so with Umpire, he never made a greater hit than with Paris, of whom nothing was known before than that he had run at Abingdon in a race in which he took no part; and now he came out and beat Linda, whom Mr. Naylor considered the legitimate successor to Caterer and Pratique, and backed in the same spirit. From the moment he had passed the post the Nursery was over, and, in consequence,

many did not come for it. How he got into that race so light is a mystery, but it was said Lord Portsmouth had found him to be very bad at Hurstbourne. With The Clown, however, he performed very differently; and from what we have seen of the latter, and know about Apennine, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the American had far better right to run the first favourite for the Derby with Paris than he had with Umpire, although prejudices are thought to be created against the latter because he happens to be got by Mildew, who was suspected to be a roarer. Still we must not forget that with this impediment in his speech he yet contrived to win the Ascot Vase; and his trial for the Derby with Lady Evelyn was so high, that Lord Chesterfield imagined he could not be beaten. Therefore, this objection to his pipes ought not to be too strongly urged. The carnival day of Sussex, and what the Horse Guards term the South-western District, is the Cup Day of Goodwood, and the last was the grandest of them all, which is so far fortunate, as among the critics who gazed so earnestly on the Ladies' Gallery was the author of 'Pendennis,' who, if he favours the country with his ideas of the Decameron, must admit that racing is not altogether a vulgar or demoralising pursuit. So struck seemed the million with the groups of high-bred beauties on the banks under the trees, we verily believe they would have paid an extra sum for permission to gaze at them as they flocked to the scene, as anxiously as the crowd to the Derby horses to the paddock at Epsom. About the Cup a great diversity of opinion existed. Some swore by Buckstone, who, as he walked with his comrades in the plantation behind the Stand, looked a little the worse for wear; and his friends asserted the three-year olds were so very bad this season, he could afford to give away the weight. Fairwater, with Tom Oliver and his Peter Simple ground-ash, which we should imagine he took to bed with him, followed behind, but she was too stale to our mind to compete with Isoline or La Toucques. The former had got much lighter from her change of quarters; and Captain White and Mr. Naylor, in their Macaroni ties, felt certain of pulling through. Upon La Toucques, who was pronounced in the Ring to be as dead as Henry the Eighth, Robert had bestowed every care, and her owner, Mr. Montgomery, a large landed proprietor in France, brought his wife over expressly to see her win. The finish of the race was very pretty as the French and English fillies singled themselves out for the final effort; and at last 'Hooton's Millionaire' found he had beaten his antagonist, and preserved the honour of the Old Country from being assailed. The winner is all quality, and looked much lighter than she did with The Squire of Wantage. It is strange that as a foal Isoline was so weak and small, that Lord Falmouth, who was offered her with her dam, which he now possesses, refused to have her. Buckstone took no second benefit on what may be termed his last appearance in this country prior to his departure for China, in which country a perfect *furor* exists for first-class horses to win the London and Ryder Cups, which have been sent out for competition at the chief ports. Formerly, Mr. Richard King, of Exton, in Hampshire, used to send out a plater from Mr. Parr's collection to a relative at Hong Kong, and he was The Clothworker of China; but now matters have taken a different turn, and the Dents and the Mathesons fly at higher game, and seek to place themselves, as regards their studs, on a level with the Merrys and the Naylor's of this country. The first importation under the new Reform Bill was Sir William, who was followed on the opposition side by North Pole, one of John Osborne's favourites, on whom Challoner and Whitely used so often to figure. But their *début* was anything but encouraging, for the first time they started for the Shanghae Cup both had to knock under to Niger, by De Ruyter, formerly the property of

Colonel Archdall, and who was sent out for a hack for a lady, and put in merely to make up the race. As might have been anticipated, the Hong Kong Romeos plunged on Sir William, who could not go a yard, both he and North Pole having evidently not got over the voyage, and to the delight of the colonial book-makers, who fielded with the courage of a Whitfield or a Sherwood, the Niger 'walked in.' Strange to say, the Chinese are acquiring a strong taste for the Turf; but a close-contested race is their horror, and they prefer seeing one horse coming in alone than what Mr. Justice Johnson would term 'three short heads' and 'a bad fourth.' With the new Mart there opened up to Breeders, and which promises to be such a lucrative one, still further inducements are offered to produce the best stock; and in a few years, 'in every portion of that empire on which the sun never sets,' the descendants of our Stockwells, Voltigeurs, and Newminsters will be found carrying with them the fame of their sires, and transmitting their prowess to their progeny.

Taking a return-ticket to Goodwood, we may add the last day was the pleasantest of any; and Mr. Ten Broeck proved himself the best 'nurseryman' on the Turf, either here or in 'Paria.' The transition from Goodwood to Brighton is not a long, but a very striking one; and without setting up for anchorites, we must say the Brighton Meeting has assumed an aspect which is much to be regretted in a moral point of view. We would not introduce into the Grand Stand the exclusiveness of Almack's, for it is neutral ground for all classes of the community, and no vouchers should be requisite for admission; but at the same time it is much to be regretted that 'the soiled doves' of society should have flocked to the building like rooks to a rookery, frightening away the previous possessors, birds of a different hue, which are welcome in every household. The subject is not of a description we can pursue further; but it was so much the topic of discussion in influential circles, we could not well avoid noticing it. Moreover, we have reason to think that a City missionary might have found plenty of work cut out for him in the Steyne or the King's Road during each evening of the Meeting. At Brighton the racing, as at Hampton, is almost a secondary object compared with 'the fun of the fair' and the holiday tone of the gathering; but the liberality, activity, and zeal of the authorities is beyond all praise; and as far as numbers go, they have no reason to complain of a want of patronage. The death of Drewe, however, threw a gloom over the Meeting which nothing could dispel, and his associates felt the lesson that had been taught them as to the uncertainty of human life very much; for the deceased lad was popular with all of them, and the gentlemen were likewise very partial to him, for neither leg nor tout could get anything out of him, and he had no commissioner in the market to anticipate his employers. As a jockey, in Westminster Hall phraseology, he was 'a good stuff,' and might have reckoned on 'silk' at an early date. He was buried at Fyfield by a subscription of his comrades; but we trust a more fitting epitaph will be found for his tomb than that which was handed round the ring, and attributed to the pen of Mr. Ivey. Lewes is flourishing; and Mr. Verrall has done more for his native place, in the way of circulating money, than any of the great landowners of the neighbourhood.

Anxious for some slight respite for our mind from the eternal six to fourers and fielders of Sussex, we availed ourselves of a *cong  *, and transferred our editorial person to the Solent, there to witness racing in another shape, and scarcely less interesting, although no money is dependent upon it. From 'our hot youth' we have been familiar with these waters, and every channel, bay, and harbour is known to us; but of late years 'the exigencies of the public service' had called us away in other directions, and the green waters were

deserted for the green turf. It was not unnatural, therefore, we should be anxious to revisit scenes that had left indelible impressions on our memory. If ever Nature designed a place for the head-quarters of yachting, it is Cowes, whose harbour is indeed a harbour of refuge, and on whose waters vessels lie as snug and undisturbed as a pheasant on her nest, and form a pleasing foreground to the landscape scenery of the sloping grounds of Osborne and Norris Castle. Time, however, that does much for many places, we imagine has been too occupied to turn his attention to Cowes, for there is scarcely the slightest alteration to be met with in the streets; and we suppose the inhabitants think that as their season only lasts a month visitors must take things as they find them. That yachting is greatly on the increase there cannot be a doubt, and its value in a national point of view it is impossible to exaggerate; but as it is the fashion for owners to reside more on board with their families than they were wont to do, the lodging-house keepers of Cowes, who in point of 'form' are within three pounds of those of Doncaster, suffer in proportion. It is hardly complimentary to the skill of the modern yacht-builders that such vessels as 'The Arrow' and 'The Alarm,' which flourished in that celebrated yachting age when the Duke of Norfolk, in 'The Arundel,' used to contend with Lord Anglesey in 'The Pearl,' Lord Ilchester in 'The Petrel,' Lord Belfast in 'The Louisa,' Mr. Assheton Smith in 'The Menai,' and Mr. Maxæ in 'The Miranda,' should still be invincible, as we saw in The Queen's Plate and The Squadron Prize. Fortunately on each occasion when those races took place there was wind enough to try the quality of the boats, as well as the sailor-like properties of their owners; and it was with a feeling of national pride we saw them get under weigh, for the spectacle was such as we could witness on no other shores; and with such spirits on board in the shape of crews and officers any fear about an invasion must be looked on as an idle chimera of the brain. Ryde had a great week during her Regatta; and Mr. Chamberlayne having no room on his sideboard for any more Cups from 'The Arrow,' good-naturedly declined to enter her, and so threw open the race. Next to the Bank at Goodwood there is no better market-ground for beauty than the Pier at Ryde, where John Leech finds the happiest subjects for his cartoons in 'Punch' and his almanacs, and where hats are as piquant as at Baden or Biarritz. But the departure of the Great Northern express from King's Cross compels us to leave Vectis, her yachts, and her belles, for Knavesmire, there to mingle with the busy hum of men in the pursuit of money and the winner of The St. Leger. This last object of attraction is, to our notion, veiled as deep as the Prophet of Kehama, unless Lord Clifden be the horse he is represented. If this be the case, Macaroni is the only seer to rely upon; and we should care for no other oracle. The Rangers, who held a Cabinet Council immediately after The Great Yorkshire, and which sat for a quarter of an hour, came to the unanimous resolution that, having done all that was asked of him, the horse was good enough to stand upon, and sent Steel to the rescue. Still we are afraid he will have had enough of it by the time he goes into action. Queen Bertha has improved vastly within the last month, but 'John' says, 'Let the others hang on with their tits, I suppose I shall be heard of at the eleventh hour.' At the present moment we believe he is only apprehensive of Lord Clifden. In great races luck is everything; and the majority of the large prizes on the Turf generally fall to men of rank and position, like Lord Falmouth, who has never had a better chance than now of following in the steps of Mr. E. L. Mostyn; and should this be the case, Queen Bertha will be the second Queen that has carried off both Oaks and St. Leger. And if those two cannot accomplish the task that has been set for them, then the Great Northern prize

will assuredly go to some outsider, who now in some dark, unfathomed stable rests.

The racing at York, although not quite first-class, was better than any we had seen in the South since Goodwood; but there were few features to dwell upon. Lord Glasgow almost as much as told us he had got nothing for the St. Leger; and we never saw Judge Johnson smile more pleasantly than when he perceived Clarior 'walking in' nearer last than first for the Ébor, which, people gave out, he had made for him. Golden Pledge, the winner, is a better animal than he was taken for; and if his owners have been blamed for selling him prior to the start, there were reasons of a private nature which would excuse the act. From the instant Mr. Marshall said 'Go' the race was over; and we do not think there is a three-year-old in training who would have dared to force the running so early as the Pledge, and for the St. Leger it will take the favourites all their time to beat him. Still we have had a hint that the public have been bringing in their money before the owner; and if The Pledge should have 'a bad night' before the race, it would not in the least surprise us. That Athol Brose is one of our best brood-mares there can be little doubt, as everything out of her runs; but if we make no mistake, Linda will do more for her than any of her other produce; and we shall see with some interest what La Belle Ferronière can do with her in the Champagne. In the two-year-old department the French are invariably strong, and a great disappointment was experienced at the non-appearance of Son Champ, or, as 'Lord Frederick' called him, 'Some scamp,' as he was reported at Newmarket to be a clinker; but as there is never smoke without fire, we suppose there is good cause for his keeping in the stable. The Stockton Carnival went off most brilliantly, and we wish we had space at our command to do justice to its features. All the rank and fashion of the North assisted at it, with a strong sprinkling of aristocratic southerners; and with the hospitality of so excellent a chairman as Mr. Dodd, and the exertions of Mr. Craggs, who unites within himself the courtesy and tact of a Frail, the retiring nature of a Johnson, the energy of a Topham and a Merry, and the stern integrity of a Marshall—all passed off with wonderful *éclat*.

The sales of Northern Yearlings are fast approaching; and if Breeders get as good prices at Doncaster as they have done in the South, they ought not to grumble. Availing ourselves of the opportunity of being within an hour of the Neasham young things, we are enabled to say a few words about them, as many of our readers, we feel assured, would like to know what they are like, and whether they will be worth going to see during the races. Mr. Cookson's lot this year consists of seven, which are got by Rataplan, Stockwell, and Newminster, and may fairly be said to be quite as good, if not superior, to any he has yet sent up. Regalia, a chestnut filly, by Stockwell, will, perhaps, take more than the others from the rage that exists for Stockwell. She is very like him, stands 15 hands and an inch, but with far more quality than the Stockwells generally show. She has a good strong back, long quarters, powerful gaskins, and a fine depth of girth. Her shoulders are where they ought to be; and there is a bloodiness about the filly that a judge will perceive in an instant. Between her and Contract, another Stockwell, but a bay filly, it will be a nice point in Mr. Tattersall's circle, as she is a strapping mare of great length, and as good behind as before. She walks, moreover, like a racehorse, and ought by her appearance to stay. That the cross with Rataplan will be successful we saw by Tattoo; but this mare is a much finer animal, and looks certain to get a distance better, and we have little doubt but she will go into some of the great stables. Bedminster, by Newminster, out of

Secret, is one of the handsomest of that horse's stock, being low and long, with all his sire's muscle; and with the blood and quality he displays with it, he is just the colt a trainer would mark for his employer. Hitherto Mr. Cookson has been very unfortunate in the produce of this mare, as her first foal died when a fortnight old, the second was killed in the train, and the third met with an accident in the train, and had to be destroyed; so this one ought to make up for the loss. Exella, well named from being out of Ella, is a grey of great size, tremendous length, very short muscular back, and the best of shoulders. At first he is rather deceptive, but he grows on one, and will well bear both looking at and nodding for. The Rataplan filly out of a Sacharissa, and called Tocsin, is a late foal, but lengthy and powerful, and if not hurried will make a nice mare, for she is already quite up to the average run of yearlings we have seen during the season. The whole are in good condition, and will sustain the character of the Cookson Day.

Racing news in the North is scarce; but Sir Tatton's Sale will no doubt furnish plenty of materials for the gossips for next month. A union of the Houses of Osborne and Challoner will shortly be effected by the marriage of Challoner and the youngest daughter of John Osborne. As 'Punch' would say, it is a match that is sanctioned by prudence and smiled on by reason; and as he would do, we extend our benediction to the young couple. It is also said that another young and popular trainer at Middleham is under orders for 'the United States,' and that two great training establishments will be thereby brought in connection with each other. And with the further announcement that young King of Stockbridge has been added to the list of bankrupts, we despatch 'Our Van.'

#### ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON has been at its lowest ebb of fortune during the past month. Its population has been abroad, on the moors, or at the seaside; in fact, anywhere but in town, and the greater number of the theatres have been closed. The Strand, Adelphi, Lyceum, and, for a part of the month, the Princess's, have been the only houses remaining open. On this account there is little to chronicle theatrically; the appearance of Mr. Walter Montgomery in 'The Merchant of Venice' and as *Lavater* in 'Not a Bad Judge,' the close of the engagement of Mdlle. Stella Colas on quitting for St. Petersburg, and the reappearance of Mrs. Stirling at the Adelphi, being the chief histrionic features of the month. Concerts generally have been at zero, audiences, like the 'spirits from the vasty deep,' being open to summons, but not to come at command; but in the absence of other musical attractions, and fortified by programmes of undeniable popularity, Mr. Mellon has been making the most successful autumnal harvest he has ever ventured on, and reaping not merely golden opinions, but gold unalloyed, as the reward of his most meritorious exertions.

Mdlle. Stella Colas continued so popular in the personation of *Juliet* to the period of her departure, that there arose no necessity for her essaying another character. Since the completion of her engagement, however, 'a tempest in a tea-cup' of criticism has arisen, in which she is decried as being eminently French, as being affected, and artificial. These are the chief, perhaps the whole of the charges urged against her, the gravamen of the accusation lying in the circumstance that Mr. Fechter is French and that Mdlle. Stella Colas is French, and that it is direful that two French actors should be playing Shakespeare at the same time on the English stage. This, however, is poor Mdlle. Colas' misfortune, not her fault. It is doubtless deplorable that she should have appeared after and not before Mr. Fechter; but this has been hardly a circumstance under her control. It is also an additional circumstance to be regretted that she has a very marked accent

or that she is a foreigner; but then art is of no country, and the point really in question is—Is she as bright a star as any that has yet appeared in the theatrical firmament—Hesperus or a farthing rushlight? or as great in the particular character she has essayed as any other living actress? To which plea in issue, one answer only can be returned. That if an abler *Juliet* lives, she has not of late appeared. The 'Cornhill Magazine,' the 'Examiner,' the 'London Review,' and Mr. Edmund Yates in the 'Northern Whig,' have denounced the lady as an actress, and taken grave exception to her merits; but then the writers are some of them personal friends of other actors, and friendship, like love, is sometimes blind; and partial criticism of this kind, even when qualified, is scarcely likely to hold the scales of justice with an even hand.

Standing in the body of Covent Garden Theatre, listening to a very brilliant passage executed by M. Lotto in his happiest manner, we overheard a very stout elderly lady—a sister of 'Mrs. Brown at the play'—say to her husband, 'He has just our Ben's style.' Nothing in criticism could be more comprehensive. Lotto might be excellent; he might be the public idol; the public might be infatuated; but the highest praise was, that he had 'our Ben's style.' Much exception has been taken to Mdle. Colas on similar grounds. She has not 'our Ben's style,' she is not like Mr. Fechter, or Miss Helen Faucit, or some one else. She is not 'an ideal Juliet.' Well, perhaps not. Juliet did not speak broken English; Juliet had not the disadvantage of being compelled to express herself in a foreign language after about two or three months' sojourn in the land; and then, as to the ideal Juliet, 'Our Ben's style' is very often the ideal of the critic, and she may not possess that. Comprehensively and conclusively, as an actress Mdle. Colas is a graceful, sufficiently sensuous, and accomplished lady, who appears not older than the *Juliet* of Shakespeare, and who seems to fill up every trait of the character Shakespeare's young imagination imparted to it. She is to some extent a coquette, so was the original *Juliet*; as, indeed, what young lady of eighteen, endowed with brilliant personal charms, and a consciousness of fascination, is not, be her country what it may? She is impetuous, loving, ardent, most emotional—either to love or hate—swift to fall into extremes of passion, to love—not wisely but too well—as to expiate her imprudence by self-sacrifice; and all these are not merely the traits of her prototype, but they are those on which the whole gist of the story turns, and on which its tragic consistency depends. The ideal of some critics might be called of the Sunday-school teacher type; doubtless most excellent in its way. Another censor would make *Juliet* all his fancy painted his spouse when he led her to the hymeneal altar—a most praiseworthy wish, certainly. But then Shakespeare's *Juliet* was not a decorous boarding-school miss of the nineteenth century; and was far from being perfect; she was a very erring, wilful, loving, impulsive, fondly-loving demoiselle, in most indecent haste to be wed, to the horror of genteel commentators—a fit instrument in the hand of the Eumenides, and who was to be the type of 'rash love at eighteen' for evermore; and this, we think, is Mdle. Colas. In vivid, executive personation, nothing as an artistic feat in reading or enunciation of the text more successful was ever accomplished on the stage than that in which she describes the vision of the charnel-house, than the passage immediately preceding the swallowing of the potion, or the tragic consummation of her expiatory death. And it would be indeed hard to prove that any greater achievement had been attained by any young lady of similar age, exposed to similar disadvantages of training and tuition.

Mr. Walter Montgomery improved much on his first appearance as *Romeo*, and subsequently showed to some advantage. He is evidently a careful, a judicious, and, in some respects, a gentlemanly actor. Passages of *Romeo's* character had been carefully thought out and considered, and though there was little originality, there was what is often preferable—a modest and wise discrimination, together with what is unusual in leading tragedians, a forbearance in deference to the lady with whom he was acting, of an honourable

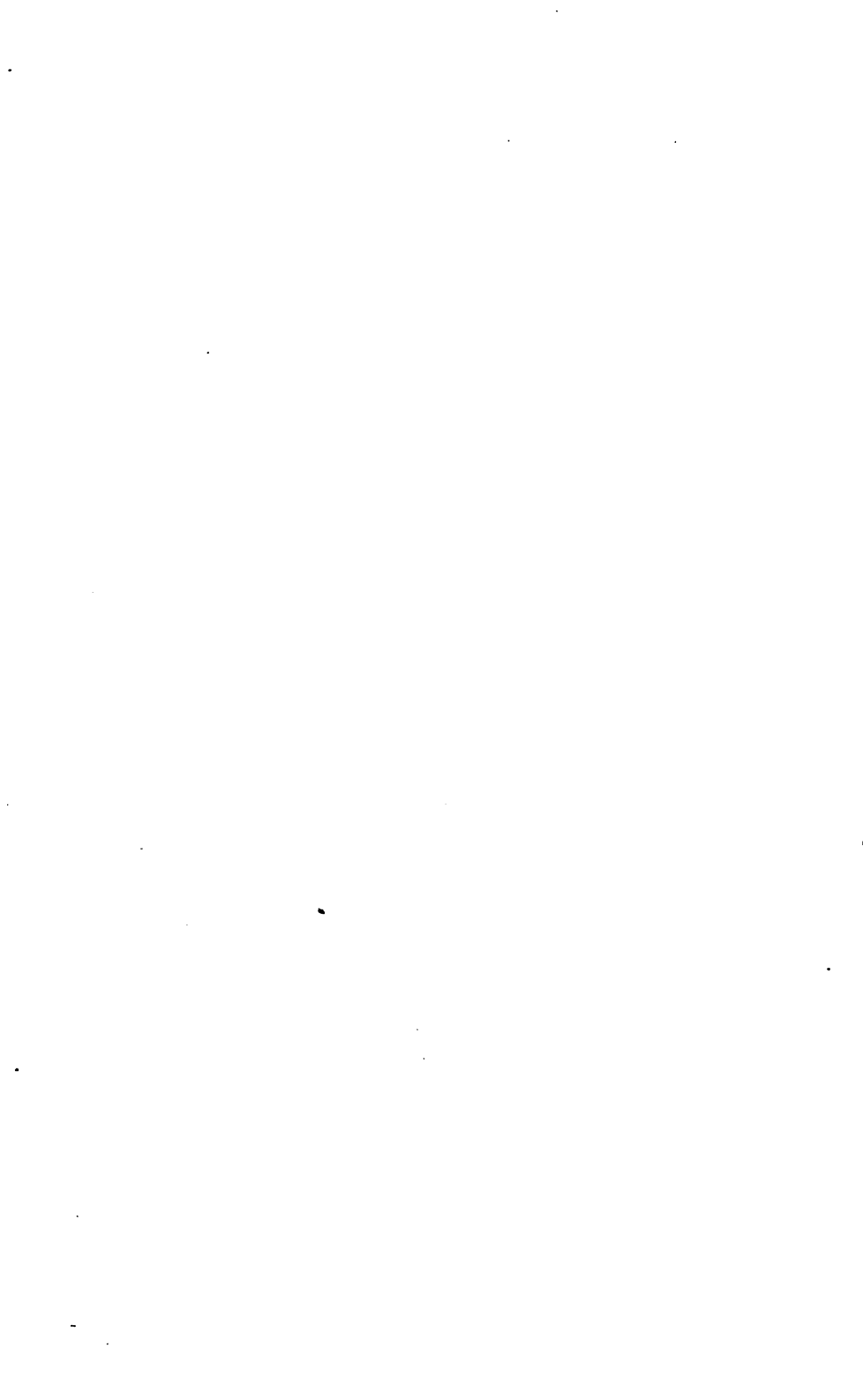


and intelligent kind. In *Othello* he is decidedly seen to less advantage, and neither in this character nor in *Shylock* does he give evidence of qualities superior to those already indicated, or that he can claim, as supreme qualification, more than a scholarly, zealous, and frequently discriminative appreciation of his author, his physical endowments rather detracting from than aiding his mental resources.

The return to the stage of so established a favourite, and withal of so gifted and accomplished an actress as Mrs. Stirling, is a source of congratulation to those interested in theatrical matters. The French translation, in which she has appeared—'The Hen and Chickens,' which turns on the maternal instinct of an unfeathered biped, in the shape of an orthodox stage mother-in-law—though sufficiently amusing, is not, however, of a character to tax Mrs. Stirling's resources or accomplishments; but supplemented as it is by 'The Ghost,' which some one has called the ghost of the drama, but which will perhaps be better known in future as 'The Adelphi Ghost,' and 'Il Trovatore' (Byron's burlesque)—the theatre has been considered more attractive by the public than for some time, and has been exceedingly well attended. At the Olympic, Tom Taylor's adaptation of the French 'Leonard,' called 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' still continues its most deservedly successful career. 'Ladies Beware' has been revived, Miss Hughes sustaining Miss Wyndham's part of *Matilda*, and Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. W. S. Emden *Lady Beauchamp* and *Grace Peabody*. This revival, with the reappearance of Mr. Leigh Murray, after illness, at the Strand, in 'His First Champagne,' as *Horatio Craven*, with Mr. Belford as *Richard Watt*, and a new and broad farce, called 'Turn Him Out'—a translation from the same source, if not another version, of an unsuccessful farce played last year at the Olympic, but the name of which at this instant we forget—almost conclude the intelligence of the month.

The Promenade Concerts of Mr. Mellon at Covent Garden may be alluded to as marked by the attractions of Lotto, who is certainly a most accomplished executant on the violin, and by the vocal attraction of Miss Carlotta Patti. Accepting a not untimely hint of the 'Times' at the outset of these performances, Mr. Mellon has adhered to a most legitimate programme of the most intrinsically excellent music, during the past week or two, and the result, contrary to augury, has been in a pecuniary sense of the most triumphant kind. On Thursday, the 27th, and Friday (the first the Beethoven night, and the second devoted to Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise'), Covent Garden was crowded beyond all precedent by most attentive and enthusiastic audiences.

There is no particular gossip concerning the future. Mr. Sothorn has been indulging in a brief holiday at his house at Fulham since his Leeds engagement, but is in excellent health, and reappears in Liverpool with the attraction of *Sam*, added to that of *Dundreary*, in the last day of the present month. His engagement in Liverpool is for a fortnight, and is to be followed by his visit, for the first time, to Manchester. The Haymarket opens toward the latter end of September, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews as the attraction in a new comedy, adapted from the French by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, the author and adapter of 'The Merry Widow.' The Lyceum will also re-open about the same time with 'The Duke's Motto,' with new dresses, new scenery, and a new mechanical French stage, this last having been erected, it is said, at an expense of 3,000*l*. One of the improvements contemplated by Mr. Fechter during his engagement at the Princess's was this same French stage, which is to abolish the necessity of the time-honoured men in plush to remove the tables and chairs; and it was also intended, had there been time, to make it one of the features of his opening. As this, however, was not practicable, it is now being accomplished, and will doubtless greatly aid in other respects to the efficiency of representation of this house, and add another item to the catalogue of merits of its superior stage management. Drury Lane is also to be reopened, with Mr. Phelps as its chief attraction, under Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton's management; and this, with Mr. Toole's benefit, concludes our information.





*J. S. Mayall*

*Joseph Mayall*

*Mr. P. H. H.*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### LORD WILLIAM POULETT.

FACING this page will be found the portrait of one of the most popular supporters of the Turf at Newmarket, who has not been led away by fraud, covin, or excuse, from the metropolis of the racing world since his name figured in the 'Calendar' a quarter of a century back.

Lord William Poulett, or, as he was first known, Lord William Vane, was born on the 3rd of April, 1792, and was the second son of the late Duke of Cleveland, the finest sportsman that the North of England could ever boast of, and whose exploits on the Turf and in the Hunting World will be preserved to the end of all time, from the pens that have recorded them. Possessed of a colossal fortune, the late Duke of Cleveland was gifted by Providence with the means not only of preserving it unembarrassed, but also of handing it down to his successor considerably multiplied. In fact, such was the keenness of his intellect that he was considered in his time superior to a Scotchman with a Manchester education, or a Yorkshire dealer brought up by a Bristol Quaker: and in corroboration of our statement we may adduce two instances illustrative of his peculiar ideas. Having made up his mind to stay a few weeks in Paris, he proceeded there with five carriages, and a suite to correspond. Such a procession in those, or indeed in any days, would have made the heart of an hotel-keeper jump for joy, and would, in all probability, have led to a Doncaster landlady being consigned to that excellent asylum which we pass on our way from York to Rawcliffe. But the Yorkshire magnate was not to be done; and getting out of his carriage in an adjoining street he made terms for the accommodation he wanted at fifty per cent. under the rate at which he would have been charged had he appeared in *propria persona* with his retinue. Although beloved by those around him, the late Duke knew that twenty shillings went to a sovereign, and not a farmer dare attempt to get the best of him, for a failure was a certainty; yet prove to him they sustained a loss by him, and his

recompense was as princely as his rank. That he could read the human heart was also palpable ; for upon paying his physician when he came down to stay with him four hundred guineas in coin, he asked him if he knew how to grow rich ; and on his replying in the negative, he advised him never to pay anything he owed by cheque, for the more he looked at his money, the less he would like to part with it. On the Turf, as with hounds, he was *nulli secundus*, his passion for the former growing with his years. As a bettor Lord George Bentinck has been the nearest approach to him in modern times, and as a buyer he had no equal, for he thought nothing of giving 3500 guineas for Trustee and Liverpool, and a short time afterwards he did not consider 12,000*l.* too much for Swiss, Serab, Barefoot, and Memnon, the two latter being St. Leger winners. Cups were his principal objects ; and in the days of Agonistes and Haphazard he swept them all off the board as Caller Ou does the Queen's Plates of the present season. His match with Pavilion and Sancho at Newmarket in 1806 was one of the greatest races during that epoch of the Turf, as Colonel Mellish was as game a bettor as himself, and fabulous sums changed hands. Muley Moloch was another of the Duke's great horses, and with him he won the York Derby, the Liverpool Gold Cup, and a number of other races. With Emancipation—who received forfeit from Priam, who had to give him nine pounds—he was very successful. But his great *coup* was when he carried off the St. Leger in 1831 with Chorister, who, by the fine riding of old John Day, beat Tommy Nicholson and the Saddler and a large field. The latter was a tremendous favourite, and it was upon his coming back to scale that Tommy, who was crying with vexation at his defeat, received the somewhat equivocal consolation from a heavy backer of the horse that he, 'Tommy, was 'not so much to blame as the d——d fool who put him up.' In the hunting-field his Grace was equally conspicuous, and his passion for the chase no less ardent, as for upwards of thirty-five years he not only hunted, but fed his own hounds, and entered in his diary a record of their doings every night before retiring to rest. As a horseman he was first-rate, and no day was too long, or fences too big for him ; and, as will be seen by the description given of him in that famous song sung at all hunt-dinners, called 'The Hounds of 'Old Raby for Me,' and which commenced—

' Whilst passing o'er Barnsdale, I happened to spy  
A fox stealing on, and the hounds in full cry.  
They are Darlington's sure, for his voice I well know,  
Crying " Forward, hark forward !" from Shelbrook's below.'

Again, it has been sung of the old Duke when he was Lord Darlington, in his early days—

' When first in the burst, all dashing away,  
Taking all in his stroke, on Ralpho the Grey,  
With persuaders in flank comes Darlington's peer,  
With his chin stretching out and his cap on one ear.'

Sprung from such a stock, the early predilection of Lord William Poulett for the Turf is easily accounted for; but although he looked on for many years, it was not until after his father's death that he ever figured as an owner of horses, or we became acquainted with those colours in which Sam Rogers likes so much to array himself.

At first Lord William commenced in a very mild form in 1844, with Logic, Eclogue, Emery, and Falconer, animals that were barely beyond the grade of Platers. And it was not until he made a plunge, and purchased Brandyface of John Osborne, with whom he won the Somersetshire, that he won a stake of any importance. This purchase he followed up by buying Sharavogue of the Marquis of Waterford. With him, the year after he purchased him, he won five Queen's Plates, and The Suffolk Stakes at Newmarket, besides some minor races not worth recalling.

St. Anne, another of his purchases, paid her way, and was afterwards sold to Lord Zetland to lead gallops for Voltigeur, who broke her down in very little time afterwards. Priestess, whom he got from the Tuppill Stable, did him little or any good except from breeding Dulcibella, whom he sold ridiculously cheap to William Day, in a deal for Promised Land, who, when he came into his possession, ran far worse than could have been anticipated. Next in importance to many others came Paste, with which he ran second to Audrey for the Cæsarewitch; and could she have been better prepared, and had a stronger boy on her back, she could scarcely have lost that great Handicap, for which Newmarket stood on her to a man. Nothing daunted by the failure of Promised Land, and determined to have a good horse while he was on the Turf, Lord William entered into negotiations with Mr. Jackson for Tim Whiffler, and for 2,500 guineas and contingencies, he became possessed of him. With Tim, he arrived at the real Promised Land, for he carried off successively The Royal Stand Plate, at Ascot, The Goodwood Cup, the Doncaster Cup, and The Doncaster Stand Cup. In the Doncaster Cup, it cannot be denied that Buckstone made him gallop, but in The Stand Cup, he beat Asteroid in a canter, and was unanimously considered to be the best three-year old of the season over a distance of ground. As a four, however, Tim Whiffler did not grow or furnish sufficiently to enable him to carry weight; and although magnificently ridden by Sam Rogers, he had to succumb after a dead heat to his old opponent, Buckstone, for the Ascot Cup. But such are the chances of war, which all racing men on the Turf must bear, be they peers or commoners, and his lordship submitted with a good grace to his defeat. Although an old member of the Jockey Club, and within the last few years a Steward, Lord William Poulett has inaugurated no new policy, or formed any party of his own. Like when in Parliament, he gave rather a tacit than an active support to his party; and running his horses invariably to win, whether favourites or outsiders, the public have for years been attached to him, and

trust him with their unlimited confidence. For many years Sam Rogers both trained and rode for him, but latterly his horses have been removed to the care of Martin, from his dislike to a large stable. Sam, however, still retains the cap and jacket, and never looks more at home than when he dons it. Neither did he ever ride a better race in his life than at Brighton last year, when on Paste he beat Atherstone by a head for the Cup. From having a very large property at Bath, the whole of Pulteney, and many other streets, belonging to him, Lord William generally sends something to Lansdowne, and has had his fair share of luck there. In conclusion, although Lord William Poulett has not impaired his fortune by any acts of extraneous liberality, his hospitality at Downham yields to that of none of his order; and by his tenantry on his estate he is as much appreciated as he is by those with whom he is connected on the Turf. And should he arrive at the Dukedom, it will lose none of its original prestige in his hands.

Lord William Poulett, we should add, is married to a daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale; but no issue has resulted from the union.

## AUTUMN LEAVES FROM THE BLACK FOREST.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

NOTHING new under the sun? That's a mistake: there's nothing old under the sun. Who ever saw an old woman? who ever sold an old horse? Pleasure is ever young. Scotland is as fresh and green as it was last year, and Ireland as bright an emerald as ever. Everybody shoots grouse, stalks deer, takes salmon, and returns for the Norfolk shooting with as much zest as if they had not been doing the same thing any time these twenty years. To suppose those long rigmaroles in the 'Field' by Mr. Ross on heather-burning, or the still more tedious contradiction of his theory, are likely to influence one soul in a hundred is absurd. Everybody goes to Scotland; and somehow, though there is disease and bad heather, and a deluge of rain, there are grouse to be shot; and the business is fresher and greener every year.

So is the Continent. It's nothing new to be obliged to leave London when peaches are becoming cheap, and the potboy whistles in the middle of Bond Street at five P.M.; when the watercarts have struck business, and the paving-stones are up in Piccadilly; when Lord Palmerston is gone to amuse his constituents, and Disraeli to electrify the agricultural interest; when the remaining entertainment is a breakfast at Fulham, or an interview with your lawyer: on the contrary, it's a bounden duty. Taking this view of it, and urged by the sympathies of surrounding friends, who suddenly discovered in me a remarkable want of rest or relaxation which I could not feel, I determined once more upon Baden Baden. I hope the pertinacity with which I cling to my old acquaintance

will not induce a belief that the tables have any attraction for me. To tell the truth, I am impervious to the pleasures of gambling; and whenever I shall be detected putting down those good-looking Napoleons and double Louis upon the colour or against it, it will always be as a matter of principle. Baden has other attractions; and there is no more pleasant entrance into civilization after a tour in Switzerland and the crudities of the high Alps than by the portals of the Black Forest. For any man who has nearly forgotten what costume is by a daily contemplation of his old shooting-jacket, knapsack, and wideawake, I recommend a refresher in front of the *Conversatzion's Haus*, or on the Promenade. The curious in bonnets, too, may here be gratified, and carry back to England some notion of the effect of colour. But the great point of attraction to me was the hope of sport; and as a previous year had more than fulfilled its promises, I hastened back from Switzerland to be present at the inauguration of the Baden Meeting. Having last year informed the readers of 'Baily' as to the material points of this continental *réunion*, a repetition seems, even at this distance of time, to be a work of supererogation; but it happens that there remain some subjects of discussion which, though important or amusing everywhere, belong more especially in their treatment to the foreign race-course.

Everybody knows the peculiar arrangement by which all the other recreations of Baden Baden are allowed full play. Racing is to take its place among them, not as anything extraordinary, but rather as a graceful addition to the *Kursaal*, the Rotunda, the wines, the waters, and the visits to Eberstein and La Favorita. Therefore there is no hustling of this pleasure or that. We are not surfeited with *Dorling's Correct List* for four days together, with oceans of iced champagne, and continents of lobster salad, as though the only day for a good luncheon must fall in the Derby, or Ascot, or Goodwood week; and as though it was the duty of the true worshipper of St. Hubert to make himself sick on that occasion. Oh no! There we have the 2nd, the 5th, the 7th, and the 10th on which to attend the Olympic games, and the intervening days for the settlement of our book, for plays, concerts, balls, or rouge et noir, as the fancy may seize us. I think the arrangement excellent. I never have admired the way in which we make a business of a pleasure in this country, enjoying four consecutive days of dust, heat, drink, and riot. Such inconveniences ought to extend over a longer time. But although our racing system will not permit such latitude, we need not be withheld from acknowledging its graces in others: certainly the interval quickens the appetite, and predisposes for more.

Perhaps it is well to explain concisely the intention of the stewards, or of the Duke of Nassau and his Grand Chamberlain, M. de Breidbach, here, on the subject of the Annual Steeple-chase for 430 sovereigns, given by his Royal Highness.

The mistake, as it originally appeared in the 'Field' and 'Bell's Life,' has been corrected subsequently in those papers; but as it.



was an important one I cannot entirely overlook it. When the conditions of the steeple-chase appeared they were as follows: 'No horses can be engaged unless they belong to *bonâ fide* or honorary members of the North German Jockey Club, of the Casino at Vienna, of the French or English Jockey Clubs, or are the property of officers in the active service of any European country.' That's plain enough. Everybody in this country read it, and laughed at it; and they who had not served the Turf in the one capacity, nor her Majesty in the other, were compelled to forego the pleasures of the artificial fences and too natural water of the Baden Course. Then followed a paragraph about the riders, which might have been stricter to suit continental notions, if at least they justly appreciate the lax ideas of some members of the British army as to respectability, or if they are aware of the ease with which the *entrée* of certain clubs is obtained, when the question is only on the merits of a gentleman jockey. It was added that 'no man will be admitted as a gentleman rider who is not qualified as above, or who is not introduced to the stewards as duly qualified by two members of the above clubs, or by officers as aforesaid, who will be personally responsible.' This was all very well; but upon analyzing these conditions it appeared that scarcely any one could run a horse, and that almost everybody could ride one: exactly the reverse, as I take it, of what the Germans desired. It rejected a vast number of good steeple-chase horses in England, and it admitted so large a class to the honours of the amateur pigskin, that we must have had last year's quarrel and discussion, so melancholy in its results, over again. Upon reference, however, to the original, which appeared in German, and which had been improperly translated into French and English, it will be seen that the door was left open enough for anything. The same conditions that here apply to the rider apply there to the nominator; and bad must his character be in the sporting world who cannot get two members of the Jockey Club or of the Army or Navy to say a word in his behalf, and to promise that he shall not eat peas with his knife, or mistake another man's pocket-handkerchief for his own, during a sojourn of four-and-twenty hours in Baden Baden. After this announcement the souls of the amateur horsemen will be at rest; and whatever fastidiousness may exist in the favoured localities of Vincennes or of Boulogne-sur-Mer, they are safe enough to figure without opposition in the capital of the Black Forest. I sincerely congratulate the framers of this rule on their freedom from prejudice, and shall take an opportunity, before the close of this article, of re-examining the subject in the new light thus dawning upon us.

I did not go to Baden in search of asceticism. I knew it, like other German spas, to take a liberal view of recreation. It cultivates, perhaps, rather the graces than the severities of social life. It cannot be twitted with making vice odious by its repellant externals, like the mendicant friars, but rather leans to a refinement and civilization which makes it doubly dangerous. Opportunity and

importunity go somewhat hand in hand, as was tritely remarked by an Irish acquaintance of mine. Knowing all this, I did not look for the austerities of monastic life; but I scarcely expected to find the *demi-monde* in such full possession of the place. There it was, at all hours, on the Promenade, at the déjeuner, losing or winning its thousands of francs, riding, driving, dining, at the concert, theatre, or ball: nor did it at all affect that modesty of concealment which, we are assured, is so much the fashion in foreign parts. *Au contraire*, the Haymarket, Bond Street, Regent Street, the very Quadrant itself in its day, was a galaxy of vestal virgins by comparison. The charming *insouciance* with which these nameless ladies exhibited the brightest of colours, and the most expensive of jewellery, was worthy a better cause: their magnificence and luxury provoked criticism, their numbers demanded recognition, and they carried everything before them that was not to be found in their train. I am not particularly desirous of following up the game that I have started, or to speculate upon the causes which empty the Palais Royal, St. John's Wood, or the equivalent to these in other capitals, upon the race-course, or before the Kursaal of Baden Baden at this particular time, but it was impossible to omit the principal feature of the place, or to withhold a regret that it should have become so.

If a man were inclined, irrespectively of its particular attractions, to pass a month or two of the autumn at a continental spa, I cannot conceive any place so pleasant as the one which is the subject of my pen. Endless variety of amusement presents itself in the neighbourhood and one's neighbours, and in the really delightful theatre, where Molière is varied with opera, and where music of the best schools is given in salons of great luxury and elegance. To this may be added what the casual visitor during the race-week, or rather fortnight, has no opportunity of knowing—that the hotels are excellent, and the attendance, cookery, and wines of the first quality. We read a great many strictures on our own hotels, especially as to this last item, in an English gentleman's expenses: they are just beyond all expression. What the mess really may be which we are compelled to acknowledge as sherry in a fashionable hotel, at six shillings a bottle, I shall not pretend to say; fine, old, fruity, or deliciously dry, I care not: the diabolical concoction nine times out of ten is ignorant of Cadiz or Xeres, or any place whence the *véritable* is supposed to come. As to port, the infatuated lunatic, I presume, does not exist who would call for it at two houses in the world, and he would then consider himself well treated, if it were drinkable, at about 12s. 6d. per bottle. Claret is indeed drunk, for men must drink something; but since the deluge of cheap Bordeaux and Burgundy which has been introduced and so sedulously recommended by the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a wholesome beverage for middle-class gentlefolks who are fond of aping their betters, or poor men who are a cut above Barclay and Perkins, I need hardly say that the 10s. 6d. claret is no longer so good as it used to be. In fact, in this country a man may have clean sheets,

comfortable beds, good meat, excellent attendance, and great civility, with a long bill, but a good, wholesome glass of wine is as difficult to get as the apples of the gardens of the Hesperides. Now that is not so by any means on the Continent. I don't mean that good wine is to be had without paying for it, especially in such places as Baden Baden, but it is to be had. In such a busy time as I passed there lately some excuse may be found for a difficulty of attendance. When a waiter is called for from four different quarters at once, and possibly in three different languages neither of which is his own, it is probable that you may wait for what you want, and eventually get something a little different from what you expect; but, as a rule, at good houses you are well treated, and made to pay for it. Good old Marco-brunner is worth money, so is our Rüdeshheimer Berg; and as to that excellent old Steinwein, but for its capability of giving the gout, I know nothing better. To be sure, in a dinner of six or eight francs or more the landlord leaves a very good margin for himself, because labour is cheaper, house-rent is cheaper, and every article of necessity, and, *à fortiori*, of luxury, is cheaper than in England. Any man who chooses to pass a time, not exceptional, in Baden may live thoroughly well and tolerably moderately at any one of the numerous hotels: he may enjoy the pleasures of the place, its gaieties, its distractions, or its repose, and will find plenty of elbow-room—a happiness most certainly denied him during the exciting week I lately past there.

There is, however, one other circumstance which attaches me to it: it is the possibility of mixing with other amusements a fair share of sport. This is worth knowing; and it is one of those subjects on which men usually play the part of the 'dog in the manger.' Half the pleasure, however, of living in this world is participation; and therefore I write my experiences for the benefit of those who come after. I possess, without the capability of using it, a permit from M. Benazet to shoot and to fish over his property, or *chasse*, at Baden Baden until the end of October. This was given me by the kindness of M. Benazet (a name connected with everything pertaining to the advantages, utility, and elegance of Baden), and would doubtless be extended to any gentleman who took the trouble to get the usual recommendation. His kindness to Englishmen is proverbial, and almost universal. The shooting, too, is good. I found plenty of partridges, wild as hawks, which taxed myself and a companion to get about ten brace. We walked steadily through the wet, knocking up the keeper, who eventually bemoaned his hard fate on a heap of stones, and abusing his dog, who really was, like most other dogs in the present day, good for nothing. Then we saw some pheasants, and about forty hares, which, however, were preserved to afford some few days of 'Treibjagd,' or battue-shooting. This, too, is very good; a bag of deer, chevreuil, pheasants, hares, and that noble animal the fox not unfrequently rewarding the prowess of the sportsman. Now hundreds of Englishmen by such an opportunity would at once be determined

in their choice of quarters. There is but one drawback—a necessary one, I suppose; for it is universal throughout Baden, and in the Tyrol and Bavaria—the presence of a keeper: let me add, too, a keeper who insists upon going his own way. You have therefore but one hope, that you will outwalk him, and allow him to watch your operations from a distance. The way to kill partridges is to break the coveys, and having done so, to follow them. The whole of the country about Baden is unenclosed; consequently a good, strong walker turns here, there, and everywhere, and is virtually doing as he likes with the birds, while apparently under the commands of the keeper, who acts as a sort of pivot. They are particularly averse to this following up of birds; perhaps not liking to see quite such a slaughter as an Englishman is likely to make, and having an eye to the exact requirements of M. Benazet's pot, or the exigencies of the market. Be that as it may, good management will give you a very fair day's sport; and as they really want some one to kill the game, you will have every prospect of invitations to private as well as public battues, which take place during October. This is a very sufficient reason, as it seems to me, for giving Baden a strong preference.

I have already mentioned the curious mistake which was made as regards the nominations for the steeple-chase. Now 430 sovereigns is a very handsome addition to the stakes, and ought, as might be expected, to bring to the post a great many good horses. Last year Medora won it, ridden by her owner; and this year expectation ran high that we might have seen Medora and Bridegroom running over the same course within a few pounds of each other. Medora's absence gave Bridegroom the call; indeed, it seemed that he had no formidable opponent excepting The Colonel, a well-known warrior over this course, and steered by an equally well-known warrior, Captain Hunt. To my intense disgust, however, they were both of them beaten by Count Westphalen on Betsey Baker, Long Range being second, and nothing else in the race at all; Bridegroom and The Colonel both outpaced, and the rest finishing in the brook, or on their heads, or in some mysterious manner which was not worth inquiring after. I do not believe in Frenchmen riding. In the school of equitation? well and good; and even at that Mackenzie Grieves is better. But over a country? No. How should they? To make a man ride he must have the constant four days a week practice, not over hurdles, or artificial fences, but over any reasonable sort of obstacle that presents itself. He need not run up a steep bank thirty feet high, because if hounds run over it it must be the exception, not the rule. But he must be prepared for the double, a stiff piece of timber, a double post and rails, banks to be taken with a ditch to or from the rider, water of various kinds; but it is not necessary to have an impracticable brook for a steeple-chase, as such a thing is usually avoided with hounds. The great thing is to know how to handle a horse over a country, a case in which nerve alone will not answer the purpose; but in

which it must be combined with experience ; experience to which no Frenchman can attain in the present condition of his country. I do not mean to say they are deficient in courage : far from it ; and the Baron Finot is a really good horseman—on the flat. Some of them have more heart than head, indeed, and are apt to be run away with by the excitement—a fatal error in steeple-chasing, to which accomplishment a man should bring, as Tom Oliver once said of that fine horseman Capt. William Peel, something more than his leather breeches. Now at present the breeches and boots are the Frenchman's first consideration : the idea of his get-up is the thing that appears of the first importance. At Baden Baden, of all places in the world, where a positive ovation awaits the winner, where kings and princes mingle their condescension with the feelingly expressed satisfaction of the Anonymæ, and where Isabelle waits to present her choicest bouquet, to be under-dressed would be a solecism to be expiated only by seeing some hated rival preferred. Doubtless, if Frenchmen were as accustomed to find themselves at the cover-side as we are : if they went through the winter's campaign of mud and dirt : if they regarded their boots and breeches as a defence against the thorns of a Northamptonshire bullfinch instead of the summer adornments of a gentleman jockey—they would soon get over the weakness ; but as they never can, in the nature of things, do so, they must be content to remain as they are to the world's end. One word more. Steeple-chasing in England serves a good purpose, if the weights and country could only be made right. In France it can do no earthly good. There is not a man in France who cannot be as well carried on some thoroughbred screw at 30*l.* or 40*l.* as if he gave 300*l.* or 400*l.* for a distinguished Market Harborough performer. Such were, such are, my sentiments. I believe they are shared by a few Englishmen. It was therefore not pleasant to see Count Westphalen slip his horses in the comfortable manner in which he did ; and when he popped down the brook, leaving his followers to find their way in and out, and went on with the running at a pace that seemed to astonish the Guards and the light cavalry behind, I confess that the Count shook my faith in my own theory. He rode admirably throughout ; and I have only been able to console myself with the recollection that he is a German, not a Frenchman, and that one swallow does not make a summer. We paid for our notions by losing our money, and saved our reputation only by Captain Hunt winning the next race with about half a mile in hand.

Whenever I go on the Continent I find this racing and steeple-chase mania in the ascendant. Everywhere are young dukes, counts, vicomtes, barons, and all sorts of idlers waiting to ride their own horses, or the horses of their friends, at some of the numerous race meetings now established on the Continent. They seem to travel from place to place apparently with no other object than that of playing the principal rôle in the comedy to be enacted. Generally they appear, two or three of them, with a collar-bone (may I

add without a rib?), which affords them for the time as much satisfaction as the most honourable wound would have afforded one of the Old Guard. They are always playing, or love-making, fighting and telegraphing about the country; but always under the guise of 'Sport.' The consequence of all this is endless discussions on gentleman-jockeyship. The high tone taken on several occasions in this magazine and elsewhere, though sharply assailed in this country, met with universal favour among them: so much so, indeed, that they have always availed themselves of the most valuable services of our countrymen, and have been most scrupulous in allowing the whole expenses of travelling and otherwise to fall upon those whom they have honoured with their friendship. The theory enunciated was simple, and, for myself, uncontrovertible—that a gentleman-rider should be in such a position as not only never to receive money for his services, but not to allow any sort of acknowledgment for the expenses of transport. In writing this I had a view to those ancient times when such things were in their infancy. I still applaud and uphold it where practicable. But I see in the change of circumstances and the multiplicity of such affairs—I may say in the alteration of class from whom such riders are provided—that my position is no longer tenable. Still I scarcely expected that the blow would have come from the very quarter that I was anxious to defend. The Germans and French were the very sticklers for the highest etiquette in this matter. Nothing was good enough for them. Imbued with the notion that England was as France, they expected a moiety of the House of Lords to be their competitors; and the lowest grade tolerable to their aristocratic instincts was a private gentleman or a cavalry officer. I certainly defended their position, as far as I could, upon principle; and now they have left me in the lurch. It is not many weeks since they objected to an old Eton and Oxford man, who happens to be so exceedingly good that it would have been ruin to have recognized his claims, and they have now put the qualification test so low that there is scarcely a man in England of even decent reputation who may not have the chance of riding over the *haute noblesse* of France and Germany. The conditions, quoted above in this article, have opened the door to a whole legion of gentleman-riders, unshackled by any fetters but those of recommendation by two officers of the army or navy. Fancy the gravity with which Mr. Benjamin Land will present his credentials from two little middies to be allowed to ride in company with the Duc de G——, the Vicomte T——, and M. de St. G——, and the satisfaction with which he will pocket their dollars and receive the smiles of the balconied beauties, who invariably reward the prowess of the conqueror. There's a natural elegance of manner about the true type of the semi-professional semi-amateur who rides as a gentleman under certain circumstances which would take the Palais Royal by storm, and quite captivate any august personage who may feel disposed to present the winner with an additional piece of plate. I have already admitted that a modification of my views

was rendered necessary by circumstances, but the wildest imaginations of the most liberal opposition had not arrived at the length of rope with which the French and German school are proceeding to hang themselves. From Scylla to Charybdis. It would have been ten times better to have accepted the Englishmen whom they have over and over again rejected, and to have recognized all who are recognized in our own country, than to have made so great a self-sacrifice at the shrine of their own darling principle. There is a country, indeed, and a very fine country, too, where in days gone by every man who wore a clean shirt once a week was recognized as a gentleman for purposes of duelling, and, where the love of sport is thoroughly genuine—I dare say the rule might have obtained for steeple-chasing too.

The circumstances which first rendered some modification of the strict rule necessary were these. That the want of modesty on the part of the proprietors of horses on the Continent had become so great as to make nothing of inviting a friend in Paris to ride a horse at Bordeaux. The master is not there to receive his rider: the horse a brute without a chance of winning; and there is no possibility of turning a thousand francs in so bad a market. The consequence is a few days utterly lost, with the penalties of your railway and hotel bill on your own shoulders, and a particularly dull time of it among people you don't know. The offer of your expenses is, according to theory, out of the question; and if every such journey were rewarded by a *cadeau* of a watch, or a drinking-cup, or a handsome set of shirt-studs, your eventual resource would be to set up a jeweller's shop with the proceeds of your success, and as the only means of reimbursing yourself for the outlay. When you add to these inconveniences that of reducing a few pounds now and then by short commons for the benefit of your friend, and at the risk of your health, you increase materially the obligation. The true legitimate rider may be invited by the owner on a visit to ride his horses: he may travel with him, live with him at his own house or at an hotel as his guest, be one of his family circle for a time. If he is unworthy of this he is clearly not a gentleman-rider in my view of the case; but whatever he may be, when a country is as large as France there should be some consideration for the convenience of a man who has to travel about eight hundred miles to place his services at your disposal.

Henceforth, however, by the Baden conditions gentlemen-riders will be as plentiful as blackberries.

One of the pleasantest features of a foreign Meeting was the absence of a feature in our courses, which, like a colossal nose on an ordinary face, puts everything else (to speak still metaphorically) out of countenance. This was the Ring. There was not until the last twelvemonth a sign of such a thing at Baden. Singularly free were we from the energetic proceedings of that Frankenstein which the creators of it would now willingly destroy. Thanks to English perseverance this is no longer the case. It has commenced in whispers,

and bad French: the French will become better and the whispers louder; and in a very few seasons the sanctity of the flowered lawn and trellised verandahs of the stands will be invaded by a noise as great, possibly by a spirit as demoniacal, as that which disgraces our own courses. The site has been by accident badly chosen, directly opposite the Stewards' Stand and weighing and dressing rooms; but doubtless, when the Ring becomes there, as here, a palpable institution, the authorities will move the site to one less inconvenient for the public; and as there is plenty of space at the further end of the enclosure, it is to be hoped that this nuisance will be as far removed from the pleasures of the Meeting as possible. The general arrangements at this time leave nothing to be desired. It is impossible to conceive a Meeting more calculated to make racing agreeable, or to exhibit it in its real beauty. Its vices, its discomforts, its demoralization are English. The Continent had, perhaps has, an opportunity of showing its fairest side. At present it takes rank as the most innocent, instead of the most pernicious, of foreign distractions. But, a permanent Ring once established, it will be difficult any longer to predicate the excellence of it; and it is worth the while of the authorities at Baden Baden to preserve to that Meeting all those features which have given it such claims to favour.

Amongst other matters connected with continental racing roping is said to be rare. Some comments, however, have crept into the papers on the most palpable case within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant of Iffetzheim. Bless his simplicity, whoever he may be! The matter is on this wise: as a faithful historian I record it without comment. The parties are quite capable of settling their own differences without English interference. Count A—— and the Duc de B—— had each a horse in the same stable, entered for the same race. The finish lay between the two: when opposite the Stand, it being evident that the Duc de B——'s horse was winning, the rider deliberately and very unexpectedly pulled him back, suffering his stable companion to win, a little arrangement by which the Duc lost 200 louis. The explanation, as given at first, was this: that the two owners having agreed privately that one should win, the rider of Count A——'s horse called to the rider of the Duc de B——'s to stop. He obeyed the orders of the Count's jockey, who is both jockey and trainer too. It was impossible that so gross a case should go without investigation; and upon investigation, with the details of which, however, the world is not acquainted, the pulling jockey is suspended from riding for two months. Good! You can only go at once to the offender. You have nothing to do with the proprietors until they are accused by their agent. What he may say in the heat of the moment is nothing. Before the Stewards he admits his own culpability, and—there is an end of the matter. He is a very foolish jockey to have pulled a horse, right opposite the Stand, for no sort of advantage to himself whatever. Now, supposing there was some truth in the previous



explanation? 'Supposition très forte, milord.' Not at all. Men will arrange for their own interests when two horses are in the same stable. 'What is the public to us?' say they. 'Let us sacrifice 'this public.' This is not right. For though I think highly of the claim which every man has, to do what he will with his own horse—though I cannot subscribe to the opinion that a horse, without reference to his owner's interests, becomes at once public property—I do maintain that when two horses start for a race the best horse should win. If such a principle had always guided us in Turf affairs the gentlemen of this country would have been unassailable by their opponents. Whenever Count A—— and the Duc de B—— run their horses, let them remember this—that the way to set public opinion at defiance is by placing themselves above it, and not by evading its just claims.

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### THE BREEDING OF HUNTERS AND HACKS.

'CANNOT we improve our hunters and hackneys by encouraging the 'establishment of a breed of thorough-bred horses distinct from the 'Turf?' 'Can we not improve our riding-horses?' are questions I so often hear asked that I feel anxious, through the pages of 'Baily,' to draw the attention of breeders to so interesting a topic; and though I am aware I can advance but little novelty on the subject, yet I trust by bringing it forward, I may induce others to state their views and experiences; and thus we may hope to devise some plan for 'encouraging the more careful and more wide-spread production 'of sound and valuable riding-horses.' I will endeavour to put before my readers my reasons for thinking we may by such encouragement improve gradually and establish eventually a more certain (*i. e.*, less chance) style of riding-horse, whether we view it as a hunter or a hackney, and by what means it might be possible to obtain the best results. A thorough-bred horse, quite irrespective of racing, is the point to start from; for though our present breed of horses owes all its excellence to the Turf, still from constant breeding for speed, and speed alone, we have been gradually losing sight of more important qualities, and established a breed which, however good for racing, fails in most of the qualities we most require, *viz.*, stoutness, strength, and action. Again, the Turf now is become, as it has been justly called, 'an institution:' it requires no stimulus, but its own power of money, to produce any quantity of animals suited to the T.Y.C. and half of Ab. M. Need we look further than the late list of the prices which yearlings made at Doncaster? Who is bold enough to assert that one quarter of those high-bred and high-priced yearlings are likely to be fit for any other purpose than racing? But everybody does not race; and if they did, it is one thing seeing those colts ridden, and another riding them themselves. So we come to this: the Turf and its racing-studs are in full vigour, and can take care of themselves. The time is come for

private individuals, hunt and agricultural clubs—backed, as I think they ought to be, by liberal Government prizes—to establish in different districts the best class of stallions to insure the improvement of horses for ‘riding and driving purposes.’ Every connoisseur knows the style of horse suited for the purpose I am advocating: it is useless therefore to enter into a disquisition on so threadbare a story; but how to start with and persevere in a breed which shall preserve a certain form, a fixed type throughout. Here lies the kernel of the nut we have to crack; and though a hard task, it is by great care and observation I trust to be achieved. Pure blood is universally admitted to be necessary to insure success. Stains in a pedigree militate greatly against continuing a uniform character, and alloy in blood, of course, is liable to reappear in the progeny of apparently perfect parents. To continue a stock, therefore, the purer the lineage the more probable are the progeny to be true to a certain type; and although I have been condemned by the R. A. Society for advocating the use of stallions for hunting purposes with a stain in their pedigree (in preference only to thorough-bred weeds)—because such half-breds beget a more marketable and valuable animal in the first cross; and say what you will, half the good hunters are so bred; almost all the weight-carriers are—yet no one has a higher respect for pure blood and long ancestral descent than I have, being convinced no perfect breed can be continued on any other principle. Certain families have certain and well-defined characteristics; but even if we select a sire and dam of the same shape and size, we are by no means certain that the progeny will closely resemble them. And why? Because of the perpetual tendency of throwing back to more remote ancestors ‘atavism,’ as it is termed. The ancestors further back may have been of most dissimilar form and opposite character; and hence our disappointment in finding an unshapely progeny from parents we had carefully selected as approaching the requisite standard of perfect frame. There is no doubt the sire stamps his image on the progeny, as a general rule, whatever style of mare be put to him. Take any of our lines—be it Sweetmeat or Newminster, Stockwell or Rataplan, Bay Middleton or Kingston—there is an unmistakeable character runs throughout which seldom deceives any one whose eye is trained to blood-stock. It is therefore essential to success to first find a symmetrical race whose ancestors showed the same stamp for several past generations, and then to persevere as much as possible with animals of the same formation. Much has been written on breeding hackneys and the sires most suitable for insuring a small and compact riding-horse. Among others Lord Exeter’s Midas is often quoted as a perfect specimen. It is true he is a perfect race-horse in miniature: he was sprung from Beiram, also a small, neat animal, and he again was by Sultan, who was a true-made, little nag. One would therefore suppose Midas could not fail to get the hackney we desire; but, on the contrary, the great majority of his stock are leggy and weedy, and grow tall. How is this?

Midas's dam was Merope by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam—a coarse, vulgar sort; and the cross has not hit so as to produce a symmetrical breed. Were I to seek for the better chance of establishing a breed of hackneys, I should go to the descendants of Daniel O'Rourke and Dr. Syntax, especially the latter, as they have long been proverbial for their wiriness and action. A well-selected cross between the two families ought to be about the mark. Newminster, the crack stallion of the day, is the best descendant (but maternally) of the Little Doctor. There is scarcely a son of Dr. Syntax's alive. Old Port (also a son of Beeswing) has, I understand, much benefited the breed of ponies in the West of England; in fact, one can hardly go wrong with a well-selected fusion of the Birdcatcher and Dr. Syntax blood. The breeding of hackneys has always been a chance thing, and never followed up for its own purpose. An instance of this occurs to me which may be worth mentioning. The late Lord Scarborough, who bred largely, and chiefly from thorough-bred mares, had in the hack-stable some years ago a particularly neat, low, brown mare by Gardham, dam by Langar; in fact, a mare in every way qualified to breed a hackney, being considerably under fifteen hands in height. A friend of his recommended him to send her to Voltigeur, as a strong, good-coloured horse. The produce was not a hack, but about the best race-horse of the year—Skirmisher. She has since bred The Ranger. Such are the chances of breeding: we try for a hack, and we get a first-class racehorse. But the reverse is questionable: we breed for a racehorse, but do we get a hackney? Only occasionally. Suppose, however, that we have arrived at this desirable result—the possession of a long, low, compact, and stout thorough-bred sire. Suppose we are lucky enough to have gained this, combined with the blood of Newminster and Daniel O'Rourke, how can we gain disciples to our creed? How can we hope to spread through our country districts a really satisfactory breed of hackneys? Or if, as is still more desirable, we can gain possession of two thorough-bred stallions—the one we have above spoken of, and the other of a still higher class and value, viz., the large and powerful horse for getting hunters. Such a one I should select from a fusion of the Stockwell and Emilius blood, the Sir Hercules and Pantaloon, or the Muley. The Touchstones, excellent as they are in many respects, fail so signally in their ankles and shoulders as to be very questionable for establishing a firm and elastic breed of either hunters or hackneys. The first desideratum of riding-horses must be well-placed shoulders, hard legs, and harder feet. If we overlook these points at starting, all pains and labour will be, I am convinced, wasted. Having then obtained the two animals suited to the two purposes, how shall we proceed? how obtain the best results, and encourage the public to prefer a good, sound, and symmetrical sire to the worthless weed or the mongrel trotter which infest all our country districts, and are really the cause of the deterioration of our horses. I have not unfrequently been asked,

‘Would not a company for such breeding answer?’ I say decidedly, ‘No.’ The Rawcliffe Company—which, under most adverse circumstances, has bred more winners than any other establishment since its formation, and would, but for its many drawbacks, have been most successful long ago—at last bids fair to be, as it well deserves to be, extensively patronized, not only from the success of Newminster and Leamington, but also from the excellent management and care bestowed on the animals sent there. That company has in its sale of yearlings a quick return, and the young stock are quickly off the ground. But where are we to look for remunerating prices for yearlings bred not for racing purposes, but avowedly for hunters and hackneys? Of course it could not be done: the ground in the space of two or three years would be overcrowded. But my plan, which could be carried out in each county, is this: Let a Hunt Club, or an Agricultural Club, or some half-dozen gentlemen combine, and subscribe the funds for buying two superior-class stallions—the one a large, powerful horse for improving the breed of hunters and carriage-horses; the other a compact, small, thorough-bred horse suitable for getting hackneys. Let them be located in the most central part of a hunt or county, and travel a circuit of not more than fifteen or twenty miles from home. To prevent the preference of the ‘cheap screw’ and mongrel stallions, let the rate of service be low, certainly not more than a guinea and the groom’s fee to all farmers and tradesmen, and two guineas to all others; the money to be paid at the time of covering. The cost of two such sires would not be large. There is many a well-descended and sound horse which has not speed to be valuable on the Turf, yet more valuable for the purpose we have in view. Having attended the inspection previous to embarkation of the stallions selected by Mr. Phillips for the Indian Government the last two or three years, and seen among those selected many most suitable for country stallions, I have been able to form some opinion of the value of that style of horse. Mr. Phillips is obliged to furnish them free from rearing or constitutional defect at two hundred guineas each. It is no easy matter to find them at that price; but it is done, as some twenty stallions are annually exported at that figure. If, then, the club I suggest gave 100*l.* or 200*l.* more each horse, they would insure a pretty good one; and as each horse will serve a hundred mares in a season, a good per-centage on the original outlay would be certain.

The next point to be considered—a point most difficult, and on which the opinions of any practical breeder would be valuable—is, ‘How can we best encourage the keeping in a district a certain amount of good mares to be crossed only with the stallions of the club.’ As I said above, to rent land, and keep a large number together, as at Rawcliffe and other racing studs, will not answer on account of the numbers that would soon be on the ground. A better plan would be for the dozen or half-dozen gentlemen who

were in possession of the stallions to agree to keep two or three mares apiece at least, and those only of a good stamp, for the sole purpose of breeding from their own stallions, and proving if they are worth persevering with. The tenant farmers might, some of them, also assist; and, no doubt, many would prefer the club's stallions at a low price to the halt and lame ones at an equally low price. But I want to go a step higher, and by getting tolerably perfect mares, endeavour to attain a higher aim—the point where I began my story, viz., 'to obtain a thorough-bred horse of size, action, soundness, and strength for hunting, and riding on the road,' and to go on with that breed till we may insure success.

In choosing mares it would be advisable to start with some good framed three-year olds; though there is no rule in this case, as many a hardworked mare has bred excellent produce.

Again, I am much in favour of giving prizes rather to foals and yearlings at our agricultural shows than so entirely to three and four year old horses. At Hull and other towns in the north of England foal shows are attended with most beneficial results. In the first place some 10*l.* and 15*l.* prizes for foals encourage the breeder to send them for exhibition, as that sum goes a good way to the first year's expenses; secondly, it is an inducement to put them on better pasture, or otherwise force them a little; and, thirdly, it shows how the produce of the stallions in the county is turning out, and gives either the buyer or the judge more insight into the breeding of sire and dam.

The same thing applies equally, but with more force, to yearlings; and for them the best prizes should be given. There is no age which requires more care, or one, when in farmers' hands, they are less cared for than the first year. Start a colt well, and keep him warm and well fed the first winter, and he will repay every penny, and be able to live hardily after. I do not mean to infer from this that I would cease to give prizes for three and four year old horses; but I think the quicker return, and the stimulus given to breeding by liberal prizes for foals and yearlings, would be more appreciated than those for horses of more mature age. The Duke of Beaufort has seen the advantage of this encouragement for foals, as he gives prizes at his Badminton Club for the stock of his own horse Kingston; and I am told the show was excellent this autumn. This is as it should be; and it is the duty of every large landowner to keep for the use of his tenantry a pure-bred male animal, be it horse, bull, or ram. It is wonderful how great is the effect and benefit that a high-bred short-horn bull has on the half-breeds of a district. What, then, could be better than that 'the Club' I have suggested should, in addition to its stallions and mares, give annually prizes for the best brood mares, and foals by their own horses, and, in due time, yearlings?

There is one other point which is worthy of consideration before I wind up my yarn, viz., whether Government would not do much good by giving at twelve central towns in horse-breeding districts

100*l.* Plates for the encouragement of the 'Best young Horse or 'Mare of any age from one year to four years old, with 25*l.* to the 'second best?' I mention any age, because a large sum is better than many small sums; and if yearlings, two-year olds, three, and four were all exhibited, the judges could scarcely pronounce which among all was the best animal in the show-yard, and give it the premium as such, in the same way as the gold medals are given by the Royal Agricultural Society. I feel convinced that the Queen's Plates have become almost unnecessary; they don't encourage the breed of stout horses, as one animal in the course of the season (*vide* Caller Qu) *walks over* for half of them. This is not sport, nor does any benefit result from it. The withdrawal of some dozen of them from some of the Meetings which are now second-rate, and the substitution of 100*l.* prizes at central towns, would do much more good to the breeders of horses, and cause far greater interest to the community at large. I only wish any one sceptical on the point to refer to the Calendar, and he will see that about half a dozen in the course of the year produce good races: the rest are either badly contested or walked over for.

I have in the above pages brought forward the best plan I can think of for encouraging in our country districts the breeding of a more high-bred and valuable animal, and with less chances of failure than is generally the case, to the gradual extinction of the common travelling country stallion, the *fons et origo* of all mischief. If Short-horns, if Leicesters and Southdowns can be bred with a certain uniformity of type and character, and kept up to a certain standard of excellence, why cannot the more noble animal the horse have equal pains bestowed on him? But such is not the case. Go where you will, ask and see how horses are bred, be they for 'the Chase, Turf, or the Road:' you will find everywhere there is a deal of chance and hap-hazard in their production.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

## THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

### CHAPTER I.

MUSCULAR Christianity! These be brave words, which we accept in all the amplitude of their sense and dimensions. Looking at the quarter from whence the doctrine has emanated, it is consoling to be taught, at this eleventh hour of our pilgrimage, that the sacerdotalism of the present day proclaims, *ex cathedrâ*, the religion of the thews and sinews, and demands a strict observance of duty as a part and parcel of muscular morality. Lustihood henceforward is to be canonized into one of the cardinal virtues. Be it so. How edifying it would have been, when pulling stroke oar in the 'Defiance' on the 4th of June, or on Election Saturday, and called upon at

Boveney Shallows to issue the trite and stern command of 'Hard, 'upper oars!' to have had the conviction that we were performing an act of muscular devotion. And when lying down to our oars, 'Hard all!' round the Brocas eyots, in joyful expectation of bumping Joe Cannon with the doughty old Mars, to have known that in the desperate struggle we were offering in atonement the sacrificial penance of potentiality. Then again, at football, in a 'rouge' under the playing fields wall, in the match of Oppidans and Collegers, what puissant shiners would have been bestowed on the 'Tugs' had the faintest notion been entertained that each kick brought us up a step higher in the Paradisaical ladder! And the jubilation which would have resounded through the upper school in the dismissal before holidays, when Keate might say, with his usual twang, 'Boys, your old brother Etonians of the army, commanded by 'another old Etonian, would not be satisfied if you had not an extra 'week's holiday for the glorious victory on the 18th of last month at 'Waterloo.' (Great clapping of hands and applause.) 'Gronow, 'I am glad to hear that your brother is safe, and did his duty as a 'man and a grenadier of the Guards.' (Vociferous cheering, and one cheer more.) 'Ay, ay, boys! but in the midst of your 'rejoicing do not forget that two young soldiers, who six weeks 'ago were sitting on those very benches beside you,

— 'their warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Dream of battle-fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.'

The little doctor, with his cocked hat, had not a grain of poetry or sentiment in his composition. Ben Drury a few minutes previously had quoted the lines of Walter Scott in Keate's chambers when talking over the circumstances of Lord Hay's death. This was the 'old copy' crime in another [shape, and the doctor ought to have been put in the bill and taken down. However, the week's holiday was given, which, according to the 40th Article of the muscular new style, lately appended to the brush of the 39th, was equivalent to a Roman Catholic 'Novena.' Well, let us say, in the words of the bilious Jeffrey,—he had never served his apprenticeship at Surley Hall, or he would not have succumbed to the punishment consequent on the lobster salad and champagne of the editorial orgies—again we say, 'Let us be thankful, and with honest Sancho 'bid God bless the Tom Brown giver of the new code of muscular 'Christianity, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.'

Our sporting predilections brought us to grief in the latter days of our sojourn in the 'holy shade.' The boys who lived 'at home' above a hundred miles from college were allowed, in those slow-coaching times, to start a day earlier than the others of their form, and we belonged to that section. It so happened that the Royal Staghounds met at Salt Hill on the day of departure, and the ancestral tastes were too rife in the system not to take advantage of the fortunate circumstance. But although we stayed behind we

did not go into school. That would have been an act thoroughly verdant, and quite at variance with the pandects of Tom Brown. With our trunk duly packed by Sally Dee, and with everything prepared for the far west, we levanted early for Datchet, and breakfasted with the veteran Gosden, formerly huntsman to the Royal Staghouuds, under Lord Maryborough. Here we met our special and maiden outfit from the tailor of Barnespool Bridge. The white cords were resplendent; the top-boots, from Ingaltou, and the spurs, from Rogers, up town, were quickly in their proper place; and we sallied forth on the then well-known Gosden grey pony, a clever animal of fourteen hands and upwards, by Gohanna, long and low, blind of one eye—a common failing of the stock—that could go a great pace, stay, and jump anything. The coveted trappings of hunting had been hitherto parentally interdicted, but an indulgent aunt—maiden aunt, be it observed—had furnished the means whereby our insatiate longing to be habited as a man, and a sporting one, was satisfied.

One word as to the advantages, the peculiarities, the affections, and the solidarities (a Tom Brown and muscular word) of a maiden aunt. A married aunt, albeit a widow, and even without filial appendages, is altogether a different personage. She has known man, the ragged or loudly adorned rascal, as it might have been; has long ceased to place any faith in his deceptive plausibilities; and sees in her wild nephew a young entry that is sure to follow readily on the line of scent taken by his kind in their social maraudings. The vedoval of a certain age, of moderate means, and not over comely, may be said to be out of elbows, all round, in her social status. A widow, young, sprightly—the aunt salient—as a rule, marries again on the spot. If she has been ill at ease in the conjugal thralldom under the defunct lord she seeks to and does revenge her former injuries upon the second, who reigns in his stead. Reigns! is it said? Eheu! eheu! She returns from the temple, where she has sworn to obey, with the air of a commander marching over the battered walls of a fortress surrendered at discretion, and with the fixed determination to exercise her right of conquest with the severity of a Mongolian Tartar.

The young and lively aunt gorges the young nephew, when on a visit, with all the good things of this life, votes him a bore for preventing her tipping the *eau sucrée* of her resuscitated conjugalities, gets him out of the way upon some frivolous excuse, and he, in his turn, revenges himself *con gusto* upon the pretty Abigail, who readily answers for the sins of her mistress. It is the old story—charming always—the wheel within wheel of a merry go-round of a Whig Liberal domesticity.

The sober widow of the *mezzo cammin*, the aunt celestial, without encumbrance, quietly fading into a sear and autumnal—we will not say positively yellow leaf, is an excellent lady teeming with charitable consolations of an admonitory gist. She is generous of pious tracts, that find their way to an office of exchange, where they are



bartered for a quartern of gin within half an hour after the precious gift has been bestowed. We knew a proprietor of one of these wayside marts—in plain terms a ‘tiddlywink’ where poachers congregated, and flash men came to make inquiries about the architectural contrivances of the neighbouring mansions—who contracted with the receivers of the ‘Straight Ways to Paradise,’ paid for them in juniper nips, sold them by the dozen to a Calvinistic bookseller in a neighbouring town, and he in his turn re-vended them at full price to the excellent widow. This was a circumgyration office that did business more quickly than that of circumlocution. In this haven an Etonian nephew could not find an abiding place.

But the dear old maiden aunt is of a complexion entirely different. The finer affections, which may have been rudely treated in the morning of her life, settle down with an accumulation of force, from long repression, upon the hopeful child of her adoption. She deems that his open and unsuspecting nature can never deceive—that his boy failings are guileless and virginal—ay, that’s the word—in that young hour of immaculation that knows not wrong, and is free from prurient aspirations—and she devoutly believes that the masters and the dames of Eton are a substantial guarantee for the due preservation of these nepotical beatitudes. Blinded by the excess of an affection which is the dearest pleasure of her life, she lavishes her fondness with an abounding profusion that may, perchance, lead to the shipwreck of the very one whose wellbeing the course of indulgence was designed to secure.

But there is another side of the picture. There may be an accompaniment to this mistaken largess—a priceless antidote, that leaves its trace long after the vanity of selfishness has passed away, and is no more—that, outliving the worldliness of pleasure and ambition, remains stamped upon being with an impress that transcends materiality, and merges into that spiritual development of consciousness which is centred in the living and thinking soul. The prayer learnt at the apron-string, the daily chapter in the Bible read in the early morning to the maiden aunt, silently work their way in after years, and the essence of their spirit, in the midst of the turmoils of existence, are never without conception—are never without even an unconscious effect. It is this inward voice, the immediate cognition of Divinity, that breathes itself forth in the lisps that follow upon the silver tones of the rich fulness of spiritual love. It is the primary lesson which is never forgotten nor erased by the subtler abstractions of that secondary teaching, when the powerful intellect of man welds the mind of adolescence for a conflict, wherein the high attributes of reason and intelligence are to be used for lower and worldly purposes. Soul is pre-eminent in the mental constitution of woman, as mind is in that of man; and it is fortunate that the first and ineradicable impressions on the imagination are moulded by her whose pure love is untinctured by carnal motive, and whose spiritual ascendancy in the blush of existence leads to the first hymn of devotion, as the memory of it constitutes the last hope of the death-

bed. The grace of the apron-string, if it be not the fountain of all knowledge, is, under Providence, the source of all goodness in man. And let us, as in duty bound, be thankful to the dear old maiden aunt for all that we know of the right—and at the present moment more particularly, for the white cords and top-boots in which we sallied forth to meet the Royal Staghounds, in company with Gosden.

Salt Hill, the capital of the immemorial domain of the *mos pro lege*, presented on this morning a different aspect from that which it offered a short year before, on the occasion of John Barnard's Montem. The authorities of the day have judged the ancient usage to be repugnant to the spirit of the times. It is the hollow argument of the sceptic to undermine the truth of ages. But who is the fitting judge of this razzia of time-honoured usages? That Etonian carnival was part and parcel of the collegiate system; and the election, and every other speciality appertaining to the establishment, even to the gown, the mutton, and the annual donation of sixpence, may be suppressed upon the same principle. A crop-eared commission may, not improbably, banish Provost and Fellows for being out of keeping with the march of Manchester rationalism; and let these collegiate dignitaries bear in mind that they have planted the twigs which may be destined to form their future birch.

The triennial festival was looked forward to with joyful anticipation by old and young Etonians as a jubilee of prescriptive right, and was productive of a larger amount of pleasure, with less of drawback than the gratification of desire, according to the law of evil, usually produces. 'By my troth,' might ejaculate quaint old Laneham, 'twas a lively pastime. I believe it would have moved a man to a right merry mood, though it had been told him that his wife was dying.' The non-dying maternals, however, exercised their love and ingenuity in the adornment of little Johnny, the servitor, in a foreign suit; and if silk doublets and satin shoes were out of place in the byways of merry England, in search of the salt wherewith the life of this world is salted, costumes might have been adapted which would have curtailed the anomaly without destroying the pageant. Rationalism has its follies as well as its saws, and the jingling of its cap and bells, instead of heralding buffoonery, is often the tocsin of strife and blood, is the sponsor of moral pestilence, and the coadjutor of vice and sedition.

The old Mount was enveloped in scarlet of every shade and quality, and the open space leading to Botham's was crowded with horses and carriages with their smoking posters. A scratch tandem might be seen here and there, with its usual slang occupants; smoking screws were pacing about, but the poster seemed to be the covert hack in greatest demand. No railroad in those days conveyed the refuse of London to scenes where they are out of keeping with everything except their own overweening conceit. Solomon—not the son of that Bathsheba immortalized in the Eton boat-song—might be detected on a voyage of discovery after a fugitive defaulter,

or on the look-out for an impatient heir in need of assistance. His unobtrusive and bland manner disarmed suspicion, and his subdued tone partook of a deprecatory character, as his twinkling eye, that scanned every surrounding object at a glance, became conscious of the dark pool, with its green and vegetable surface, that slumbered under Botham's garden palings. There was one, if not two, of his future victims in close proximity.

Long Wellesley Pole stepped out from the neatest of sociables, in the neatest of personal appointments : not an item was out of place. From his hat, somewhat jauntily set aside, to the extremity of his polished boot, he was faultless alike in dress, symmetry, and style. At that time he was at the zenith of fashionable popularity. He was in full possession of the omnipotent medium which has been termed *la marchandise bannale*, or universal equivalent of all other commodities temporal and spiritual. The art of metallurgy has its moral phase, so long as the material is at hand for its manufacture. Then every act of man, associated with the process of issue, is stamped with the social *vue et approuvée*, and passes current ; but when the act ceases to have its metallic coating, which may be rubbed off or otherwise defaced by continuous action, then the crude moral appears in its nude and unholy state ; and its dishonour having ultra-passed the conventional grace of three days, it is nailed to the counter of misfortune, as an example and a caution to others to preserve the golden medium, which has the property of transmuting social ethics.

Wellesley Pole was attired in the most unexceptionable of middle garments, of a grey texture, without being ribbed or corded, and having a faint bloom that softened and toned down the pleasing colour. The boots fitted the elegant limb closely, and the spur, neatly buckled upon the high instep, slightly drooped towards the heel. We looked downwards, and at home. The loops of our new tops stood out disreputably at right angles, like the ears of a Belgian noble ; the spurs, strapped tight, had an upward and astronomical regard, and the knee-strings were in a degree bunchy. The pen-knife instantly removed the peccant loops, and the extension of a couple of holes of the leathers induced the spurs to take a more terrestrial view of things. But it was a pain, with the consciousness of error, to see the spotless white waistcoat, for which Wellesley Pole was notorious, and the ample tie of dark silk, perfectly adjusted, and in true keeping with the dark coat. Wellesley Pole disliked the glare, and rarely wore a scarlet coat. He was at that time the embodied perfection of a man of fashion, and carried his dress with that easy determination of style which is peculiar to high birth and high breeding.

His companion of the sociable, Lord Alvanley, was in strong contrast to him. His clothes were put on loosely ; nothing fitted him ; and although expensively and rather showily got up, yet his aim, apparently, was to array himself with the minimum of care with the maximum of ease. Moreover he had, even then, that common and bloated look, which in after years so stirred his ire

upon its public exposure by a filial defender of the paternal O'Connell. His voice was loud as his profuse neck-tie; and the peals of laughter with which his sayings were greeted by Lord Sefton, Sir Henry Peyton, and Mr. Ramsbottom were surety for the Attic salt with which they were sprinkled. Bright converse was there, with swift words winging themselves with laughter, such as once, according to Shelley,

— 'so poets tell,  
The devils held within the gates of hell.'

Another person, in a dark-grey coat, smoothly cropped and shaven, and otherwise appointed in that trim and precise manner for which those of the cloth are proverbial when in their hunting attire, came in the sociable with Wellesley Pole. He was one of those friends for whom Wellesley had always an open hand, and he had befriended him and his family on many occasions, in the most kind and substantial manner; and the gratitude that was evinced in after years by the one of the cloth for these benefits may serve, in very truth, to 'point a moral and adorn a tale.' The clerical had had many a cheque for 500*l.*, bearing the signature of Wellesley Pole, placed to his credit at his bankers', and he was a constant guest at Wanstead. As Wellesley was in his dressing-room early one morning, a post-chaise drove up to the door containing the confidential clerk of his bankers. He requested an immediate audience. 'Sir,' said the clerk, 'I am desired by Messrs. A—— to ascertain whether that is your signature,' presenting a cheque doubled down so as to conceal everything but the written name. 'No,' said Wellesley Pole, upon looking at it, 'certainly not. Yet let me examine the body of the cheque.' 'Pardon me, sir,' replied the clerk; 'I am instructed peremptorily to ask the question only, and not to show any part of the document except the appended signature.'

In the evening another carriage arrived at Wanstead, and the wife of the clerical, in a state of distraction, rushed into Wellesley's private room. She besought his pity and mercy for her husband. Pressed for the instant payment of a large sum, he had used a blank cheque of the Messrs. A——, filled it up for 800*l.*, and affixed the name of Wellesley Pole. The money was paid; but a suspicion having arisen on the cheque being shown in the bank parlour, the clerk had been despatched on the following morning to test its accuracy. In those days of legal truculence forgery was a capital crime. Wellesley Pole calmed the lady, assured her that no harm should happen to her husband, if he could prevent it, and made her stay some time to disarm passing suspicion. It was Saturday, and nothing could be done by the banker before Monday. At an early hour of the next day Wellesley started for London as fast as four post horses could convey him, knocked up the clerk, who always passed the Sunday in private and solitary devotion on the bank premises, and insisted upon his opening the parlour where the cheque was deposited. This was in defiance of all rule, but Wellesley was

imperative, and not to be denied. The forged cheque was obtained. Sending for a constable to remain in the bank during the absence of the clerk, whom he ordered to accompany him, on he went to the banker's, ten miles on the western side of London. The august millionaire was surprised.

'What can be the matter, Mr. Wellesley?' he said, seeing the apparition of his clerk.

'Nothing very material,' was the reply. 'I have brought down your clerk with me, who is not in fault for leaving the bank, as I was determined upon the point, and am not one to be balked. You see that cheque, Mr. A——?'

'Ah! indeed I do,' said the banker. 'It is a sad—a shocking business; and with a wife and family, too, and so highly connected. What is the world coming to, and what will it say? The authorities are privately apprised of the circumstances, and to-morrow, I believe, we shall require your presence.'

'Very well,' answered Wellesley. 'Now listen. I declare before your clerk as a witness, and to you as my banker, that this' (showing the cheque) 'is my own, my very own signature.'

'You are an extraordinary man, Mr. Wellesley. Do you really mean what you say?' inquired the astonished banker, who would have felt no compunction in having a poor man hanged for having overdrawn his account.

'I repeat that the cheque was duly signed and properly paid. And now what have you to say?'

'Oh! nothing, except that you are the only man in England who would have taken that line. It is not business.'

'That's my affair,' answered Wellesley; 'but it's all right.'

Wellesley Pole enclosed the cheque, cancelled and torn, to the clerical, sending it by his servant to the rectory. On his return from stag-hunting on the Monday he found that excellent person awaiting him in his room, and overcome with emotion. The clerical flung himself upon his knees, expressing his gratitude in broken accents.

'There, none of that nonsense,' said Wellesley. 'Take a glass of sherry—steady your nerves, and stay dinner.' That was impossible. 'But you must and shall,' insisted Wellesley, 'for I have a party coming, and as something of the matter has been rumoured about, if you stay and dine with me all gossip will be stopped.' And the clerical did stay and did dine at Wanstead.

Years afterwards, when Wellesley Pole had lost fortune and popularity, and dead cats were thrown at him in the street by a virtuous dram-drinking populace excited by the words of a connoisseur starved Lord Chancellor, he was riding alone in the Park, unnoticed by his former associates. Conversing with a female relative at her carriage door, who was dissuading him, with affectionate remonstrance, from braving public opinion, and urging him to withdraw into privacy for some time, he said, 'Well, here comes one, at any rate, who will not turn his back upon an old

‘friend.’ The clerical advanced upon his spruce cob, rode straight up to Wellesley Pole, stared at him full in the face, and—cut him dead.

Osbaldeston and Mytton, with Martin Hawke, had come from town in Lord Hawke’s drag to have a day’s lark at Christmas, and to see all the world and his neighbour, and Fitzroy Stanhope had brought Musters in a curricule with two splendid thoroughbreds. Lord Stanley was there, with Mr. Watson, and Wrotton of the Blues. Lord Kintore, Jack Spurrier, Godfrey Kneller, Webb, Johnny Busshe, Lord Worcester, Greville, Heaviside, and Tuscany Tomkins. Tuscany was a character. The pseudonym was personal and peculiar, and, although strictly commercial, it had no reference to the merchant dukes of the middle ages. He was a wide-awake fellow, sharp, enterprising, and alive to the interests and statistics of his order, which was that of a dealer in straw bonnets. The Continent had just been opened to the eager Anglian ravenous for novelty, and Tomkins had imported from Leghorn a quantity of those huge straw bonnets which at that time flapped about the ears of our handsome countrywomen. When tied under the chin they had the resemblance of inverted coal-boxes. Nevertheless they were the fashion—the thing—and were, in fact, the substratum of the little farce called ‘*Les Anglaises pour rire*.’ Tomkins had accumulated that amount of money which is commonly known as a pretty penny. The hats of the finest plait manufactured at Florence, and varying in price from ten to thirty or fifty pounds, were retailed by him for eighty and one hundred and twenty pounds and upwards, with a great and increasing demand. He had sold one to the Duchess of Oldenburg, called it the Oldenburg hat, and his fortune was made. These fair profits had enabled him to start in life as that most respectable and scientific sportsman a London stagger. Tomkins had converted one of those bonnets into a hunter; and there he was on a neat cobby black horse, with a broad-brimmed hat in strict accordance with the Tuscany, and flaringly got up with gold chains and brooches. To top all, he wore a scarlet coat.

In those days, prior to the Reform Bill of 1832, no tradesman ventured to don scarlet. The shopkeeper knew his situation, and had no desire to ape his high-bred customer in costume, or to rival him in his sporting amusements. If he did come out for a holiday he was soberly dressed, and kept his place. Lord John Russell, however, not content with extending the right of franchise to the lower orders, instilled into their minds, at the same time, an idea of a commonalty and an equality of social rights. He cited free and independent America as an authority and an example, and would do so still in obedience to Manchester pressure if he dared. Then, forthwith, the tradespeople of London, in obedience to his political rationalism, and in token of the rights of man and of the victory over prejudice achieved by the noble lord, assumed the hunting scarlet coat. This was the origin of the term ‘Red Radical.’ The three R’s of Sir William Curtis were superseded by the Russell

‘Red Radical.’ What a grand, solemn, and instructive progress of opinion!

‘Who is that fellow in scarlet, Tilbury?’ asked Lord Worcester.

‘One of my customers, my lord—Mr. Tomkins.’ And then followed a confidential relation of the family history.

‘Why do you call him a customer?’ said Wellesley Pole.

‘You see, sir,’ replied Tilbury, ‘that little black horse came from Ireland—a light stepper and safe fencer—and as Tomkins made Mrs. Tilbury a present of a straw hat I was bound to do my best for him. But, all the same, Stultz wouldn’t take his measure—not by any means; and he paid a matter of fifteen pounds for that coat. Funny, wasn’t it, my lord? It just happened this way: Stultz’s foreman, knowing his man, hustled him out of Clifford Street pretty quickly; but he had plenty, and to spare, of the ready, so he got hold of one of the sewers, gave him a ten-pound note, and had a coat cut out after an old one, and brought away upon a chance fit. The sewer stitched it together at Tomkins’s after work hours, and everything was complete but the sleeves. Tomkins was so delighted that he sat down to supper in his scarlet without the sleeves; and he’d have slept in it outright if it hadn’t been for Mrs. Tom. The sewer came and put in one sleeve—the other wasn’t ready. Then he brought the fellow to it next day, and he says to Tomkins, “Tomkins, you see this here sleeve of your’n is all right—look. Oh, my! ’tis a coat fit for a lord! and you shall look like the Duke of Bluefort for five pounds.” “What d’ye mean?” says Tomkins. “Just this here—I must have five pounds for my trouble. You can’t get another sleeve to match—beautiful, ain’t it?—for this here is the famous yaller red cloth that comes all along from France. Don’t be hurrisome, now.” Tomkins stormed and swore, and called him everything in and out of doors, and then offered a pound a sleeve. “No.” “Well, you confounded rascal, I’ll give you a pound for each leg of my ’unter.” “And a pound for its tail,” grinned the sewer, “and cry quits. Good night, old ’un.” And he cut away. Next night he comes again. “Well, here’s the sleeve;” and he dangled it before him, with the yellow silk lining. “Come in,” said Tomkins; “sharp’s the word; and set about it.” “No, no; it must be guineas now.” “Guineas be d——d!” shouted Tomkins; but he paid them then and there; and he’s always been called since in his straw shop, “Guineas be d——d.”

The Eton upper boys who had gone home mustered in strong numbers. Top-boots and breeches were irresistible, and the more advanced in manhood, almost aged in their own opinion of worldly experience, wore that bright colour which they believed constituted the delight of cherubim and seraphim when they met at the covert-side of Elysium. Robert Otway, Anson (afterwards Earl of Lichfield), Dick Walker (known as ‘Dirty Dick,’ the cause and effect following him to the last stage of existence), Portman, Luttrell, Joe

Leeds, Harry Oxenden, Armytage, Sir Harry Goodricke, Fairfax, Fawkes, Brandling, Russell, Sullivan, Hayne (subsequently known as 'Pea Green'), Majendie, and one who shall be designated as 'Leporello.' We had just ceased to be a lower boy, and had graduated into the lower fifth a day before. This was ignored by Leporello of the sixth form, and he considered himself privileged to read us a lecture upon the impudence of coming out to hunt when the form to which we belonged was in school. He was one of that class of arrogants described in modern days as the 'stuck up.' The Roland was ready in an instant for the Oliver, and, backed by Goodricke and Harry Oxenden, we made a resistance, sturdy and somewhat malapert.

'Go home directly,' said Leporello, 'or I shall complain and have you flogged next half.'

'Not a bit of it,' we replied; 'we have leave to go home: in the holidays our body is our own'—naming a substantial part of it—'and neither Keate nor any sixth form dare say a word for anything done in the holidays. Don't look so big in that old Montem rag that you ought to have given the maid.' This was a rude insult. The upper boys were permitted to wear their red coats during the remainder of the Montem half, and afterwards these were usually given to the maid-of-all-work. It was a covert accusation of meanness, a vice unpardonable at Eton, and of an ill-favoured decay of the unhappy garment. Both counts were well laid. Up went Leporello's gold-headed hunting-whip, and round and round him went the lash of our smaller and more convenient Crowther.

'Our blood was up; though young, we were a Tartar,  
And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.'

The people, always in favour of the weaker party, especially of a boy, were delighted, and shouted, 'That's right, little 'un! Go it agin, plucky! You're true blue; lash 'un for your varra life; and he *has* got dirty togs; and his mug isn't no better. Let's duck 'un, Bill—'

'What's the matter?' said the good-humoured Member for Windsor, always popular at Eton. 'Why this is the very boy to whom I gave a lift behind my phaeton on the Ascot Cup day, and brought him home in time for absence at his tutor's. Were you in time, young fellow?'

'Thanks, sir, yes: or pretty nearly with a flogging upon suspicion.'

'Ha! ha! And you are in for it again, eh?'

Goodricke and Harry Oxenden interfered to put a stop to the undignified exhibition.

'Have you found out the way to Windsor, Sir Harry? and where's Bob?' asked Mr. Ramsbottom.

A general laugh from the Etonians followed this remark. Goodricke and Bob Burton were noted tandem drivers. One evening after four in winter, having imbibed a little more than was prudent at the wayside inn on Bagshot Heath, immediately beyond Virginia



Water, they were galloping home through Windsor Park, when they lost their way amongst the intricate roads that intersect the forest. Neither of them knew the right turning, and it was dark. Luckily there was a directing-post. Goodricke got down, took out one of the lamps, and scrambling up the bank, made a careful inspection, exclaiming, 'Here you are; all right; H—— for Windsor! Go 'along, Bob.' And to Henley they went.

The deer was uncartered in a large field near the Slough road, beyond Botham's. He came out sheepishly, without the honours of horns, gazed at the cads ranged on each side, walked quietly down, stopped a moment to take a look at the bright shawls of the women, kicked a cur yelping at his heels, and trotted on. He did not increase his speed until a kind of mongrel whipper-in, a flapper with a plentiful supply of gold lace, rode up and gave him a smart crack with his whip over the rear. Then he bounded over the next fence, and was away. Even in those early days the tameness of this beggarly apology for hunting jarred unpleasantly. We could not but contrast this clumsy uncartering in a village field amidst a bevy of chawbacons with the wild scenery of Horner Wood, in the north of Devon, on the borders of Exmoor. There the stag, aroused from his lair by the tufters, is heard crashing down amidst the high underwood, and stopping suddenly in the open ride at the sight of the horsemen, stands erect in the grandeur of his symmetry, ere with one bound he disappears in the gorge of the moorland dell.

The deer made his point for Westmoor Green, in the direction of Iver. Jack Mytton, Musters, Osbaldeston, and Lord Alvanley were away almost before the order was given to lay on the hounds, keeping the half-galloping and shambling animal in sight. Gosden had had a gallop with him before this day, and was uncertain of the ground he would take. He had usually been set going on Ascot Heath, and knew perfectly the forest paths; but it was supposed that by bringing him into a strange country he would be safe to show a straight run away from home.

Lumbering donkey as he appeared to be, he had an instinctive ratiocination equal to that of the Bunsen essayist, and superior to that of the Master of the Hunt. So thought Gosden. Having his large well-bred chestnut in hand, and at half speed, he rode wide to the left of hounds, ready for the anticipated change of line. We followed in his wake. Indeed, the little Gohanna was not inclined to leave his stable companion; and the simple snaffle bridle only permitted the arm of a boy to steady the animal in its full pace, without the power of controlling him and of choosing an independent course.

The swarm of riders pressed helter-skelter on the Slough turnpike, turning up the road towards Iver Heath in crashing confusion. Gigs were in plenty, the drivers standing up yelling, flogging, and doing their utmost to see something of the fun. They ran into the horses, and the more laggard of the riders swore loudly and vilified the vehicles that blocked up the way and impeded the impotence

of their rocking-horse stride. It was a hunting scene, to use a low term to describe a low pursuit, thoroughly blackguard. A bull-bait in Bachelor's Acre at Windsor was not more abounding in distasteful impropriety.

The deer cantered out upon the road at Langley Park, and, headed by the crowd, turned short into Black Park, through it, and then stretched away for Burnham under the palings of Stoke Park. He had his point in view, and made for it gallantly. Gosden had foreseen this probability, and he was rewarded for his sagacity. He still rode wide in full confidence, and the hounds running on the outer circle gradually bore down towards him. It was glorious to see Mytton, Musters, and Osbaldeston charge the field of Cockneys as they came out of Black Park. No vain excuse, no hasty apology, no 'by your leave,' but with their horses held hard and the spurs in, bang—bang at the lot that were podging at a fence; at it, and over it and them, strewing the ground with remnants of toggery and crushed hats; and away amidst a thunder of maledictions and threats of everlasting punishment, with preparatory murder whenever the victims might catch them. 'You'm no gen'lemen, darn ee!' 'Where's your darning-needle?' cried honest Jack Musters. 'Now, Snip, out of my way;' and bang he went at another, sending him into what polite Londoners call 'the middle of the next week.' Sir Henry Peyton and Lord Alvanley, on powerful horses, were coming up, stride for stride, to regain their lost places in the turn at Langley. A gap in the corner of a large enclosure enticed a body of horsemen having a solid funk for a fly at a rasper to ride down the side of the hedge at right angles with the line.

'Holloa, Bill! I say, 'ere's a 'ole in this 'ere 'edge down 'ere.' 'Kim along.'

Bill, unconscious of committing one of the deadliest crimes in hunting, turned down at top speed right across the line of Sir Henry. His horse swerved from the impending crash, and Sir Henry catching him sideways behind the saddle toppled him over, 'Bill' coming down head foremost into the deep slush of the ditch, with his legs gesticulating in the place of arms.

On—on; the Eton division were holding a respectable place. Goodricke and Otway Cave went bravely; Joe Leeds, however, known in after years as 'Comet Leeds,' had the best of it. Young as he was, he sat well back, with his horse hard held and hands down—a rare virtue in a young one—and sailed away with that imperturbable quietness that was worthy of his elders, and for which he was so conspicuous in after years over the grass grounds of Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire. The hounds were turning towards Taplow, and the body of the field cut off the angle and made for the London road. Grey Gohanna, following close upon Gosden, was going charmingly—easy as a glove, and always with a foot to spare. We were thankful that our revered parent had not permitted the use of stirrups with the primary pony that had been given us by the maiden aunt. Their absence had brought into play and taught

the use of the thigh muscles, with the close grip of the knee, and the backward sway of the body that makes a man become a part and parcel of his horse. Leporello was with a motley crew in an adjoining field without a gate, and going for the road. Gosden, retentive of the affront to his *protégé*, pointed to a low place in the fence, and the squad, in obedience to the signal, bustled up, with Leporello leading. A long strip of water encrusted with vegetable matter, and having the appearance of grass, ran under the hedge on the off side of the riders. On they came at best pace, their horses rising at the low fence; and then, splash—splash, one upon the top of the other, down—down, spluttering, coughing, and gurgling, with plenty of passion, but too much choked with weeds to complain or to blaspheme. It was the last we ever saw of Leporello.

The hounds came to the Maidenhead road, to the delight of a large concourse of persons, who had never abandoned the friendly turnpike. Amongst the most jubilant was Tuscany Tomkins. The deer had gone riverwards. Gosden made straight for Maidenhead Bridge. The hounds carried a head towards Dorney, and then turning, brought out the line to the river bank below Monkey Island. The huntsman looked discomfited, and the gold-laced flappers, utterly disgusted,

‘stood  
With their green faces fix’d upon the flood.’

The deer had crossed. ‘Over, good hounds!’ and in dashed Mytton, swimming his horse side by side with one-half of the pack, and getting well over; the other half slunk over with a flapper in a punt. The field scoured back by the towing-path to Maidenhead Bridge, late and far behind, clattering along the road to Bray. We had arrived at Bray village with Gosden, even before the deer, which enabled him to head the animal from his line to Windsor Forest, and to drive him towards Waltham—a tame and spiritless proceeding. One of the Pyramid jackasses would do as well and go as fast. The hounds were coming up after their swim without huntsman or flappers. Leaving Maidenhead Thicket to the right the chase led by Waltham on to Shottesbrook. They were now running fast, and the falls were numerous. One black horse was going loose amongst the leaders, and Wellesley Pole caught it by the bridle. It was the steed of Tomkins. Calling out to a countryman, he said, ‘Here, my good fellow, is a pound for you. Take ‘this horse, lock him up in your outhouse, do not let anybody see ‘him, and bring him to Salt Hill to-morrow.’ The deer now took to the Reading road, where he was viewed, and after a race of a few minutes he was captured safely at Hafehatch.

The scene on the road to Salt Hill by Maidenhead Bridge was like the confusion of Bull’s Run, without its dishonour. All the colours of the rainbow were blended together. Riders, footers, and gigs were intermingled, and the tongues of Babel were employed to describe the casualties that had befallen man and horse. Amongst

them Tuscany Tomkins, on foot, much dilapidated and plastered with mud, dragged along the deep lanes, inquiring of every one tidings of his lost hunter.

'I seed 'un galloping along the road to Vindsor,' said one.

'Noa, hur was a making for Reading.'

'May be,' cried out another, consolingly, ''tis that nag vot's on 'his back in the ditch by Waltham Common.'

The vacant space before Botham's at Salt Hill was crammed with carriages and horses ready for the return to town. Luncheon had been laid out in the large room in the front for a numerous party, whilst in the yard before the house tankards of Burton ale circulated freely amongst the second-class horsemen, each one having had, according to his own account, the best of the run. In the distance jogged on deliberately an old battered gig, drawn by a farm horse, with a dingy spot of red huddled into the corner. As it neared the inn it disclosed the form of the disconsolate Tomkins. Leghorns were at a discount.

At the bow window of the front room stood Lord Alvanley, with his jocund countenance and ready smile. 'Mr. Tomkins, I hear 'that you have missed your horse. How did it happen?'

Tuscany, proud of being spoken to in familiar terms before the multitude by a live lord—a real peer, although being himself, in braggadocio words, a republican leveller—bowed low, and cringingly, with hat in hand, said, 'Yes, my lord; he jumped rayther too high, 'and didn't do it proper, somehow; and so I slipped off on one 'side, and he galloped away.'

'Ah! never loose your rein,' remarked Alvanley. 'He is a nice 'little nag. What will you take for him?'

'Shouldn't like to sell him, by no manner of means, my lord. 'Mrs. T. is always sure it's all right when I'm out on black 'Annibal.'

'Ah!' rejoined Alvanley, 'but a tempting offer might change her 'mind. What shall I give you a leg? Come, say the word; 'speak out boldly.'

The face of Tuscany changed; a suspicion began to dawn on his mind of something wrong.

'Lost or found,' continued Alvanley, 'I'll give you a pound a 'leg.' Tomkins descended hastily from the gig. He felt that he had been sold outright. 'And one more for his tail. No? eh? 'Say guineas.'

'Guineas be d——d, my lord!' muttered the outraged Tomkins, disappearing amidst roars of laughter that might have been heard at Chalvey Ditch.

But a roar of a different kind awaited us at Eton.

## ROWING.

SINCE our last, the Tyne Regatta, which was expected to settle decisively the relative merits of the sculling cracks, Cooper, Chambers, and Green, and we may perhaps add Kelley, has come off: but the result was most unsatisfactory; and each man's partisans may still amuse themselves, and disgust their acquaintance, with their views of what each *would* have done *if* this and that had not unfortunately occurred to interrupt the imaginary programmes. Among these, Green's friends have the largest field for castle-building; for this hero, though he had come down to Newcastle with Kelley, and had a boat built for the occasion, at the last moment declined to start, having, it was announced, taken cold from a shower of rain. This course of conduct, though no doubt an agreeable surprise to those who had laid against the Australian, was not equally relished by the aquatic world, who naturally looked forward to the heat between Green and Chambers as *the* race of the day; and it was scarcely consistent with the anxiety to meet Chambers again, expressed by Green at his benefit, when he spoke most confidently of the result. The trial heats left Cooper, Chambers, and Kelley to go for the cup; and, after a race in which they all fouled or were fouled, they reached the winning-post in the order named. Kelley claimed a foul from Cooper; and, after a very wordy war, the trio were ordered to row again—a dictum to which all at first objected, but Cooper only persisted, maintaining his decided right to the cup. Kelley and the Champion therefore started without him, and, after a good deal of boring and fouling, Chambers won easily at the finish, Kelley again protesting, but his appeal was disallowed. Cooper announced his intention of going to law to recover the cup, to which he considers himself entitled; but his friends will, we trust, dissuade him from anything so absurd. As for Green, the *vox populi* is not violent in his favour; and it would have no doubt been more creditable to his consistency as a man to have met Chambers again, however disastrous the result might have been to his reputation as a sculler. His refusal to row of course also shut out himself and Kelley from the pair-oared race, in which they would, we think, have been about winners; and altogether the Tyne Regatta, which, from the value of the prizes and the celebrity of the competitors, ought to have been a great success, resulted in a most unsatisfactory exhibition of squabbling and disputes. Even the pair-oared race, which, having only two pairs at the post, might surely have come off satisfactorily, turned out a disappointment, the pistol being fired before Chambers and Winship were anything like ready. The Taylors, who happened to be in position, went right away, and were several lengths ahead before Chambers was ready to start: indeed, he expected the others would be recalled, and did not pull for some seconds, when, finding the starter refused to call them back, he paddled over for the second money; and thus, owing to the absence of Green and Kelley,

the Taylors, whom we are justified from their general performances, and recently their very poor exhibition at the Thames National Regatta, in considering *not* the best of the trio, got the first prize, without any display of skill on their part, a result always to be deplored by the true sportsman. We are not in these remarks wishing to underrate the Taylors; but would merely express a regret generally felt in the rowing world, that the opportunity was lost of testing the relative merits of the three pairs.

Since the final settlement of the Tyne Regatta, Green has challenged the world, specifying specially Chambers, Cooper, and Ward, of America, to row a match on the Paramatta river, Sydney, New South Wales. We do not know what the Yankee champion may think of the proposition, but it has small chance of being accepted by our English 'cracks,' as the championship of Australia is scarcely a title worth a journey of several thousand miles to obtain, though its possessor may justly deem a trip to England adequately repaid by the chance of becoming Champion of the Thames. If he really wants a match, it is surely simpler to prolong his stay in this country a little, and make a match with whomever he likes, than to go home again, having rowed only one match, and that unsuccessfully, and expect a first-rate English oarsman to follow him out there to contend for a title which is, after all, a slight honour, while the pecuniary gain, supposing he succeeded, would do little more than pay the expenses of the journey.

The Kew and Isleworth Regatta, to the sad postponement of which we last month alluded, came off ultimately with flying colours, and its success must have helped to console the committee for the annoyance and expense of an adjournment. Four crews entered for the four-oared race, the London Rowing Club, West London, North London, and Corsair being each represented. The trial heat between London and North London was a splendid race, Mr. Morley's crew only winning after a protracted struggle; but in the grand heat, Lister's West London crew came away, and won easily, their four being much superior to any of their competitors. Hood and Hodgson, L.R.C., walked over for the pairs, the only event of the day which did not produce an interesting race. Both Junior and Senior Sculls fell to Pitt, W.L.R.C., the latter after a fine race with Ryan, also with Lowe in the grand heat. Three pairs showed for the gig-race, which was also won by a West London crew; so the port of Wandsworth has good cause to be satisfied with their doings at Kew, having won everything they went for.

Among the provincial regattas, that given by the Cork Harbour Rowing Club is one of the most attractive, and the liberality of the management deserves success, 85*l.* worth of presentation plate being offered for a four-oared race. The stipulated boats have hitherto been inrigged, but this year fore-and-aft boats were allowed, which is, we think, a move in the right direction, as all restrictions tend to interfere with skilled rowing and enterprise in boat-building. Since 1860, when the London Four, including Playford and Casamajor, won, after a very hard race, the Cork Harbour men have managed

to distance all opponents, and they repeated the *coup* this year. Four crews were entered, the Cork Harbour, the Liffey (Dublin), the Lee, and a tradesmen's crew from London, whose eligibility seems doubtful according to the conditions of the race, as 'gentlemen amateurs' are stipulated. However, as they did not win, we presume the Cork men thought it did not much matter; but it is a pity that provincial regatta committees do not come to some understanding as to who is eligible, as a protest of such a kind *after* the race is always unbecoming, and the laws should be so clearly defined that no loophole be afforded for their infringement. In the race the Dublin men led for some distance, but were afterwards headed by the Cork lot, and contented themselves with second honours, the Londoners being last. Mr. Parker, of Cork, also maintained his pride of place as a sculler; and in the minor events the natives were well represented. The weather was at the opening all that could be wished, but on the following day incessant rain marred the comfort of the proceedings; and the great race, after fruitless delays 'for it to clear up,' came off in a drenching shower, though the deluge itself could not have damped the enthusiasm of the Cork *belles*, who, despite the storm, thronged to witness the victory of their townsmen, and cheered with an energy worthy of the men-of-war's men at their Liverpool jollification.

The loyal inhabitants of Margate evinced their respect for the Princess of Wales, in a most practical and laudable manner, by subscribing for a splendid silver claret jug to be called the 'Alexandra Cup,' and rowed for at their regatta, which was fixed for the 3rd of September, just the time of year when London-super-Mare is most crowded. Beds were at an immense premium, or, like real Madeira, not to be had at any price. The Alexandra Cup was won, after a capital race, by the Brothers of Hastings, a crew who have rowed together a great deal, and have been most successful at numerous South Coast Regattas, especially when the dreaded Londoners, represented mostly by Bain's crew, or the Taggs, are barred. There were of course the usual races by boatmen for money prizes; but the event next in interest was the pair-oared race won by Messrs. Porter and Herron, though their craft was so manifestly superior to the others, that the question of their individual merits is somewhat undecided. At Hastings the Regatta, owing to unfavourable weather, had to be twice postponed, so that when it was at last brought off, the entries were somewhat diminished. The Brothers' crew won the Amateur fours in good style, but in the open race succumbed to the Lord Warden crew, also of Hastings, who took first prize, their superior strength leaving the Brothers well astern in the long course of nearly five miles. At Dover, both these crews were defeated by a native lot; but the Hastings men reversed their position, the Brothers this time beating the Lord Warden crew. Going north, there was a two days' regatta at Glasgow, but most of the races were confined to 27-foot boats.

A capitally-arranged regatta came off on the 15th at Fishersgate, between Brighton and Shoreham, and was very well supported;

many of the races having nine or ten entries. The course is a splendid one, but on dead water, being an enclosed strip of a mile and three-quarters long. A handsome silver vase was given for fours, which, as at Margate, 'or any other place,' was won by the Brothers of Hastings, who, at the distribution of prizes, obligingly showed their cups—somewhat in the style of Sayers or Tom King at a pugilistic benefit. A new feature was here introduced, a race in real river wager-boats, a style of craft for which the protected nature of the course was much better adapted than at most sea-side regattas. The announcement of a silver cup being given, brought eleven competitors from London and the provinces; and much curiosity was displayed by the spectators as to the nature of the frail craft, too much so indeed for their safety, 'hands off' being found a very necessary admonition, though too often a fruitless one, to the crowd that thronged round the boathouse. The winner turned up in Mr. Lister, a Londoner, who won very easily at the finish, though his opponents gained a good deal at the turn, round a flag-boat. The course, as originally chosen, involved two turns, to which the men engaged reasonably objected, alleging that outriggers were most ill-adapted for turning quickly, and that damage to the boats from fouling would be the almost inevitable result. The competitors were of course all agreed on this point, but had much trouble in making the salt-water gentlemen of the committee assent to one turn being abolished, the latter being disposed to maintain the doctrine '*Romæ Romanus sum*,' and to assert that if men came to their water to row, they must act in accordance with their regulations; a view which, correct enough in the abstract, may perhaps be carried too far, and would have been so in this case, had a 33-foot boat been required to make two turns sharp round in a three-mile race. The matter was, however, amicably settled, and by starting at the end, instead of the middle of the course, the evil was avoided. At Shoreham, too, the great distinction between sea and river rowing was most decisively shown, Hammerton and Tagg, who are entitled to rank quite A 1 as a pair in racing-craft, being easily defeated in the sea-side boats, not only by local cracks, but by other London men who in light boats would not be considered to have a chance with them, though Hoare and Wise succeeded in beating Griggs and Maple, the South-coast champions, on their own water. In sculling, however, the South-coast invincible, Griggs, maintained his supremacy without very much effort; though in this race Hoare, who, as a sculler, is on the Thames superior to Tagg, was beaten by him in the heavy boats. In the four-oared race the fresh-water men showed the power of skill over strength, Hammerton and the Taggs beating the natives after a hard race.

A capital idea has been mooted among several of the influential rowing men in town of having a Thames Amateur Regatta over the Metropolitan course between Putney and Chiswick. For some years this was done in conjunction with the Thames National, but was dropped in 1856, it being found not to answer, as several subscribers to the watermen's regatta objected, as they said, to find



money for gentlemen to row for, though, in fact, the subscriptions of the amateur competitors and their friends greatly exceeded the value of their prizes. To avoid this difficulty, which, at the time, was found insuperable, it proposed to get up a distinct affair for amateurs, and by enlisting the interest of gentlemen really practically acquainted with aquatics, the project will, it is hoped, be successfully carried out. It is a scheme worthy of attention; and if properly managed, we see no reason why an attractive day's sport should not be provided for amateurs on the splendid piece of water above Putney, which, if well supported, might bid fair to rival the older-established meetings at Barnes, Kingston, and Walton.

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### CRICKET.

THE end of all things must come, and the end of September has brought to an end the most glorious cricket season ever played out. None like it as to pure cricket weather has been enjoyed since 1851, and never before has 'the fine old game' been so universally played over the length and breadth of Old England as in 1863. Happy Old England! for whilst men in other countries have been—and are—knocking the life's breath out of each other like so many demons, we have been knocking cricket-balls about, and are now knocking partridges down like true Englishmen. Whilst other equally fair lands have been swamped with human gore, and desecrated by rapine, foul murder, wholesale human slaughter, and Greek fire, this dear Old Albion of ours has been blessed with peace, favoured with a bountiful harvest, and her green fields studded with her merry and stout sons increasing their muscle, enlarging their minds, and adding years to their life's leases by their participation in their national and manly game of cricket. Truly is our Old England a favoured island; long, long may it so continue hopes 'Bailly,' and its jolly, gallant sons ever go in for 'cricket with the same spirit and form they have in 1863. But the shutters are now up for this season's fun. The cricket field is forsaken for the cross-country canter; the bat and ball are resigned for pink and the Purday; the 'Now you've got him!' slumbers for a while; and 'Pray stand on one side, sir.—Yoicks, over!' is heard in its stead, and the attempted crash at the middle stump gives way to the plucky crash at the five-barred timber. Our sports change with the seasons, but the true English sportsman never changes: he is ever cultivating health and knowledge, and is always the gentleman.

The past month's cricket requires but brief comment. Mr. E. M. Grace is gradually piling his season's runs up to the desired 3,000. At the time this was penned he had scored 2,849, and, as he then had to play three more matches, he will doubtless obtain the other 151, and thus score in one season nearly double the number of runs that ever batsman, dead or living, did before him; and as Mortlock has made fine running this season, and as Tom Hearne has already scored the shady side of 1,000, the unlucky wight who, at so much per run, backed the season's aggregate scoring of Hayward, Parr, H. H. Stephenson, and Julius Cæsar against that of Mr. Grace, Hearne, Carpenter, and Mortlock, appears likely to have a bad time of it when settling day comes. I Zingari—the roving community that quietly does so much in keeping alive the true spirit of cricket among the gentlemen of England and Ireland—finished a successful season at Packinton. Their annual week in Ould Ireland was one unbroken series of brilliant I Z. successes and unbounded Celtic hospitality;

their 8 innings played in the Green Isle totalled 1,327 runs; Mr. R. Marsham contributed 280 of these runs, by fine play averaging 40 runs per innings. The Old All England Eleven also finished their season: it has been tolerably successful, they having won 15 out of 25—losing but 3. While The United have won but 2 throughout their season (one of these was the big match against The Old Eleven at Lord's), they have been pitiable victims of ill-luck, many matches being drawn when well in their favour, and the strongest teams appearing against them when they, by Surrey County engagements, have been deprived of the aid of Mortlock, Caffyn, Griffith, and Lockyer; but they have been too kind to their opponents, and their respected and worthy little Secretary, John Wisden, would do well next year to limit the range of certain districts, and in others to limit the numbers, as 22's at such cricketing districts as Stockton, and 16's like that at Godalming—culled from Bristol and all Surrey—will in nine matches out of ten defeat the best Elevens possible to form. But perhaps the most interesting cricket event that occurred during the past month was the formation of a County Club for Hampshire: it fills up a void that all those who wish well to cricket have felt for years. Moreover, the affair is already a great success: with a President like that fine English gentleman, true and liberal supporter of English sports, and influential Hampshire man Thomas Chamberlayne, 'backed up' by such Vice-Presidents as Lords Portsmouth and Uxbridge, aided by such a Committee as Sir Frederick Bathurst, Charles George Taylor, Colonel Bathurst, G. E. Yonge, H. Frere, and twenty other good Hampshire men and true; and with an Hon. Sec. like the gentlemanly, affable, indefatigable, and popular G. M. Ede, there can be very little doubt of the success of the Hants County Cricket Club; to the Committee and Hon. Secs. of which 'Baily' with all humility advises to eschew 11 v. 14 a side matches (play even-handed if you get well licked), to devote all energy to the finding and fostering of *professional* native talent (Hampshire is already well off, all round, in young and promising amateurs), and to adopt the advice already given them to 'Commence 'all their matches played up to August at 11'30 A.M., and all matches played 'in and after August at 11'0 prompt.' And with this advice 'Baily' leaves for the present the H. C. C. C., heartily wishing it every possible success.

The visit to Australia of George Parr's Twelve will be the leading cricket event in October. 'Baily' cannot let this opportunity pass without wishing this body of fine cricketers God-speed on their 16,000 miles' journey. They may leave us with the conviction that they carry with them the good wishes for their safety out, success there, and return home of all those cricketers in England whose good wishes are worth having, and who *know* that the cricketing honour and renown of Old England could not be intrusted to more talented hands, and feel assured that as men and Englishmen 'Our 'Twelve' will so demean themselves as to confer honour on their country, and win the respect and esteem of our well-beloved cousins the Australians. Again we wish George Parr and his Eleven a pleasant and prosperous voyage, assuring them that none will welcome them to home and Old England more sincerely than 'Baily.'

Messrs. Biddle and Wardill, of Melbourne, have requested 'Baily's' answer to a cricket query sent by them per last mail. Our answer (backed up by the opinion of a practical cricketer of great experience) is—That the batsman was not out, as the wicket-keeper had no right to hold the ball when it is finally settled in his hands. But at the same time we hold that the umpire's decision is irrevocable.

## 'OUR VAN.'

INVOICE.—September Sports and Sales.—The Clifden Critics.—Baden Bits.—Doncaster Delineations.

SEPTEMBER may this year fairly lay title to the appellation of the Sensation Month of the season, and all classes of the community have been kept on the tenter-hooks of suspense during its continuance. The politician, for instance, has been devouring the telegrams from Frankfort and Warsaw, as the manufacturer those from Charleston and New York; but, important as were the tidings they wafted, they yielded in significance to the bulletins from Telscombe; and that little Sussex village all at once became as important a theatre of action to thousands of Englishmen, as either of the Cities to which we have alluded. For was not Lord Clifden located there under the command of General Parr? and were not the pair the special object of attention to the racing community? Were not, also, the record of their actions wired in all directions with even more regularity and expedition than the movements of the Court in Scotland? and the Sussex Lord seemed to be the legitimate successor to the Haymarket Peer, who is now starring it in the provinces. To escape from him was impossible, for on the Stock Exchange he was as frequently quoted as Great Westerns, or Great Easterns. At Brighton one heard of him on the Steyne, as much as on the Parade at Scarborough. In the Black Forest of Germany he was a greater object of interest than the King of Prussia's conduct to his Ministers; while in France the state of Mexico was subordinate to his own state of health. To English Trainers he was 'the skeleton of their house,' and to English Jockeys as fierce a subject of discussion as Church-rates to the late Sir Robert Inglis, as Fordham had joined the ranks of the Opposition, and Challoner ranged himself on the Ministerial Benches. The private life of Edwin Parr had been ripped up as closely, and savagely, as if he had an unsatisfied policy from the Sun Insurance Company, and Lord St. Vincent's movements tracked as minutely as those of a Pale-face in an American forest by a Red-skin. In the Sporting Papers week after week, he was the prominent object of criticism; and the youthful 'Hotspur,' on whom the private interview at Epsom had made so deep an impression, never put back his sword into his scabbard, and bade all the foes come on—whether they were 'medical, clerical, or general'—and he would defend the right. To the Ring Lord Clifden was an equal object of mystery: the tout employers to a man were against him, for they placed more credence in the despatches of a hulking guinea a-week tout, than on the word of an English Nobleman, and rightly paid for their prejudice. But the old stagers for some time were not proof against the impressions that the layers were right; and although they kept the horse full, they gave him nothing over, and resolved to watch the course of events. Lord Frederick, like a good judge, stuck to him manfully, and, knowing so well the best way to deceive a racing man is to tell him the truth, made no secret of the horse doing sufficient work to please him, and that he would win in a canter. Of course these statements were taken for those of a bonnet, and only a chosen few sailed with him. Among them was Lord St. Vincent, who adopted the measures laid down for the government of the market, in the same manner as Her Majesty would yield to the Budget of Mr. Gladstone, and with what success we shall ultimately show when we touch at Doncaster.

Of the Provincial Racing of the month, little need be said; for, with the exception of Warwick, where the yellow cards of Mr. Rose and Mr. Merry

were well filled, the proceedings were of the mildest description, and the Plating interest alone represented. Mr. Brayley, as usual, took the lead on the Western Circuit, and had all the business. At Derby, which has become a Midland Goodwood on a small scale, the Gentlemen gave the Ring a tremendous facer, and the German *émigrés* sang a Hallelujah when they read the returns. It is extraordinary, but nevertheless true, that the manufacturers of Derby imposed a fine of half a crown per head on any one of their workmen that went to the Meeting, and that hundreds paid, rather than miss what they regard as their annual holiday. To what charity the half-dollars thus received were given we have not been informed; but surely the Race Fund is entitled to a moiety, otherwise those who imposed the punishment in question will be under the suspicion of being actuated by other motives than those of strict morality. And from a city that gave birth to a Swindells a different line of action might have been anticipated.

Baden Baden made this year rapid progress in developing its resources, and the more the excellence of its management is made known the more it is appreciated. Victor Emmanuel, as usual, sent several of his stud from Turin, and a large string of Count La Grange came from Chantilly. The Fatherland was well represented by Count Henkel; but our own Middleham contributed the pattern card, both as regards racer, trainer, and jockey in La Toucques, Arthur Briggs, and Doyle. The deputation from Tattersall's, under 'the Palestrianian Monarch,' was small, but extremely well organized; the fielders from their boyhood, had fought and bled in many campaigns at Newmarket, and were quite able to take their own part in the Congress of all Nations that were there assembled. It was also a proof of their observant character that they so quickly adapted themselves to the manners and customs of the society in which they found themselves, and that they betted while standing still, and did not jump round their customers like a cooper round a cask, or thrust their books into the gentlemen's faces like a card-seller at an hotel door. All was as quiet as at the Royal Society's Meetings in Albemarle Street, and few of the ladies could have been aware of the existence of the Ring. Indeed—and we say it with regret—"The Ring" did not appear to be a favourite institution with many of the possessors of the magnificent toilettes that were seated on the lawn of the enclosure. At all events, its rules and customs, as sanctioned by the Church and State, were infringed more than was congenial to the tastes of the English visitors. But the attention of the authorities has, we are glad to say, been called to the subject, and the delicate question of 'non-interference' will be discussed during the recess. On each day the course was well attended, and 'the German Newmans' must have made a rich harvest by the demand for turn-outs. Among the horses that ran in the various races during the three days were many which Count F. Lagrange and Baron Nivière had made familiar to England and the English at Newmarket and elsewhere; but those in which most interest was taken were Stradella and Hospodar. The famous *lionne* of The Chester Cup was scrutinized almost as closely as the *lionne* of Rotten Row, who was present each day with a suite of distinguished foreigners in attendance. To the eye nothing could be better than 'the sensation mare' of the Spring, and her division were evidently very confident as to her beating La Toucques. But the latter was in equally splendid condition; and, familiar as we are with Fobert's training for many years, we must say that in our opinion neither The Dutchman or Van Tromp was ever sent to the post in better form than Mr. De Montgomery's mare. Throughout the race for Le Grand Prix she

had it all her own way, Doyle riding her as if she had been at exercise; and although the Count had another barrel for her in the shape of Hospodar, neither had the power to pull her down, and she still continued the *bête noir* of the Count, who has lost many thousand francs by his persistent opposition to her. Hospodar strongly confirmed the prejudices of so many English trainers against him, on account of his inability to stay; and the weakness of his pretensions to being a favourite for The Derby, which we so constantly showed up, was never more clearly manifested than now. Still, if Count Lagrange missed Le Grand Prix and The Continental St. Leger, several of the small dishes fell to the lot of the Bentinck of France. The prize which the Grand Duke gave was not a plateau, such as we see at Goodwood or Doncaster, of a Knight destroying a Dragon, or a Monarch striking a rebel with a battle-axe, or an Arab resting his horse under a palm tree in a desert; neither did it illustrate any German legend, or feature in the history of the country. But it simply consisted of a silver claret jug, such as you see in any English gentleman's house of moderate means, and accompanied by half a dozen small tumblers of the same precious metal, with a salver to match. These, to show the primitive nature of the society of Baden, were handed round the enclosure by a waiter in irreproachable livery; and had their use been tested by the only available means at the disposal of the donor, they would have experienced a more favourable reception at the hands of the critics. But the Grand Duke was not the only Royal personage who added prizes to the Stakes, as the King of Holland would insist on contributing a Bureau Service of silver gilt and his *carte de visite* to The Consolation Scramble. This being won by Hadji Stavros, who was the property of Mr. Angell and another gentleman, had to be divided. The articles had to be selected by lot; but the inkstand fell to the owner of Lubbenham, and from its contents the friends of Steeple-Chase Reform will doubtless be benefited during the approaching season. The fate of the portrait of His Majesty was determined by the skying of a dollar, which was the fairest mode of determining the knotty point of ownership. Of the affability of 'Le Roi de Pays Bas,' as he was termed, every one spoke in the highest terms. In appearance His Majesty is upwards of six feet high, of muscular proportions, with a goodnatured, Dutch expression on his countenance. Less military in his tone and figure than the King of Prussia, and attired in a loose gray 'reach-me-down,' he was all over the enclosure scanning the horses and inquiring their prices; but we did not hear if his name was inscribed in any of the small English volumes whose owners would only have been too glad to have written it down for any sum, however large. In conversation the King was as mild and goodnatured as his son 'Orangeade,' who rendered himself so popular in London during the past season; and, to show the interest the King took in the sport, we may add that as soon as he heard Hadji Stavros was the property of an English gentleman, he desired Mr. Angell might be presented to him on the spot. Blushing 'ruddier than 'the cherry,' Mr. Angell was introduced to the august Sovereign by Lord Ernest Bruce; and any nervous feeling he might at the moment have experienced was soon dissipated by the condescension of His Majesty, who made many inquiries about his horse, and also of Bridegroom, and his chance for the Steeple-Chase, which, unfortunately for his owner's reputation as a prophet, was not as good as it seemed. That the Steeple-Chase in question was a failure was no fault of the Baden authorities, but solely owing to the stringencies of the conditions for owners and riders imposed by Baron Briedenbach, the Master of the Horse to the Duke of Nassau, who gives the added money.

By a mistake in the translation of the Rules many were shut out who were in reality qualified; and the simple qualification now required for a nomination is that certain persons must vouch for your respectability. Now owners of horses must be indeed beyond the pale of all society if they cannot find the required references; and although such a step is not a pleasant one for Englishmen, still we must admit that 'he who pays the fiddler has a right to 'choose the tune,' and that the Duke of Nassau has the power to impose his own conditions. And we are also constrained to admit that if it had not been for the conduct of one of our own countrymen who won the race three years back, and who applied to His Serene Highness language the very reverse of 'serene,' we should have heard nothing of the new Rules in question. For the Steeple-Chase, when it was finally known that Mr. Rowland's and Medora would be absentees (their departure from England, we should add, had been telegraphed more than once), Bridegroom was regarded so great a certainty that the substitution of Mr. Coventry for Mr. Burton was regarded but of slight consequence. The Germans made no secret of Betsy Baker being quite fit, and having an excellent chance; and the veteran Colonel, whose retirement will never, we suppose, be granted him until he is unable to make use of it, had also a troop of comrades who followed him to the last moment. The morning was as blowing and as rough as is The Grand National invariably at Aintree. The Ring had taken flight to Tattersall's and to Paris, and a leg would have heard of something to his advantage had he remained, for all the Sportsmen who stopped were dying to get on Bridegroom at any terms, and to lay liberal odds on him and The Colonel against the field. An amateur or two had therefore to turn bookmakers for this occasion only, nor had they any cause to regret their change of tactics. As they walked round the enclosure it struck us forcibly that Bridegroom had too much beef on him; but he runs better 'big,' was the official reply to our objection. In the military enthusiasm for The Colonel we could not join, for, to our notion, he ought long since to have been on half-pay; and we regretted his rider had not a better mount. However, as he was satisfied, it was not for us to put him out of temper. In renewing our acquaintance with the Irish Betsey Baker and Count Westphalen we did so with pleasure, for we knew their quality, and made the Steeple-Chasers of England acquainted with it also. Both looked fit to run. If the dressing-room of the Gentlemen Riders lacked all the appendages in the shape of comfort it afforded in Medora's year, still its occupants were enabled to make their toilettes without interruption from the crowd; and if Mr. Coventry did not follow the fashion set by Mr. Rowlands, and ride in gloves corresponding to his jacket, it was solely owing to the *marchands de gants* in Paris being unable to provide in sufficient time for the peculiar tint and pattern of the Lord Burleigh silk. Never either was Gentleman Jockey ever so appreciated by an owner as was the Guardsman, whose health, diet, mode of action, and movements were watched as carefully as those of William Scott before he rode Sir Tatton for The St. Leger. It was in vain a deputation came to him with a requisition most numerous and respectably signed to ride the winner of The Hurdle Race. For Bridegroom he had come, and the chance of a fractured collar-bone was too much to be risked with such a stake in view. The Duc de Grammont therefore got the mount; and it is only fair to state he rode better than he was given credit for doing, and proved that we had not said too much for him when we first saw him in the pigskin.

With such precautions to insure success, it was hard to be beaten, and yet

we are compelled to state that the mighty Leicestershire hunter—the pride of Harborough, the terror of Holyoake—was never in the race, from first to last. From what cause he performed so differently to what we had seen in the old country, it is impossible to say; but from the moment he forded the brook, he seemed to have felt so disgusted at not being able to show the foreigners what a Shire horse could do in that line of business, that he would not go a yard for them. And Mr. Coventry, who was most anxious to have tasted the Baden waters with him, had to do nothing but act as aide-de-camp to the German pair. Betsy Baker and Longrange rattled away among the Indian corn by themselves, like birds; and the way Count Westphalen got ten lengths' advantage of his opponent, by coming down a railway embankment as steep as the roof of a house, would have made Tom Oliver's eyes glisten, and extracted approbation even from the critics of Punchestown. By this slip he reduced the race to a certainty, and 'Betsy Barker' (as she is always called), *comme elle veut*, which is the French for Mr. Hodgman's phrase of 'walking in,' burst from a thousand throats. Never was a victory more gallantly achieved; and although England was beaten by Germany, it is some consolation to think that the Sister Isle furnished the winner, who was got by Smallhopes; and as wiry a bit of stuff as any Irishman would like to throw his leg over. In the winter she is ridden hunting by Count Westphalen's sister, one of the finest horsewomen in Germany; in the summer she is hacked; and in the autumn she is steeple-chased. So if she had been the property of Mr. Osborne or Mr. Parr, more could not have been done with her. Of Count Westphalen we should like to see something in the vale of Ailesbury, or the best part of High Leicestershire, for then we fancy all that has been said of him in these pages would be confirmed; and one or two critics who happened to see this last race beside us, were constrained to admit the truth of the opinions we had before advanced about him. In Viscount Talon, the love of the sport must be heartfelt, when it is considered that there is always any odds on his falling against his winning; but he seems no more the worse for a tumble than a clown at a circus: so much has he benefited by his Zouave education. As it is, we fear that Bridegroom's sun is set, and no future honeymoon is in store for him; and therefore an opening is afforded in the heavy-weight steeple-chases this winter, which was not supposed to exist; and Emblem's reign, unless a phoenix springs up, will be undisturbed. It was curious to watch the faces of the Leicestershire men, when they saw the sorry figure their favourite cut, and the only consolation they derived was that the Ring had gone. For had they stayed, and Admiral Lyons had hoisted his flag, they would have experienced a lasting reminiscence of the benefit of 'field practice,' as they call it at Woolwich.

Doncaster was perhaps the greatest Meeting that Yorkshire ever witnessed, and we could not help wishing that Sir Tatton had been spared another year to have assisted at it. Fed by the foreigners who came over to his sale, the influx set in earlier than usual, and may be said to have commenced on the Saturday; and as a proof of the *morale* of the place being improved, we were glad to hear "that several of the most distinguished arrivals were delighted at being able to renew their acquaintance with Doctor Vaughan, the able and eloquent Vicar of the Church." But as that building is one of 'Scott's Lot,' always so much liked at that time, the announcement in question did not appear so strange to ourselves, as others we could name. The 'crack' came in on Saturday—of course we mean Lord Clifden; and the preparations to insure his safety were similar and minute to those employed by Mouravieff at Warsaw. Nothing could be more diverse than the ideas formed of him the

next morning, when he came on the Moor. According to strict Doncaster etiquette he should have gone a splitter round the course, whether it was as hard as asphalte, or deep as lime. And not having complied with the usual precedent, a renewal of the hostilities in the Ring took place, which a quiet canter on the Monday did not cause to abate. Tuesday morning being rumoured to be the dress rehearsal, the critics were in great force; but except from the two 'Johns,' there was no applause, and he was rather damned with faint praise, than commended as he ought to have been. 'No horse could take that gallop that had not been trained,' was the remark of Captain White to John Scott, as he went up to the Whitewall brougham, which stood as usual at the bend where the jockeys pull up. 'You are right; I am afraid I cannot beat him, and I would just as soon he had been left at home,' was the reply of the veteran Leger trainer. But although this opinion became known, and the Captain was summoned on a medical survey in the stable afterwards, no one would have the horse, and no reason could be assigned for it with any good cause—

'I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell.'

This seemed to be the real upshot of the matter; and men shook their heads, shrugged their shoulders, and dropped mysterious hints about the denouement. All concerned in him were nervous save 'Lord Frederick,' who enjoyed the confusion and surveyed the battle-field, and the bringing up of the reserves, with the coolness of a Clyde. 'We know he's well, well trained, and will be well ridden; and what more do we want? why, only to collar the stuff afterwards,' was all that could be extracted from him; and Johnny Osborne passing him at the time he was speaking, he added, 'That lad rides the winner of the Leger.' 'Mine is a good mare, but not a smasher,' was what John Scott said of Queen Bertha; but after he had seen Clifden gallop, he almost felt inclined to coincide with the prophecy of 'The Druid,' who in his fold wanderings in Scotland had enveloped himself in the mantle of Capys, and told him that as fifteen years ago Canezou had to yield to one Lord Clifden, so now Queen Bertha would have to yield to another. The Ranger ranged up and down in the market, as much as if he was in his own paddock; but if those who peppered him on the Monday, had seen him going as well as we did round the bend of Grosvenor Place into the straight of Piccadilly, we imagine they would have refrained from taking such liberties with him. Those who had 'taken The Pledge,' stuck to him manfully, and none more so than his late owner, who pooh-poohed Queen Bertha terribly. Borealis and Bluemantle had both passed the Doctor in the morning; but none of the old school of trainers, who live, as John Osborne does, in the mists of Middleham, liked Avenger. And when we state that two new outsiders, Serf and Cairncastle, were talked of as comers, and having been tried better than the Littleton horse, we have posted our readers up to the saddling bell. The Fitzwilliam field was more than usually full of quality; and by the style Carnival beat Welland and Co., the Admiral, in his Free Handicap afterwards, could do no otherwise than put him in on the same terms as the Derby and Leger winners. But if we had a good Fitzwilliam, we had a bad Champagne—at least so said the gentlemen who, of course, were in direct antagonism to the Ring. From what had been seen of the runners, it was naturally supposed to be any odds on the two mares, and two or three of the old school actually laid four to one on them just to get a tanner to commence with. Both Fille de l'Air and Linda looked beautiful, although the latter's action is rather skuffly, and does not look so much like staying as her opponent. Ely was a great muscular colt,



but with not the best of hocks, and he had performed so badly at Winchester, that he was considered of no account. And if the fillies had been ridden with anything like judgment, he would never have played the leading part in his 'First Champagne.' Both the French and Newmarket fliers had orders to come through, and come they did, like a pigeon from a trap; but they over-marked themselves, and fairly stood still at the Stand, which enabled Aldcroft, who had got a pull at his horse, to come to the fielder's aid, and won as cleverly as we have ever seen him do. The noise in the Ring contrasted strangely with the silence in the stands of 'the upper ten,' when the number of Ely went up; and Tom Oliver roared like a boy at a play, to think he should have come and beaten all the cracks with his provincial youngster, who immediately got his name entered in many a Derby Book. The little trouble it gave Dulcibella to win the Great Yorkshire Handicap of course made Avenger a better favourite for the St. Leger; and so confident was Lord Stamford of his winning with him—that as he could beat her at any distance at even weights—we are afraid his success was hardly a source of profit to him. Blondin, who was again almost as good a favourite as he was at Goodwood, performed on even a lower rope than he did there, and how Mr. Parr could refuse Mr. Naylor's offer for him, is an unfathomable mystery. For he would have been better sold than even Contentment was to Mr. Stanley; Weather-gage to Mr. Megson; or Merryman to Mr. Greville. But we suppose Homer must be allowed some time to nod his head.

The Leger Day fairly beat us; and accustomed as we are to the *profanum vulgus*, the hordes of Lancashire and Yorkshire were too many for us. Where they came from, and where they dispersed to, is a problem worthy of the consideration of the Council of the Social Science Congress, which is to be held next week. We had read of course of the invasions of cities; but the flock of pilgrims to Doncaster was enough to frighten both the authorities, and the unprotected females of the place. And if the flies were not sufficiently dangerous in the streets—in the high tide of the morning, a menagerie made its appearance with elephants and camels *en avant*, and no less than seventeen lions in caravans in the rear. For a time all circulation was suspended, as the mob flocked round the beasts like boys round a sweet-stuff woman; and we could not help thinking what a risk was incurred by their transit, without more guard than were in attendance; for if

'The beast on whom the castle  
With all his guards does stand,  
The beast who hath between his eyes  
The serpent for a hand,'

had got irritated and made a rush at Lord Clifden or some other St. Leger favourite, no redress could have been had, and simpletons enough would be found to believe it was *une affaire arrangée*, and indicated strongly the morality of the Turf of the present day. And yet this vast mass of human beings was as tractable as children, and fell into their places in the most good-humoured manner, having no other thought than the Leger. When the bell rang for it, the sensation it produced was overwhelming, although to some it was a relief to think the excitement would soon be at an end, and the worst known. From the stables to the course, the passage was as dangerous as Behring's Straits, and few were bold enough to undertake it. And as the Ring was as noisy as a bear-garden, and the sides of the gentlemen were gradually getting discoloured from the knockings about they received in squaring their books, they fled for refuge to their stands, which are far more convenient than the Ascot Rookery.

All got through their preliminaries well, with the exception of Donnybrook,

who was anything but Donnybrook fair; but, as with Surplice, West Australian, and The Flying Dutchman, the crack towered high above the others, and, in fact, advertised himself. The scene at that moment was indeed a striking one, and such as no other country but our own could produce. On the moor the masses of England were packed like bees in a hive, and on the roof of the Stand the proudest Patricians were established. The Ring were stationed beneath them, Hodgman on his ladder and Stevenson on his perch. All were pervaded but with one idea, and their curiosity was soon set at rest. Fearful of being hemmed in, John Osborne had taken up a position which prevented any fear of collision, but left him at an enormous disadvantage, for when the flag fell he was quite away from his company; and as Blue Mantle and Lee Boo took them along at a cut-throat pace, the long stern chase of Lord Clifden seemed perfectly hopeless, and he really seemed to be beaten further and further every stride he went. To the Ring nothing could be more welcome than this intelligence; but to Lord St. Vincent and his trainer the torture was almost unsupportable, and 'All is lost now' was the refrain of their song, as, going over the hill, he was a hundred and fifty yards from the leading horses. By the time, however, they had got on to the flat there was a more favourable change in the weather, for he was not the last, but the last but two. It was then, and for the first time, that Osborne felt he had a Great Eastern under him, and, crowding on his canvas, he went through the lot one after another until he had overhauled Queen Bertha. The race between them was not long but decisive, and amidst an amount of excitement unsurpassed since Voltigeur's year, Johnny came into port with his 'corpse.' The scene that follows beggars description, and the carrying in of Johnny into the weighing-room by the mob we shall never forget, nor the struggle with the policeman which Edwin Parr had before he could be permitted to see him in the scale. Of the cheering, the champagne, the congratulations, objurgations, and maledictions that followed we need not say a word, as they are the accompaniments of every St. Leger. But they have never been exceeded in our time; and the whole tableau will render the Clifden Leger Day the most memorable in the annals of Doncaster. The casualties in the race were confined to Avenger and The Ranger, and both, of course, were winning at the time they occurred. To the majority of the prophets the result was a nosender, but still the enemies of the race could not say 'they were floored to a man;' and 'Hotspur,' unable to bear the congratulations of the millions which awaited him, fled by night to the metropolis to pull himself together, and rest upon his oars. The Cup was scarcely less interesting than The Leger; and although Maccaroni gaped when he came in like a rook, still we must not forget that he has had no holiday during the year, and a few hours of idleness would be as much appreciated by him as by a Minister of State. So now we will take leave of the Derby and Leger winners until June, when we will again gossip over their past and future.

And now one word on the shows of the season. The show of foxhounds at the Cleveland Agricultural Meeting held at Redcar this year outrivalled that of last in quantity and quality, fifty-one couples and a half coming from some of the oldest-established packs in England to compete for the various prizes, producing, of course, some beautiful animals, affording ample amusement for the ignorant, and criticism for the learned on the merits of each, and insome instances hard work for the judges themselves. In Class No. 1, for the best three couples of entered hounds there were eight lots for competition—the Cheshire, Lord Wemyss, Cotsmore, Lord Yarborough, Lord Middleton, the Durham, and the Fife—Lord Wemyss and Lord Yarborough showing two lots each; the award ultimately going to

Mr. A. Thompson, of Fife, bringing on to the flags some very fine bitches with much quality, Lord Wemyss gaining the second prize with a beautiful lot of hounds consisting of three dogs and three bitches. Gaspard, by Lord Middleton's Roman, dam by the Hon. G. Fitzwilliam's Goldfinch, here caught, and deservedly so, the eye of the public; he is a sweet dog, perhaps a trifle dipping in his shoulders. 'Compare him with that splendid animal Bonny Lass; and which was the best of the two?' was whispered about. Then, again, Hazard and Ruby against Tempest and Tragedy; and at last, after much consultation, the judges—like ourselves, we suppose—agreed to give preference to the ladies. Had Lord Wemyss and Lord Yarborough contented themselves with one lot each the result perhaps might have been otherwise. One superior lot is a safer game to play. The Cheshire certainly was overdone with fat, and thereby lost their chance; but they were a fair lot, and we were struck with Larkspur and Lightning. Class 2, for unentered puppies, produced twelve or thirteen competitors, but still, on the whole, we should say, not first-rate; and Lord Middleton's won. We would here suggest an alteration. For the future, would it not be better to give a prize for the best dog and one for the second best dog? carrying out the same thing with the bitches; for it appears to us the system of placing them in couples is bad: one spoils the other. There is, perhaps, a big dog shown with a little one, and, though both may have merit, they turn out, perhaps not the best, or most 'even' couple. Class 3 was won by Lord Yarborough's Charity. Class 4 was also won by Lord Yarborough with our old friend Gambler, but who, from age, has rather shrunk in his muscles and thighs, still preserving his beautiful feet and legs; the Cotsmore—Royal—getting the second prize. The show of horses was very moderate; and here was the failure of the Meeting, arising from fixture of time clashing with Goodwood, and the Yorkshire Agricultural Meeting, held at Driffield on the 'very same day;' and although steam and iron can do almost wonders, it cannot bless man or beast with the gift of ubiquity. Could not these rival agriculturists come to some terms? Class 6 in horses was won by Mr. W. Sadler's black gelding Bruere, by Van Galen—a nice horse. Class 7 was won by Mr. J. Batty's Hautboy, Mr. Jewison's First Whip gaining second. In this award we entirely agree with the judges in their decision, and beg most respectfully to differ from a worthy contemporary. We cannot think it 'a nice horse' 'with a hinge in his neck, and head turned topsy-turvy.' The little beauty in Class 8 called Topsy had a head put on in a very different form, gained two prizes, being beaten by a very pretty animal—Lady Marchian—belonging to Mr. J. Batty, Bishop Monckton, near Ripon.

The success which has attended the Hound Shows, both in the north and south of England, has, we are glad to state, induced our Irish friends to try their hand at one next summer. The fixture is Cork, and the principles of the undertaking the same as those which govern the management of Redcar. When the utility and novelty of such an exhibition is considered, it cannot do otherwise than command the warmest sympathies of every hunting man in the Emerald Isle; and as a proof that when Irishmen do once set about a thing they don't do it by halves, we have only to remark the following distinguished M. H.'s have consented to act as patrons, and take seats at the council. These are the Earl of Shannon, Viscount Doneraile, Captain Roche, Master of the Limerick Hounds, Mr. Briscoe of the Curraghmore, Mr. Stawell of the Duhallow, Mr. Uniacke of the Union, Mr. Knolles of the South Union, Captain Raye of the Muskerry, and Mr. Percy Smythe of the Headborough. These are all the right men in the right place, and with such a capital working

secretary as Captain Johnson, we are satisfied all will go smooth, and Masters of Hounds, and the public in general, be alike benefited.

But the sensation sales have not been confined to Yorkshire only, but have embraced Cambridgeshire, where Mr. Wetherall, the George Robins in his line, was transplanted to dispose of Lady Pigott's Short-horn Stud. The enormous dimensions of this stud—for it comprised sixty cows and heifers and twenty bulls, bred from the choicest strains, under her Ladyship's own guidance—has for some time been the standing topic of conversation in the circles in which she shines. With the good tact which the better half of creation possess, the company were not sent empty away, but entertained in the most sumptuous style in an Edgington marquee, presided over by a Duke whose *ad captandum* speeches, coupled with the good cheer before them, warmed them up to an extent that soon told in Mr. Wetherall's book. The bulls were especially admired for their symmetry, particularly Prince Victor, who fetched 230 guineas, and Brian Boru, white as Mavinias, in the language of Tattersall's, had many friends. Among the cows, the Almack's Belle was most sought after, and by the means of Mr. Churnside—a most appropriate name for her purchaser—she will have a new field in Australia for displaying her qualities, which for the 125 guineas for which she was knocked down, ought to be of no mean order. But Rosedale was the pick of the stud, or rather the flower of the flock, as the Duke of Montrose had to fight up to 215 guineas before he called her his own. And we suppose she will be placed under the care of the famous Battersea dairy girl, that astonished the agricultural world so much last season. Of the others, a reference to the price list will show that the old motto, *Non cuius homini*, was very appropriate to the audience collected at Branches, as scarcely any cow went under 60 guineas. Therefore it is clear, when her Ladyship gave up the Calendar for the Herdbook, she made a wise and profitable exchange; and every encouragement is given to agriculturists to follow in her steps. In her speech, before the animals were put up, she evidently considered that 'brevity was the soul of wit;' and if some Parliamentary speakers would take an example by her, they would be none the less popular with their constituents.

Sir Tatton Sykes' Sale has been one of the chief events of the year; and in Yorkshire the remembrance of it

'Will ne'er be forgot,  
By those who were there or those who were not.'

For weeks, foreigners, whose names ended in 'skys or schoffs,' and who spoke as many dialects as Mezzofanti, crowded to Sledmere, for Sir Tatton's name on the Continent was held in as much veneration as in Yorkshire, and any animal he had once handled there was always a desire to possess. On the first morning the scene in Daniel's paddock was an International Exhibition of Dealers and Sportsmen; and Mr. Tattersall, fearful of there not being room enough for the public, refused permission for the drags to come in. On the second day, however, the injunction, which had not been particularly well received, was withdrawn, and, in consequence, the field had much more the aspect of a Middle Park afternoon. The refreshment department was good enough of its kind, but the friends of the Idol of Yorkshire, who had so often experienced the Sledmere hospitality, could not help expressing their regret that the executors had not strained a point, and complied with the usual precedent of feeding the hungry with good things. Such a step, we are quite certain, would have been the wish of him for whom they acted; and his fine, Yorkshire, aristocratic feeling would have been indeed pained, could he have ever thought the announcement would appear 'that beer was licensed

‘to be sold on the premises.’ In making this statement we do so purposely, as we only re-echo the public feeling on the subject, which was the more sensitive, as it was well known that there were hundreds of hogsheds of beer in the cellar which could never be consumed. The sale has been well described as the most extraordinary on record, but our limits will not permit us to go into it in detail; and the most extraordinary feature was, that the more the horses proclaimed their unsoundness in their wind by roaring like the Bull of Basan, the more they were bid for and appreciated. Mr. Churnside, the representative of Australia, swelled the figures more than any other bidder; and M. Cavaliero, who got Fandango for a song, as he is perfectly sound, and free from any blemish, was also a good ally to Richard and Edmund Tattersall, both of whom were in office alternately, and preserved their respective styles. The total amount realized by the three days’ sale was 24,171 guineas, nearly double the rough valuation made after Sir Tatton’s death. This fact says more for the sale than any remarks of ours could do, and has no precedent in the recollection of Hyde Park Corner. Previous to taking leave of Sledmere, all Sir Tatton’s friends paid a pilgrimage to his tomb; and the plucking of bits of wood from the willow that overhung it, reminded one of the devotion of the French visitors at St. Helena, to the last resting-place of their Emperor at Logwood. Our obituary list is happily short; and although our space is crowded, we must devote two lines to Mr. Morrell, in whom Oxfordshire has lost one of her best sons, and who possessed every attribute of a Christian, a sportsman, and a gentleman.

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ERRATUM.—In the last ‘Van’ for ‘wining for my Jew,’ read ‘wiring.’

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### ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE theatres are opening one by one, like the beauties of a transformation scene, or the surprises in a firework ‘true lover’s knot;’ and the end of October will probably find all the temples of Thespis in London with their doors flung wide as that of Janus, and blazing away like rockets and Roman candles, or Federals and Confederates, in the fullest effulgence. The Haymarket and Drury Lane have been the additions of the past month. Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton have plunged into the Tiber of management with the latter on their back, experiencing, doubtless, a slight shock of cold water on their first immersion; while Mr. Buckstone, as of old, instead of making a header of it, has waded in gently as timid urchins do at school, with the most orthodox bundle of corks under his arm, in the shape of Mr. Alfred Wigan and those good old pieces, ‘The Bengal Tiger’ and ‘Charles the Twelfth.’ Mr. Walter Montgomery has retired from the Princess’s Theatre, with what may be considered a tragic leave-taking, ‘a linked sweetness long drawn out,’ and has given place, ‘way and room,’ to a Mr. Hermann, a prestidigitator—*Anglicè* a conjuror—who is to maintain the house as a temple of mystery and magic till Christmas. Now might a rustic votary of Ceres be staggered by the Eleusinian mysteries of this temple of the Tragic Muse, if perchance entering with an order to see ‘Othello,’ he discovered a gentleman, whom he might believe to be Mr. Walter Montgomery as the noble Moor, burning the strawberry-marked pocket-handkerchief, putting *Desdemona’s* wedding-ring through his nose, or giving an entirely new reading to the last act, by going off with the gun-trick? Such things have happened ere now to country visitors. A friend’s servant, recently going to see a five-act play and a farce afterwards, divided the tragedy in the middle, and tacked the two last acts to the farce, to the utter obliteration of the plot of course, on the ground that the wait was longer than at any other time. The Adelphi opens on Thursday with Miss Bateman, one of those whilom precocities, the Bateman children, who appeared some years since on the English stage in the ‘School for Scandal,’

and other comedies. She appears first in the character of *Deborah* the prophetess, in an American version of the scriptural play called 'Leah.' Miss Bateman has grown to be a young lady of considerable personal attractions; and if American repute is any passport to Anglican recognition, her success should be tolerably well assured.

When painters are in a difficulty for a subject, which, judging by the repetition of hackneyed themes, must not unfrequently be the case, they have of late adopted a notable expedient of what might be termed suggesting history. One is so much less trammelled in this way, there is so much scope for imagination and the play of poetic phrensy, and facts when they are adopted are always so unaccommodating, that the plan offers advantages. Thus the Queen Marie Antoinette has been represented having her hair shorn by the headsman before her execution. Now, considering that Madame Campan expressly assures us that Marie cut off her own hair before Samson arrived, by way of saving that gentleman the trouble, the incident is not quite appropriate to history, but still the expedient offers scope to the daring mind. Now that the world is well stocked with executions of King Charles, with findings of Harold, with escapes of Mary Queen of Scots, artists might adopt the rule of trying 'Cromwell, as he was led to execution;' the interview of Elizabeth and Mary at Hampton Court, with Essex, Bacon, and Raleigh present, and perhaps even the losing of Harold; which suggests the moral, that if what *Sir Toby Belch* calls the 'license of ink' were equal to the license of paint, how instructive and amusing, instead of dry and desultory, might this paper be made in these dull months! Fancy how pleasantly would a description of Mr. Charles Mathews as *Hamlet* read—or of Mr. Paul Bedford as *Desdemona*, Mr. R. Romer as *Mrs. Haller*, Mr. Phelps as *Sir Charles Coldstream*, and Mr. Robson as *Coriolanus*. Mr. J. L. Toole, as *Werner*, would be an impressive sight—but *Dundreary* did once play leading business: how inexpressibly serious must that speech of *Macbeth's* in the second act have been to him! and one must be wary, as treading on dangerous and explosive ground.

But apropos of Charles Mathews as *Hamlet*. That most volatile of walking gentlemen has made a *début* in a new rôle as 'The Bashful Englishman'—'Un Anglais Timide'—at the Théâtre des Variétés, in Paris: he has been playing in French to Frenchmen, a feat which Galignani thinks 'probably without a precedent.' In the 'Débats' of the 14th of the month, Jules Janin calls on his astonished countrymen to rally round that wonder of wonders—not an Englishman who can act in French, but an Englishman who can act at all—and to go to the Variétés, where they may see a real live Englishman—'un Anglais—un véritable Anglais, du pays de *Sir John Falstaff* et des joyeuses commeres de Windsor!' It is inconceivable—it is a wonder of wonders. 'Un Anglais Timide' is described as being an English piece written by Mr. Mathews, and translated by him into French; but Mr. Blanchard Jerrold lays also some claim to its paternity. It was, however, a French piece originally, there can be little doubt, for some of the critics have run it to earth. On the whole, running over the various Parisian notices, one is inclined to accredit Mr. C. Mathews with a genuine triumph at this dull season, when *Levasseur* is at Biarritz, and the theatrical season is at its dullest; though much of the interest and curiosity he has excited have arisen, doubtless, from the *entente cordiale*, and the fact that acting being an art denied to Englishmen, in French belief, very small excellence is supposed to go a very long way. On the first night of his appearance he was hissed; but this, as explained by Mr. Mathews, was due to the author's, not the actor's dulness, and to the construction of the piece, and one or two of the journals corroborate him. Generally he is acknowledged as an excellent comedian, and as likely to retain a permanent footing on the French stage. Undoubtedly Mr. Mathews' merits are such as are likely to be appreciated on the French stage. They are of a stamp most rare in Englishmen, and, though not of an exalted order, are to some extent unique, and are such as a Parisian would most readily acknowledge. Mr. C. Mathews has been essentially a fortunate man. He is the Figaro of one of his own farces: His life off the stage has been a mere ex-

tension of one of his vaudeville impersonations. His favourite hero on the stage is a gentleman who on the slenderest resources is able to sustain himself under the most trying ordeals of fortune of an inconvenient kind. To be in the position of Gil Blas or the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme' of Molière, and left to pay the reckoning without a purse or a pretence to tender to the irate host, to raise the wind generally, and maintain the temperature of life at the point at which the thermometer indicates 'spirit boils'—to skilfully manœuvre visionary resources, as a clever brigadier would manœuvre real ones—to bring on imaginary troops and lead them off again, as Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim did in their Flanders sieges—when the treasury, commissariat, and all the paraphernalia of domestic warfare, with hosts or landladies, is as much in *nubibus* as Sancho's kingdom of Barataria; this is Mr. Mathews' rôle on the stage, and this, in no ill-natured spirit 'be it said, has been very much his career off it. As an actor, his diapason is of the meagrest. He has no more tunes than a musical box. No appreciation of character beyond the modern Bobadils he represents; but then he is inimitable in these. His manner is in itself a volatile essence; but in those qualities which make an actor, which the common consent of mankind has established as necessary to the art, pathos, earnestness, sentiment, sympathy, and imagination, the power of stripping off one's own identity and putting on another man's—a feat transcending Sydney Smith's, of sitting in one's bones—Mr. Charles Mathews is at or below zero.

There was talk once of nominating Mr. Charles Mathews as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Why was the appointment never made? A gentleman who could so husband his own resources must assuredly have managed the nation's successfully too. He would have made a Chancellor, or there is no virtue in finance. Contrasted with the artistic resources of a Robson or Mr. Alfred Wigan, or even of Mr. Toole or Miss Woolgar, how limited are his means, and yet he has always enjoyed a larger reputation than any of these. But then he is ever pleasant, ever cheerful, and his animal spirits seem inexhaustible, and as a pleasant, rattling, exuberant representative of bourgeois characters—with a dash—a *souçon* of gentility about them, he is unequalled. And for these qualities, having met with success on the English stage, let us wish him equal recognition and good fortune on the French, without bending our notions to those apocryphal claims of excellence ventilated in his favour by some of the London press of late.

The opening of Drury Lane for the season was once an event of national importance, but—*tempora mutantur mores*—it is so no longer, and the first night passed off with the most moderate display of theatrical fireworks or enthusiasm. The attraction of the evening was a new comedy, in three acts, by Mr. Falconer, the manager, the author of 'Extremes and Woman.' The plot turned on that old and threadbare farce incident, an exchange of babies at birth. Two is the ordinary number of exchange in the story-books, in the hundred merry tales, and on the modern stage; so Mr. Falconer tried three. This is after the manner of the recipe furnished by Addison in the suggestion that one widow and an orphan being found a moving incident in a drama, the next playwright should try what two widows and two orphans, three widows and three orphans, and so on, might effect. Beyond this explanation it is difficult to furnish an elucidation of the story, especially as neither the actors nor the audience, nor the author, so far as could be ascertained on a first night, could, in the dramatist's own words, make out 'Who's who, or what's 'what.'

Briefly, and as a guess, rather than as a probably correct explanation, three mothers in a small family circle being brought to bed at one time, Mrs. Confidence Caudle, a confidential nurse, steals that of the family washerwoman, Mrs. Stiggins, and substitutes it for the Squire's—why is not shown—and then, somehow or other, a third child coming unexpectedly, she mixes it up in her derangement with the other two, in an equally fatuous and obscure way, and then gets befogged with her own wickedness and enormity. Perhaps this is not clear; but it is as clear as the plot, which, if it were taken in doses as men take lessons in writing, would only show a comparative

ignorance in the spectator after twelve lessons. In the first act, the title of the comedy being 'Nature's above Art,' the young heir is submitted to his father after his travels. His father discovers 'that his 'art doesn't warm to the 'young man,' this being the theatrical way of conveying a doubt as to paternity. The housekeeper however, *Mrs. Caudle*, starts, talks to herself in a corner, and smites her bosom, as guilty people are supposed to do on the stage. In the second act a young lady appears, who bears a great resemblance to somebody deceased, whereon the housekeeper says, 'Ha! that 'voice—those features: it is—it is not—it cannot be,' the act clearing up by the deposition of heir No. 1 and substitution of heiress No. 2. In the third act the confusion grows more and more Dundrearyish. The heir is not the heir, nor is he his sister; nor is heir No. 2 the heir; nor heir No. 3, in the person of the young lady with the features: but a person, No. 4, whom nobody suspected. A nurse is called in who wittily asks if the heir is marked with a pickled walnut; and then the heavy father, after a burst of parental agony and perplexity, comes forward and says, 'In Heaven's name, which is my son?' an inquiry greeted with a round of derisive applause, when he adds, 'Yes, it is—it must be—it is! Ah! it is my child,' which may be considered, under the circumstances, a proof of parental instinct of the most praiseworthy kind.

Poor Hood once wrote a paper on Drury Lane, called 'Saved by a Dog,' in which he showed the decadence of the natural temple of the drama—a Newfoundland dog having entered the theatre to its rescue; but now, instead of the dogs coming to Drury, Drury must be considered as gone to the dogs—that is, for the season. The company indeed embraces some excellent actors—Mr. Addison, Miss C. Sanders, Walter Lacy, Mr. Belmore, Mr. Ryder, Mrs. Falconer, among the number; but the stage management is thoroughly inefficient, and such pieces as 'Nature's above Art' would swamp a theatre if it were built like a life-boat, endowed with a Post-office grant, and all its employés were clerks in the Treasury. Part of the dialogue is most objectionable in character, and more fit for the lecture-room of a hospital than a theatre, being chiefly directed to the pathology of birth, while the rest may be described as extracts from the Answers to Correspondents culled from the London penny literature. That we do not exaggerate we give a sample. One of these inimitable periodicals often contains such questions—asked of course by the editor of himself—as, 'What is the best cosmetic?' The stereotyped reply is, 'Health, temperance, good temper.' This answer is transferred bodily into the dialogue, question and answer. The young lady who asks the question, moreover, inquires further, 'Is not violet powder good?' The answer is 'No,' 'it clogs the pores, and checks the imperceptible perspiration;' this being another question and answer from the same source; from which the reader may judge, *ex pede Herculem*.

From the Adelphi Mr. J. F. Toole and Paul Bedford are absent, starring in Dublin; and a Mr. Wood takes the former comedian's place, of course with comparative inefficiency. The story of 'The Haunted Man,' introducing Messrs. Pepper and Dirck's ghost, has been the chief attraction. Mrs. Stirling, however, appearing in a small comedy, in two acts, called the 'Hen and 'Chickens,' in which she plays with her usual exquisite tact, and *savoir faire*, and in the 'Tragedy Queen.' 'The Haunted Man' is a most lugubrious and doleful story, dolefully told; but one scene in it, between Toole and Miss Woolgar, as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Tetterby*, though it interferes with the progress and action of the story, and is like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear, is a most charming piece of genuine comedy thoroughly well acted. As a mere piece of histrionism it would be indeed impossible to praise it too highly, the scene altogether being as authentic and natural as life; while Mrs. Mellon, as the mother of a numerous family in humble life, suffering under the affliction of 'tantrums,' large appetites, and a small income, succeeds as if her art itself were nature. At the Strand a farce, by Mr. Bridgeman, of the broadest and most buoyantly boisterous description, called 'Where's your Wife?' has supplemented the attraction of Byron's burlesque of 'The Duke's Motto.'



which runs with unabated popularity. At the Olympic, Mr. Tom Taylor's modern version of the reformed housebreaker, 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' has passed through its hundredth night; and the house will speedily earn Sheridan's sarcasm of being a court of ease to the Old Bailey, where petty larceny is pilloried in two acts, and the burglar is converted by mere force of humour.

In addition to the comedy produced at Drury Lane, a new drama, in two acts, by Mr. Frank Burnand, has been played; being the first ambitious flight of its author, who has hitherto chiefly confined himself in dramatic writing to farces and burlesques. It is called 'The Deal Boatman,' and has been produced chiefly with the idea of affording Mr. Belmore, late of the Princess's, an opportunity of distinguishing himself in that species of domestic tragedy, which Mr. Robson has so successfully identified himself with. As an essay with this intent the result is not successful. Mr. Belmore sustains the character with merely qualified success. He dresses and plays the major part of the first act naturally and well, and with as great a mastery of his impersonation as an artistic and discriminating zeal and conscientious attention can supply; but in the scene of agony which forms the climax of the first act, and in a repetition of the same scene of intended pathos in the second act, Mr. Belmore's physique and apprehension alike broke down. What accurate and careful observation, and a determination to attend to detail, could give, Mr. Belmore realized; but when he had to compass the subjective realism of the father's bereavement he was quite at fault and comparatively feeble. It was simply beyond his powers; equally above his comprehension as to its emotion, and his merely vocal expression in the assertion of such intense and passionate feeling as it required. The drama itself may be explained as a theatrical version of the seafaring episode in 'David Copperfield.' The chief characters of that portion of Mr. Dickens's story, and all its main incidents, are merely reproduced, with such a change as was necessary to give the piece a dramatic termination, by the triumph of virtue and the abasement of vice. The dialogue, however, is the author's; and this is in great part closely natural and most authentic, free from stale jokes and musty witticisms—those dregs and sediments of sentiment which resemble 'a bad tavern's worst wine.' There is no 'sparing of homely sentiment through the false encumbrance 'of fine writing;' but this (no small excellence, it must be confessed) chiefly comprehends the merit of the piece. The second act is more or less intricate; and although better acting would have redeemed it, and made it much more successful than it is, it is inferior to the first. The merit, however, of the story, and of the natural and nervous dialogue, together with Mr. Belmore's absolute excellence in all the quiet passages, procured the piece a good reception, and the author a call before the curtain on the first night.

Looking back on the events of the month, the possession by Mr. Walter Montgomery of the Princess's stage, or the legitimate drama, the run of the 'Ticket-of-Leave Man,' of the Ghost Drama at the Adelphi, and Byron's burlesque at the Strand, create little necessity for detailed criticism. Mr. Alfred Mellon has gratified London and remunerated himself most handsomely by a capital series of cheap concerts, and introduced a Miss Madeline Schiller as a pianist, and Lotto, the violinist, to the general public, as well as made the charming music of Faust most popular.

For the future, the Monday Popular Concerts open early in November, Lotto being engaged as one of their attractions. The Pyne and Harrison company also start their musical season on the 10th with a new opera by Wallace, already announced. Mr. Fechter opens on the 24th with an entirely new romantic drama, from the French; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews appear in a new comedy by Mr. L. Buckingham, called 'Silken Fetters,' at the Haymarket on the 26th; Dundreary is at present at Manchester, but returns on Boxing Night to the Haymarket. His career up to this point has been as prosperous in the provinces as in town, and his success has altogether defied augury.





*Alfred Russel Wallace*

Wittm

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### THE EARL OF WILTON.

THE advent of the Hunting Season is an appropriate period for introducing to our readers the portrait and sketch of a Nobleman who, without the slightest fear of contradiction, may be termed the most accomplished horseman in England, and who has long been recognized as the veritable Crichton of our Sporting World.

Thomas Egerton Wilton is the second son of the first Marquis of Westminster, by the only surviving daughter of the first Earl of Wilton. He was born at Millbank House, Westminster, 1799, and completed his studies at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1814 he succeeded his maternal grandfather; and in 1821 he assumed the name of Egerton in lieu of the patronymic one of Grosvenor, having married, in the same year, the fourth daughter of the twelfth Earl of Derby. To write a correct memoir of Lord Wilton as a Sportsman, we should be compelled almost to transcribe the annals of the Turf and the Chase for the last forty years, seeing that his connection with both pursuits dates considerably further back, calling up the recollections of some of the greatest heroes in the pigskin, and some of the most brilliant stars of Leicestershire. We must therefore content ourselves with a general sketch of him; and trust, on a future occasion, to be able to elaborate it to a fuller extent. Gifted by nature with a figure which enabled him to ride lighter than most of the gentlemen jockeys of that age, Lord Wilton had advantages which few of his companions in arms could be said to enjoy; and being what is technically called a natural horseman, and having enormous practice with his father's stud, his services were held in immense request by his friends. At that period, the regulations relative to gentlemen riders were not so stringent as they are in the present day; and individuals who were scarcely an ace removed from professionals were allowed to ride at Heaton, Croxton Park, and Bibury. Consequently, the success of Lord Wilton must be viewed in a higher light than if he had been simply put up against a parcel of cornets or Oxonians. His chief competitors have nearly

all paid the debt of nature, with the exception of Captain White, who may be styled *ultimus Romanorum*; but among them may be mentioned Mr. Duncombe, the late member for Finsbury, Sir James Baird, Captain Pettatt, Lord Waterford, and Lord Macdonald, all of whom were as good on the flat as across country, and men of whom we might well be proud. The Heaton Park Meeting which Lord Wilton established in 1827 was the chief arena for the display of his jockeyship; and numberless were the races that he won there and at Croxton Park.

On the first institution of Heaton Park Races the crowd of visitors was so great that after three o'clock in the afternoon the gates of the park were closed, and every stratagem was adopted by the million to obtain admission. In consequence of the mischief that was thereby occasioned to the trees an order was issued that in future no person should be admitted without a ticket, nor even then unless coming on horseback or in a carriage. The amended measure hardly answered the expectations that were formed of it, as the Manchester folks argued, with their customary acuteness, that whatever vehicle would carry was of necessity a carriage, and therefore that their carts were admissible. This state of things continued until 1835, when professionals were allowed to ride with the gentlemen jockeys; tickets of admission were dispensed with, and the Meeting assumed larger proportions. Among those horses on which Lord Wilton then most particularly distinguished himself was Chancellor, with whom he beat Mr. Osbaldeston, on Catherina, and several others, for Mr. King's Cup. With Miss Rowe, now so well known as a brood mare, he beat Lord Eglinton's Black Diamond, and with Jagger he defeated Cardinal Puff, Potentate, Prizeflower, and seven others for The Manchester Gold Cup. The celebrated Touchstone he rode in all his races in which he was permitted to do; and, strange to say, that, although he pulled with John Day harder than any horse he ever rode, Lord Wilton could hold him almost with a packthread; and had he not broken down just prior to the Goodwood Cup, it was the intention of his Lordship to have ridden him in that race. In September, 1839, the Heaton Park Meeting was removed to Liverpool, to the great regret of the Manchester people, who regarded the anniversary as the pleasantest gathering of the year, affording them the same sport and amusement as Goodwood furnished to the Chichester folks.

Domesticated as Lord Wilton has been for so many years at Egerton Lodge, at Melton, which he purchased from Lord Darlington, we read with less surprise his constant performances at Croxton Park, where he is about as great a favourite as Captain Little is at Danebury; and when we consider that he won The Granby Handicap no less than seven times since its establishment, viz., in 1843 with Knight of the Whistle, in 1846 with Javelin, in 1847 with Magnet, in 1849 with Diplomatist, in 1850 with Backbiter, in 1854 with Bourton, and in 1861 with Comforter, besides riding second on several other occasions, the partiality of the

Shires for him is easily accountable. In trials also Lord Wilton has nothing to learn; and the way he found out how his father, the late Marquis, had been done about Navarino for *The Two Thousand*, at once proved his acuteness, and read a useful lesson to those with whom he had anything to do. Various and conflicting are the opinions as to which was the best race his Lordship ever rode, but by those best qualified to speak on the subject the style in which he rode *Goshawk* at Lichfield exhibited him in the best light. Although himself an owner of race-horses for an immense number of years, Lord Wilton cannot be said to have been fortunate enough to have got hold of a good one, although he must have profited by having the management of so valuable a stud as that of the late Marquis of Westminster; and perhaps the best horse the Calendar credits him with is *Gladiator*, with whom he ran second to *Bay Middleton*: and had he got as good a start as Lord Jersey's crack, the latter, in the opinion of those who knew *Gladiator*'s form, would never have won so easily. Connected with *Pumicestone*, with whom his Lordship won *The Chesterfield Cup* at Goodwood in 1855, a rather curious anecdote exists, which is worth narrating. The colt had previously always run as by *Cotherstone* out of *Duchess of Lorraine*, and Lord Wilton had not troubled himself about giving him a name. Shortly before the race, however, he received a letter from Lord Chesterfield, enclosing him one which he himself had got from a gentleman, stating that he had dreamed most distinctly a horse named *Pumicestone* had won *The Chesterfield Cup* at Goodwood, and as he could not see one of that name in the entry, he concluded it must be Lord Wilton's animal that had not been named. The colt being got by *Cotherstone*, he did not consider *Pumicestone* altogether inappropriate, and, willing to humour the fancy of the dreamer, adopted the name, and saw the vision realized, for, without being quoted in the market, he beat *Vanderdecken* and a large field very cleverly. With *Orson* and *Shoreham* Lord Wilton has won some small stakes; but they are not worth reproducing in a sketch of this description.

For a long period his Lordship trained at *Whitewall*, and, indeed, he has two or three animals in *John Scott's* hands now. He has also been associated with Lord Chesterfield in the *Bretby* stable, and *Wadlow* also registers him among his employers. In the hunting field, in which Lord Wilton is if anything more conspicuous than on the race-course, he is well known for his partiality for thoroughbred horses, and his stud have ever combined the cream of English hunters; and since the days when on *Thyrsis*—a thoroughbred stallion—he set the whole field in that famous run from *Sproxtton Thorns*, with the Duke of Rutland's hounds, he has been the 'fugleman' at *Melton*. With every field and fence in *Leicestershire* he is familiar, and age has not brought with it, in his case, the slightest diminution of nerve, for it was remarked that the whole of last season he went as well as any of the young ones; and none could have guessed the date of his start. Like in most aristocratic

families, riding is an hereditary accomplishment, and to Lord Grey de Wilton, his eldest son, Lord Wilton has imparted the art to an extent that will prevent the name dying out in this respect in Leicestershire for many a year to come. In 1858, Lord Wilton sustained a severe loss by the death of his Countess, who died at Egerton Lodge, after a short illness. By all classes of the community, in the hunting capital of Leicestershire, the deceased Countess was loved and respected; for while the upper ranks partook of her hospitality, the poor felt the benefit of her charity: and her schools, and a painted window in Prestwick Church, in which her remains were interred, will be a lasting testimony to her virtues. But it is not only on the Turf or in the Chase that Lord Wilton acts so conspicuous a figure: on the ocean wave he is equally well known from being the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, a post to which he was elected on the death of Lord Yarborough. His Lordship's first yacht was the 'Zarifa,' which was originally a slave schooner, and which, after carrying his flag for some years, he sold to go to Russia, and she was wrecked at Sebastopol. His next vessel, which bore the same name, after a few seasons he disposed of to a Liverpool merchant; and his present schooner, the 'Zara,' he built on the lines of the far-famed 'America,' and with such success, that in the race with the yachts of the Squadron to Cherbourg, although from an accident she did not carry off the prize, she proved herself at sea a better boat than the 'Alarm,' which had been hitherto regarded as invincible. To the qualifications of a gentleman jockey, a rider across country, and a yachtsman, which we have shown Lord Wilton to possess, we should add that of being a most accomplished musician, and a great patron of every branch of the art; so much so, that of late years the 'Court Circular' has constantly recorded the fact of his playing the Anthem at the Chapel Royal on Sundays during the London season, an office that would only be sought by an enthusiastic votary of St. Cecilia. In politics, Lord Wilton has generally sided with his relative Lord Derby, and during his administration, he twice filled the post of State Steward to her Majesty. His Lordship was also selected to go on a mission to Saxony, to invest the King of that country with the Order of the Garter, and had conferred on him on the occasion, a Knight Grand Cross-ship of Hanover and Saxony. In concluding this brief, and perhaps imperfect sketch of so brilliant a career as that of Lord Wilton's has been in the Sporting World, we wish we could have introduced more anecdotes into it; but these we must defer for a future occasion. And we should add, that in September last, his Lordship married again. His second wife is Miss Elton Smith, the heiress of Major Elton Smith; so there is every guarantee that the proverbial hospitalities of Egerton Lodge, which added so much to the *agrémens* of Melton life, will suffer no diminution.

## THE SPORT OF KINGS.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

IT is difficult to pass the 1st of November without a word or two on a subject which is closely allied with that anniversary. Scotland, cricket, salmon, are over, or nearly so; and the last great handicap will give a holiday to the bookmakers and their bettors for some time to come. November, regarded in an ordinary light, is not a cheerful month. What prospects there may be can only be speculated upon through its dense fogs; and these resemble Christmas bills, looming larger and more terribly mysterious by distance and atmosphere. Suicide is not a cheerful characteristic of the month; and since poaching has lost its more frightful proportions it has ceased to provoke an excitement worthy of its capabilities. It has become a prolific source of oratory to the bench of Shallows, and has a chance of being set right only in the House of Lords. Our hope, therefore, of recreation is the Field. With what anxiety does a man watch the newspapers from day to day! how rapidly he has turned over hebdomadal murders, the recent successes of the South, the modesty of the North, the civilization of Russia, the patience of Poland, and the Social and Ecclesiastical Congress, to reach some account of Kirkby Gate or Crick Gorse, High Roothings, or Stoneleigh Abbey! And now it is come: his patience is rewarded by reading at last that on such and such days the Quorn, the Pytchley, the North Warwickshire, or the East Essex, will endeavour to satisfy his most extravagant notions of fox-hunting. The long interval that elapses between last April and this present month has in many instances been filled up by racing, by fishing, by shooting, or by that curiously artistic process called travelling, in which the extent of an adventure is a row with a gendarme or a disagreement with a landlord on the subject of bougies. Yet it ought to be known to the readers of 'Baily' that there are hundreds of men in these islands who are able to afford neither time nor money for Scotland nor Baden, but are content to wait patiently for the time which shall bring back the sport in which they indulge: the image of War, with about the same amount of danger—since the introduction of iron into the hunting-field. We have our ideas of the pleasures of Gettysburg and Chattanooga, which may differ from those of President Lincoln and his coadjutors; but we were scarcely expected to look for iron in the hunting-field, however necessary an adjunct to a field of battle. In the former, indeed, honour comes unlooked for. We hope the readers of 'Baily' are not insulted by the introduction of a subject so hackneyed as hunting. We could ourselves well have dispensed with the pleasure of writing, but for the absolute necessity which appears to exist of continuing an occasional stricture upon it. We are quite capable of appreciating the disgust with which the self-opinionated or truly experienced follower of the chase shall regard one more last effort in its favour: the first because he



flatters himself that he has nothing to learn, the latter because he imagines that we have nothing to teach. But if the conduct of the hunting-fields with which we are acquainted be any criterion of their knowledge of the rules of the chase, then we beg to submit that never was information more needed than that which we intend to offer. It may be that we have taken upon ourselves a task which is too heavy for our shoulders. If so, we shall be glad to be corrected; and when the world grows wise, and the juvenile followers of the noblest of British sports shall convince us of their inability to profit by our experience, we shall be happy to admit that 'Othello's occupation's gone,' and act upon the admission.

There are a great many writers, excellent writers, upon everything connected with hunting. And there are a great number of persons who, without any practical knowledge whatever of a horse, a hound, or a country, are happy to impose (not upon the British public but) upon all persons whose knowledge does not extend beyond their own. So much has indeed been written, conversation on sport has become so general, that a blunder is extraordinary. Yet, so peculiar is the sentiment, the feeling connected with sport, that an Englishman speaking French fluently would have no more chance of deceiving a Parisian than of an impostor deceiving ourselves. Now there are impostors, and their name is Legion. Whether they get paid or not we cannot say. Probably; for, independently of certain detection, the forcing the running in a wrong direction must be singularly laborious. We can understand getting up the Polish question or the American question, the decimal coinage, the Greek Particles, Roundell Palmer's speeches, Mr. Gladstone's calculations, the Homeric Theory, and Bopp's Analytical Grammar of Sanscrit; we believe in the capability to write a moderate article on any of these subjects by mere cram. But the Turf and the Field beat us. There is something, not the language (though it has its *argôt*), nor the palpable blunders, nor the grammar (which is usually confoundedly bad); we don't know what it is, but there is a something which invariably lays naked the pretender within the first ten minutes. Nor must it be imagined that we insist upon the writers being bruisers. We scarcely expect them to be regular *habitués* at the cover-side. But we look for an evidence of former capacity, and a heart and inclination to do again what they have probably done before. No man can make a mistake, in all the current nonsense of the day, as to the case of Delmé Radcliffe, Scrutator, Whyte Melville: these men are really sportsmen, practical professors of the great science. We may not go the length of endorsing every article of their creed; but there can be no mistake about the propriety of regarding with attention anything written by such distinguished patrons of the sport. It is a remarkably happy circumstance that these men can still write, because, when they do so, it is for the public good. A man may have no capacity for riding to hounds, but he may be theoretically acquainted with his subject, and may be enabled to give some excellent advice. He may, moreover, carry

with his pen an appearance of hard riding which is difficult to detect from the real article. This is a great art, and will go far to deceive even the writer himself, who by long practice will not unfrequently persuade himself that he is what he has long endeavoured to make himself appear. But your real impostor is the man whose whole knowledge is acquired by pure cram: by conversation about 'well-placed shoulders,' 'short legs,' 'thighs and hocks,' 'a quick thing,' 'catching scent,' 'tight by the head,' 'round feet,' 'flashy,' 'heads up,' 'sterns down,' 'Jack Musters,' and the 'Beaufort blood,' with a hundred other phrases, to which he attaches just as much importance as we do to a halfpenny on Waterloo Bridge, which saves the necessity of changing any larger coin. This conventional humbug is being found out, and as the number of hunting men increases is more likely to be at a discount. There is great pleasure in reading the accounts of a practical man; for one is never shocked by his exaggerations. The only fault into which he is apt to fall is a little egotism; and even that may be placed to an excusable enthusiasm common to Pomponius Ego and other great writers, together with an independence of grammar which indicates more regard for his subject than for the manner of treating it. The majority of writers on hunting are as ignorant of its real merits as the bookmakers of the points of a horse: though the latter are as careful never to display their ignorance on this head, as they are particular in guarding their knowledge on every other.

The 1st of November of every year brings its pains and penalties with its recurring pleasures. In every field some changes and gaps are observable, which euphemism forbids us to mention by any other name. It is true their places are filled, more than filled, by younger and fresher forms; and this infusion of fresh blood is one of the conditions of life to which all are subject. The world likes novelty; and as to teaching, if there were no new scholars there would be but little necessity for a master. Unless, indeed, the thrice-told tale has been so badly told that it shares the fate of a parish sermon, and can afford to be repeated with as little chance of recognition.

We have no desire to be exclusive; and therefore we shall speak of hunting without reference to locality, excepting where circumstances point to this or that country 'to point a moral or adorn a tale.' These are as diverse in their requirements as in their physical conditions; and though a sportsman is a sportsman and a hunter is a hunter from the Holderness to the West of Devon, there exist gentle gradations of manner, pace, degree, even of costume, on which a book, instead of an article, would require to be written. Here we have the first-flight man in a grass country, impatient of control, and knowing that his best chance of seeing a run is in getting a lead and keeping it: one who places his dependence in twenty-five minutes of the best pace and the powers of a flyer: who must be alongside of the leading hounds, unless he cares to enjoy the ignominious pleasures of society through the gaps and the hand-gates rather than the select company of half a dozen of the best men

in England. Pleasant will be his retrospect if he look back upon a struggling crowd scattered far and wide over the vale he has left behind. On he goes, light of hand and heart, with every confidence in the boldness of his horse; now negotiating a stiff post and rails, anon crashing amongst the still living growers of a thick bullfinch, or landing with a struggle over fourteen feet of water; or perchance discovering himself, by a sudden swing of the pack, well in advance of the leading hounds, and making his way, very little short of the fox himself, to the well-known gorse on the side of the hill. We do not altogether approve of this style of performance; but, alas! it happens but too frequently to the purest intentions when they are aided by an enthusiasm too common in the Midland counties.

In these days, for every man who hunted thirty years ago there are now at least ten. Everything combines to make foxes run short and men ride hard. Increased cultivation, the stocking of fields, the high breeding of horses, and the competition which has taken the place of sportsmanship. In the provinces this performance is not appreciated. There we have a picture of an opposite kind. A compulsory patience, which waits on a woodland fox; good deep holding land, which forbids rash youth to indulge in 'cutting down' the field; and a cramped style of fencing, which demands less pace and more deliberation. The Master's task is easier. He has neither occasion to restrain impetuosity, nor necessity for freeing himself from a crowd too indiscriminating to be safe. Ignominy is not attached to riding with hounds instead of before them; and the knowledge that one horse will have to answer the purposes of the day is a check upon inconsiderate defiance of a hunter's powers. When all have a chance of seeing a run, no man need fear to be one of the two hundred and fifty that are sure to be left behind.

If a man must hunt in a sticky plough with impracticable fences and a moderate scent, he ought to enjoy some advantages in return; and he does so. He is not compelled to ride for his life, as soon as the fox breaks, to avoid being ridden over. He may take a line of his own, without going half a mile round to get it. He is not hallooed at by the Master of the Hounds (there used to be a few exceptions to this rule), nor cut off by the crowd in the road when attempting to lead. He is not obliged to fight for a place in a gateway, to be eternally begging one man's pardon and cursing another, to come forth with the loss of a whip, a torn boot, and a damaged kneepan. His horse neither runs away with him, nor into somebody else; and if an accident does happen, he has plenty of sea-room to steer in. When once away with the hounds it is his own fault if he does not see the run, if his horse is good enough, and the country practicable: a happiness which only happens to the very *élite* of the Shires, and that when hounds go such a pace that nothing even second-rate can live with them. He may have as much or as little society as he pleases, if he only ride fairly and keep out of the way of mischief to the hounds; which in provincial countries is

regarded as a hanging matter, and in the Shires is of so common occurrence that it is difficult to know whether the hounds or the horsemen are hunting the fox. It is easy to do all this, for his horse will be probably, like himself, a little slow, and will endure with patience that eternal tallyhoing and too-tooing which is the characteristic of a woodland county. Both these are conditions of fox-hunting: some men prefer the one, some the other. It is quite a matter of taste—somewhat modified by pocket and pluck. If a rich man, with plenty of nerve, you can have no choice. The Midland counties against the world. Your pocket will procure you the only efficient sort of horse for crossing such a country, and your heart will tell you the best way to set about it. If you are a poor man, and fond of hunting, try a more modest locality, where you will see more of the sport, and where your horses will come oftener at rather less expense. It's all very well for men to talk over the dinner-table about what has been done by cheap horses with really good men on them; but it is a very exceptional case to see 50*l.* showing his heels to 250*l.*, except in a closely-packed gateway. We ourselves have had many opportunities of proving both; and, without pretending to be fastidious, we much prefer the latter. If you are so unfortunate as to have neither money nor pluck, stop at home—it will suit you best—and be as dignified as Achilles in his tent before Troy. There are plenty of men with money and without nerve who must hunt as a fashionable amusement: we think there must be a large sprinkling of these in the Quorn, Tailby's, and the Pytchley countries. They are quite right to go there. The ride from cover to cover is always cheerful and over grass; the gates are accommodating; society first-class; and as long as they are well got-up about the breeches and boots nobody cares one sixpence whether they have jumped one fence or twenty. That glaring vulgarity of comparing notes as to prowess in the hunting-field is now confined to the Universities; and the capacity of the horses, if called in question, may always be settled at Market Harborough about the end of the season.

Nothing proves so incontestably the wide difference between Essex, Surrey, Northamptonshire, Devon, and Hampshire, as the powers of a horse over each. The man who buys a horse *to be made a hunter*, will necessarily select one which can be made to go in either: in every country ride a hunter, the very best you can get. The more accomplished, the fewer number of falls, and the greater chance of sport. It is true that three days out of four you may be pottering about, and wondering why you have wasted your substance by such an unprofitable outlay; but then comes the one day, on which you see the hacks over-fenced, the half-bred ones outpaced, and the cheap ones, with the cobs and ponies, nowhere. The form and quality of a real hunter is everywhere the same: his education is everywhere different; and it is as reasonable to expect a horse that has been taught to go a moderate pace at his fences and to extend himself upon all occasions, to begin creeping by instinct.

as it would be marvellous to find a bank-country horse with an intuitive knowledge of a blind Northamptonshire ditch, or a Leicestershire ox-fence. Form and quality existing, it is easy to correct the peculiarities of education at the expense of an occasional cropper; unless the habits of life be too firmly fixed for eradication: in this case, as a constant succession of falls is not only undignified but unprofitable, get another horse with the mark of your adopted country upon him. If, therefore, you are a resident, or an habitual visitor, in any particular locality, and wish for a made hunter, *i. e.*, if you desire to have all the pleasure of riding hard without its risks or anxieties, appear in the field with horses that know not only *their* own business, but your business too; which is to ride alongside of the hounds, waiting for no man to give you a lead, but taking every practicable obstacle with as much confidence, and more elegance, than your brother-sportsmen on the Brighton downs. If, on the contrary, a man buys young horses, and intends at once to ride them, the less they have been taught the better for him, excepting it be the use of their legs, by a hand-rein. The use and not abuse of this simple instrument is not sufficiently appreciated; but most Irish horses have early and judicious instruction with it, and the consequence is, that they come to hand more quickly and more effectively than our own. This is no place for the description of a horse's points: they have been printed and published some thousands of times; and if the sportsman does not know them already, it is too late to begin to study them on the 1st of November. Only remember there is a difference between an embryo-weight carrying hunter and a coach-horse, which everybody does not seem to know.

Every man carries about with him a letter of recommendation in his personal appearance. All are not so fortunate as to possess the Apollo-like perfections of A., or the natural elegance of B.; but there is scarcely a man living who cannot modify his natural ugliness, or smooth down the asperities of an ungainly figure, by a proper attention to dress. This is true of all times and circumstances, but doubly so of the hunting-field. A young gentleman, unless he be by position placed above all criticism (and we have not yet met with that fortunate individual), may have a steed of priceless value, he may be the most accomplished performer over a country, and the most admirable proficient in his development of gastronomy; but as it takes time to discover these good qualities, we recommend something more tangible at his first appearance at Kirkby Gate. Manners make the man; but the latter has a great deal to do with the manufacture of the gentleman. In certain out-of-the-way corners, devoted to the *belle science*, it is difficult to persuade men that a good hat is an essential part of a sportsman's attire. We are not surprised that men, who are not quite at home in the details of the toilette, should have become bewildered amid the multiplicity of caps, coalheavers, and wideawakes, which decorate the skulls of the rising generation. There is a shabby economy in anything but a good hat in the hunting-field, which the most consummate good-

nature can but regard as an eccentricity. It is a mild term for such vagaries of fashion; and it ought to be clear that if a man can give a Leicestershire price for his horses, he can afford at least a handsome account with Messrs. Locke, or Lincoln and Bennett. What can a hat or two more or less signify? can the saving of the pocket be put in competition with the saving of the head? Comfort we always regard as another name for economy; and unless an unfortunate is condemned to pass his winter in riding through blackthorns and hazel coppices, we know of nothing equal in comfort or appearance to our beloved chimney-pot. Years ago, even in the Shires, a vain attempt was made to adopt the old-fashioned cap. It converted masters into men, and left upon the mind an unpleasant impression of universal professionalism. This, however, was an effort of dandyism compared to the vulgarity of the modern skull-cap, which reminds us of *dust-ho* more than of *tally-ho*; and if safety is only to be purchased by anticipating the 5th of the current month of November, we recommend risk and respectability together. *Credite expertis*, a hat is the safest venture in which the embryo sportsman can embark.

‘There’s nothing like leather.’ The man who broached that sentiment must have been a practical fox-hunter. If there is anything like it, eschew the counterfeit, and stick to the real thing: only mind they don’t stick to you. They may do so if you indulge in a cold bath in the Wissendine or the Spratton brook: this is their single disadvantage. Drab wollen cords have a rough-and-ready look, and seem to foreshadow efforts at business; but white ones are sadly suggestive of the domestic laundry. They are occasionally seen in the Home counties, and at the Argyll Rooms; but we have not met with any of late years ourselves. They have been mostly bought up by Nathan and Co.; and one pair is in the British Museum as a relic of mediæval barbarity. Boots are of all colours, from the purest white to the darkest brown, through every degree of pale straw, gamboge, and a delicate pink. Avoid the last, as being too much of the champagne and apricot-jam order. They are very good for second horsemen, and may be allowed to your coachman, as a morning costume, in the height of the season. Brown have obtained a marked distinction among hard men; we prefer light straw, but they require infinite attention on the part of your valet; and anything approaching a streaky look on your tops suggests an undue mixture of the yolk of the egg with the white, not mentioned in any recipe for external application. When Bartley took pains, a good butcher-boot was the best substitute for a perfect top; and we have seen a great deal of execution done in them by professional men and quiet parsons, who have an idea that a modest get-up, like a mourning coach after the funeral, may conceal a deal of sport. Hunting is one of those things in which everything depends on management and nothing on cheapness. The expenditure of a few pounds more or less on boots and breeches ought to be no consideration. And like most other things the best tradesmen from your

saddle to your boot-soles is the truest economy in the long run. We ought to state, by the way, that no man with large calves—that is, with a finely-developed leg—ought to hunt. He might, with a sporting turn, do well enough in the prize ring, or at the Lord Mayor's Show; but he should confine himself in ordinary life to trousers. In a modern ball-room his characteristic is thrown away; in the hunting-field it is a positive misfortune. The cleverest man alive could not put on boots and breeches properly under these untoward circumstances, and the most that could be done would be to exhibit his talents in the concealment of his deformity. The vulgarest thing alive is a leg. It is properly discarded from the upper crust of society, and belongs to prize-fighters, London footmen, City aldermen, captains of militia, and an occasional bishop of the Low party: no one of whom ought to go out hunting. A good leg is a perfectly straight one with a gentleman's foot at the end of it; a fine leg is another pair of shoes, and out of place, except at the Opera House. The reader will excuse our dissertation on legs; but these conditions are essential to a perfect toilette.

There is a vast difference between a sportsman and a sporting-man; but a young gentleman in a turn-down collar in the hunting-field looks like neither one nor the other. The 'Gentleman in Black' can hardly be presumed to know much about colour; so that we shall be silent on that head, leaving the neckcloth for a display of taste: we shall only suggest that it cover the throat. The predominant fashion of narrow neckcloths and long bony thoraces suggests everything horrible from the guillotine to the vulture, and looks as if those throats which escaped the knife were destined for breaking over stiff timber. We should be sorry to see an universally adopted quiet and correct taste; as hunting-fields would become tame excepting during the enjoyment of the chase: and a guy is quite as necessary as was a court jester at any other pageant of the barbarous ages. Still we have been frequently requested to gratify the public with our opinions on the subject of dress; and, without believing in our infallibility, we venture to drop these disjointed hints for the benefit of those who need them.

But all this is of no avail: the first artists may have been employed on the material, the hand of a master may have shaped the faultless leathers, Bartley *redivivus* may have superintended the length of the tops and the thickness of the soles, Stultz may have dropped the skirt in his most graceful fall from the shoulders to the hips, the waistcoat may be a paragon of art and colour and shape, the whip may have been selected with a care worthy of a state coachman; but if the owner of these separate valuables does not know what to do with them, how to draw on the one, button the other, or carry the last, they would as well have served a scarecrow or a *chasseur Anglais* at a *bal masqué*. There can scarcely be conceived a more embarrassing situation than that of an ingenuous spooney confronting for the first time a pair of leather breeches and top-boots, without the aid of his valet. We pity the contortions

which bring down the buttons first in front, like a job-groom, and then behind, like nothing on earth, to meet the requirements of a well-looped top. Then, too, how painful to behold are those intervals of stocking, '*intervalla vides humanæ commoda*,' as Horace hath it, like a coolness between friends, who by nature were never intended to be separate! If you were to behold, let us say, the wife of your best friend, in the midst of her exertions at a county ball, to fly at all points, hooks starting out of their eyes, and eyes out of their heads, '*risum teneatis, amici?*' Certainly not. How much more ridiculous, therefore, is it for thee, O man, to come into action thus badly caparisoned! To the accidents of the chase we can allow any latitude: you may go home bootless, coatless, hatless, headless if you will, like the shreds and patches which retire from the last waltz at Lady ——'s; but pray, like them, give us evidence of your capability to dress yourself decently for the fray. Loop up your boots so that they may be on speaking terms with your breeches, and, if you have a preference, *loop them up behind*.

If dress is essential as a letter of recommendation, and it is desirable to look like a sportsman (not a sporting-man), it is equally desirable that the fruit should be equal to the blossom, the fulfilment to the promise. For this purpose, when you view the fox, allow him to get as far from the covert as seems reasonable before you begin to hallo: in this case you may quicken his pace, but you will not send him back, an achievement more frequently accomplished than extolled. Getting well away is a great art, and no doubt the fox prides himself upon it as much as you. When hounds have really settled, then will be your own time to begin. Do not ride after them, but if possible in the inside of them (not the hounds but their circle). Keep your eye on the leading hounds, *when you shall have been able to distinguish them*; and this will be a much surer mode of avoiding mischief than if, with blind enthusiasm, you scatter the pack. A man may ride with great safety well forward if he be wide of the line; but a gentleman between the body of the hounds and the fox, however well dressed and mounted, is out of place. We can give you hundreds of instances of good goers, who are always forward enough, but who do less mischief than others, who are always behind them. There are Mr. Villiers, Lords Wilton, and Clanricarde, Mr. Knightley, Mr. Gilmour, Mr. Whyte Melville, Captain Clarke, Mr. Carnegie, Lords Cardigan, Hopetoun, Suffield, and hundreds whom it is needless to mention. Hounds on a cold scent dislike being pressed upon; you can do little harm, if you give them room to hunt. It is needful to observe that if you surround them, which is not uncommon in the Shires, you can have no sport at all. On a good scenting day, with a straight running fox, you can do as you please: our advice is to take the best place you can get, and to keep it. Your conduct in a gateway, or a gap, which is sometimes inevitable, should be distinguished by a happy mixture of the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*. Be as polite as possible, but hold your own. Urbanity is the marrow of



determination. Don't say, as some do, 'he kicks;' this cry of wolf may frighten those behind, without dispersing those in front; try 'he bites;' that may quicken the motions of your predecessors. A hunting-field always reminds us of life. There is a way of *lubricating* your road over a country, making your point silently and stealthily without being seen or heard of, and elbowing with such dexterity as to meet with no rebuffs. You may run up against your neighbours, riding over some, and being ridden over by others, alternately cursing and cursed, ever in a hurry but never making progress. This is very like the way of the world. A few bold and ardent spirits there are, ready to achieve greatness by the force of character, who, taking an independent line, surmount first one difficulty then another, sometimes coming to grief, oftener to glory, who in their very defeats are greater than they who seek to follow rather than to lead. And there is the great mass, content with bare existence, entirely out of the run, and desiring only to enjoy a peaceable mediocrity, and who obtain their desire. Assuredly the field and the world have a great resemblance to one another.

We hear not unfrequently of the dangers of fox-hunting. There is but little pleasure in this world without risk or responsibility. Amusements are not enhanced by the prospect of breaking your neck, but it is certainly not lessened by the possibility of doing so. This has, notwithstanding, been sufficiently guarded against by experience, skill in horsemanship, common prudence, and judgment, and liberality in the matter of a stud. How very, very seldom does a really serious accident occur! We don't believe in the cherub aloft over the fox-hunter; but we feel great confidence in the common-sense of mankind. The notion, however, that pleasure is enhanced by danger has taken so extraordinary a hold of the farmers, and the ordinary risks of the field seem to offer so small a percentage on the outlay, that they have hit upon an expedient for rendering the fact more palpable than hitherto. That expedient is no other than 'wire-fencing.' If it were possible to conceive one more deadly enemy to the sports of the field, in which horseflesh is concerned, than another, it would be found in an invention against which neither horsemanship, eyesight, prudence, or courage can be of any avail—such is 'wire-fencing.' Put up your blackthorn, dig deep your ditches, strengthen your post and rails, let hog-backed stiles abound; broad be the brook, and even rotten the banks which Nature loves to fashion: all these and much more may be surmounted by a well-mounted man with his heart and hands in the right place. But who shall be proof against the deadly fall that lurks in 'wire-fencing?' This insidious enemy to fox-hunting has now made inroads into the very heart of Northamptonshire and Leicestershire. That some of the provinces should have suffered from the ignorance or malice of those who love ease and indolence better than the sports of the field, and whose taste for turkey poults and spring chickens shuts their eyes to the greater advantages of a pack of foxhounds and its concomitants, might well have been expected. The increased value of

timber, and the cheapness of iron might blind those who had no great deal to expect from the sale of horses, the employment of a population, or a market for hay, straw, oats, and old beans, to the selfishness of shutting off the sportsmen of a county from trespassing upon their fields, at the risk of their lives. But that persons so apparently involved in all the details and consequences of hunting establishments, as the Leicestershire and Northamptonshire farmers, should have committed so deliberate an act of suicide, is marvellous. We have heard of the man who 'cut his throat with a pane of glass, and stabbed his donkey arter,' but we scarcely expected to find 'wire-fencing' the acknowledged instrument of *felo de se*, involving the destruction of a large amount of horseflesh into the bargain. It is a curious response that we obtain to an inquiry as to 'who are the aggressors?' The farmers or cultivators (not, as we say, of some out-of-the-way district, where fox-hunting is the exception, but) of the heart of the midland counties. There, under the nose of Lords Spencer and Stamford, and Mr. Tailby, this outrage flourishes. Is it possible to conceive that these men themselves are sportsmen?—that not a very few of them once prided themselves upon the horses they rode, and the way they rode them; upon the prices they were enabled to ask of the noblemen by whom they were surrounded, or of the dealers who now cater for them? Is it of so little value to have a ready market for every sort of grain; for hay and straw; and to save their pockets by the employment of an industrious population, in the hunting stables, which abound, instead of harbouring idleness in the union workhouses? Are horses become so cheap, or farmers so independent of their landlords and the squirearchy of England, that they can afford to do without them as purchasers or supporters? If the cultivators of the soil in the midland counties desire to get rid of the reputation they have hitherto enjoyed, or to forego the advantages by which they have hitherto profited, they cannot speak in plainer language than by the erection of 'wire-fencing.'

But it may be supposed that the dangers are exaggerated—that these fences occur so seldom, or are so innocuous to the sportsman, that the balance of their cheapness far outweighs the risk to others of their erection. So far from this being the case, they have become legion-like in numerous parts of Mr. Tailby's country, and have increased to a great extent in all parts of the Quorn and the Pychley. Mr. Studd of Hallaton killed his horse, if we mistake not, at the beginning of last season, near Langton Hills; Mr. Angell was laid up, by a wire since removed, for some weeks; Mr. Whyte Melville injured himself and a favourite mare by a fall near Husband's Bosworth; and James Mason is quite prepared to give evidence as to their efficiency near Horninghold, in Mr. Tailby's country, where there appears to be a network spread (not 'in the sight of the birds') for the especial demolition of the unwary. The Duke of Beaufort, within but a few days, has had a narrow escape in the Fitzwilliam country.

But let us ask what has become of the landowners in all this business. Surely they cannot imagine that they have no part to play—that they have no interest in having their sport left intact. Are they going to remain ‘dumb dogs’ while their lives are endangered and their recreation destroyed by their own tenants? If ever there was a landlord’s question this is one. But they have not remained silent. No! certainly they have not; and to their remonstrance we only hope the farmers will give ear. They have spoken in the mildest terms, but have placed in unmistakable light the fact that ‘if this custom become general it will entirely put an end to ‘fox-hunting.’ It is not probable that it should become general, because the farmers who are themselves sportsmen can scarcely be absurd enough to countenance the practice; and it ought to be equally manifest to all of them, sportsmen or not, that they benefit in an eminent degree by the numbers and wealth of those who make those counties their head-quarters during the winter—a time of year when the assistance they afford indirectly and directly to every species of labour and charity is peculiarly needful.

And who are those landowners who have thus remonstrated?—some hole-and-corner proprietors of a few score of acres? In the middle of last month they numbered about fifty of the most influential noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, including the Duke of Rutland, the Earls Spencer, Listowell, Eglinton, Lords Bateman, Curzon, Gardner, Ingestrie, and others; Sir Charles Isham, Sir John Trollope, Sir W. Hartopp; Messrs. Villiers, Cust, Isted, Stirling Crawford, Rainald Knightley, Whyte Melville, and a vast array of the talent and aristocracy of the Quorn and Pytchley. We expect to see a return to ordinary fencing this season. If the names of these gentlemen have no weight, it remains for them to act; and if any one will take the initiative there can be no question of success. To this issue, however, it will not come. The farmers have sense enough, and good feeling enough, we hope, to see the mischief they are brewing; and it wants only a good example or two to clear the country of these offensive obstacles. The nuisance has existed long enough, and must now come to an end; and the present circular, which has been going the round of the countries in question, is a step in the right direction, which may have the desired effect. We should strongly recommend to every country thus infested the admirable step which has been taken in the hunting counties of England; and we believe that, excepting close by London, where the peculiarity of the population forbids unanimity, the attempt would be attended with the happiest results. So much for the *fall in iron*.

We are beginning this season, and ‘The Sport of Kings’ continues to require a princely revenue. The price of horses has now reached such a pitch that but few poor men grace the cover-side. There are two reasons for this—the enormous demand for horses of all kinds, and the immense difficulty of procuring them good. There are horses here and there to be found of great value, but

they command a perfectly fabulous price, and are then hard to meet with. Many are perhaps never thoroughly tried, and thus pass for better than they really are. The custom of riding two in a day is very advantageous to an impostor; and if he can live through his quick thirty minutes without falling, the question of his coming again need never be mooted. He is sent home to wait his next turn, or is sold for a large price as an undeniably good animal. The peculiar excellence of a hunter he just misses; for the endurance we prize so highly is never tested, except by accident. Not a great many years past, sixty, seventy, and one hundred guineas commanded a sufficiently good horse for any country, unless he was expected to carry weight: to-day double and treble that price is given for horses, and not unfrequently for very moderate performers. Still they must be had; and all we can recommend the intended purchaser to do is to take the best he can get, and not to grumble about the money. Hunting is one of those things which can't be done cheaply. There is no such thing as economy in the price of your stud, whatever there may be in the management of your stable; and the man who is compelled to practise it must content himself with some milder sphere of action than the Shires.

By-the-way, in talking of the Shires, we are reminded of two changes, both of which must be regarded with considerable regret—the retirement of Lord Stamford, whose place is occupied by Mr. Clowes, and the temporary absence of Lord Spencer from the Pytchley. In the latter case, we have to add to our natural regret for the loss of so good and popular a Master sincere sorrow for the cause. Let us trust that Lord Spencer's health may be quickly re-established by his winter's sojourn in a less variable climate, and that he may return to Althorp to resume the duties of Master, which have never been more efficiently or more conscientiously fulfilled than by him. In the meantime we wish Mr. Villiers and Mr. Knightley every comfort in the responsibilities which they have undertaken. If experience has anything to do with the business these gentlemen can make no mistake: they know well the bed of roses a Pytchley field has always presented to the bewildered Master; and as example is better than precept, we feel sure that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, neither of these gentlemen will ever be found more than one field and a half ahead of the hounds.

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## THE SIRES OF THE DAY.

### NO. I.—NEWMINSTER.

WITH the month of October drops the curtain on the legitimate racing season of the year. The old story of Frank Buckle regaling himself on roast goose to celebrate the last evening of the Houghton Meeting, and the end of his labours for the year, is well known; and in those days no one dreamt of braving the cold and damp of November at a race gathering. Now times are in this respect

changed for the worse ; and used-up horses and wearied trainers are called upon to hang on at country meetings till a fortunate frost puts a veto on their further speculative labours.

The pages of 'Baily' have been the faithful chronicle of the ups and downs of the racing season ; and should memory want a fillip on subjects gathered to the past, a short ride in the '*well-filled Van*' will not fail to resuscitate the past.

If, then, we let the pages of 'Baily' and 'Weatherby' repose for a while on the shelf ; forget the names, weights, and colours, and grant the racehorse his well-earned winter's rest ; can we do better than during the winter months recal for a space, and marshal before our readers the various sires who have, during the past eight months, been adding to their laurels by the oft-repeated victories of their progeny ? By some it is held that every thoroughbred horse is well bred enough to be the sire of winners. This is partially true, but an erroneous doctrine for the breeder to follow. The more great stakes winners a horse can boast in his pedigree, the more valuable is his breed, and the more certain is he to be the sire of future great winners.

I propose, therefore, in some few chapters, to take in succession the 'crack sires' of the day. I wish or intend 'nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice ;' but as clearly as I can, to put the pedigrees and performances before my readers, that they may judge how far, why and wherefore, the sires we hold of so great account are worthy our high esteem and patronage.

Sterling merit in the racehorse is, in some way or other, certain to show itself, as much as in the human species ; and, despite the everlasting stories of 'pulling ;' 'not going for the rowdy,' and other elegant slang terms, I am persuaded every first-rate racehorse is, in the course of his career, shown in his true colours. One great mistake, so often committed by all, is the expectation that horses are always to run alike, and up to the same 'form.' The most honest trainer, and the most honest horse, cannot always command equal success even under the same circumstances. Independent of different styles of racecourses, travelling, &c., the variations in health must be taken into account, even among the best-constituted animals. A horse, like a man, without being positively ill, may yet feel on some days far less elastic and capable of exertion than on others. Weather, too, has no little to do with the running of some, especially thick-winded horses. Fisherman never ran well under a hot sun, and when he ran with his tongue out was always below the mark. But one of the most singular points in the natures of racehorses, is the powers they possess of going certain courses, *i. e.*, distances, in first-rate style ; but put them even a few yards out of that distance, and they are useless. Many a one is brilliant over the Half Ab. M., and runs away from all competitors ; put the same animal to do the T.Y.C., and it is beaten easily. Of this class I have often remarked they are, not as one would naturally suppose, thin delicate weeds, but well-knit, compact animals, ex-

hibiting that frame, which appears made for distance. Miss Julia, a mare that runs on, year after year, and has won more half-mile races than any one of the day, is in shape the *beau-idéal* of a weight-carrying, distance stayer. She is, too, by Harkaway, who could go any distance; yet, beyond her half-mile, she is very bad. All the Hesperus stock are wonderful half-milers, and fine horses; but can't go beyond, so are the Orlandos', taking after their dam Vulture. Fandango again, who always shone most over a distance of ground, gets stock, which can only run half-miles, if we except Lioness, the late Cæsarewitch winner. Some horses again can go the mile, but beyond that appear to lose all their racing powers.

Thunderbolt, about the strongest and firmest made horse we possess, and bred to stay, yet never achieved any great victory over the mile. Yet his speed was terrific, and his frame equal to carry any weight. How are these apparent anomalies to be accounted for? It can hardly be said that their organs of respiration become exhausted, as on pulling up, I have frequently watched them, in order to test if they could be more blown than further staying ones; yet have ever failed to detect any especial distress. No; it must be that the muscles and nervous system of certain horses cannot bear a continued strain on them, and the power of the heart becomes so diminished, in consequence, that there is a failing of power, which invariably takes place in a race at a given time. If many of these speedy, short-runners, are taken to other tasks, such as steeple-chasing and hunting, they often prove able to 'go on.' Such an one is Emblem, who last season ran away with all the steeple-chases at four miles, beating all competitors; yet she was but a half-miler on the racecourse. However, despite these inconsistencies, as a general rule we may receive with confidence in breeding for the turf the axiom 'that like begets like.' If we breed from horses like Hesperus, we may expect speedy horses, but not stayers. Our chief desideratum is, however, endurance combined with speed, and it should be the principal aim of the breeder to use especially those stallions and mares which have shown such powers; and the more stout ancestors in a pedigree we can go back to, and the more *celebrated winners* (especially of the Derby and St. Leger) we can find, so much the more certain are we to insure a breed above plating form, and whose names we may hope to see enrolled in the Derby, St. Leger, and Cup columns. Nor is it the sire and dam only that should be considered. If they do not (however good in themselves) represent a line of good ones, there is no security for the excellence of their produce. In the early days of breeding racehorses, a century or more back, very close breeding was the custom, not so much from choice, as from the small number of high-class sires. So, if we analyze our pedigrees, we shall see that in the sixth generation they had among their *thirty-two* grandsires and granddams, the same names recurring over and over again.

Every horse numbers among the thirty-two grandsires and dams, Eclipse, Highflyer, and Herod many times over. If we go back

three or four generations further, in some cases, the same sire appears the fountain-head of each line. The Godolphin Arabian is to be traced in every single line, either on sire or dam side, in Voltigeur.

In some of our most crack blood even incestuous alliances are not uncommon. In Newminster's pedigree there is a remarkable instance.

His dam Beeswing was by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan, grand-dam (foaled 1813) Lady Eliza by Whitworth. Whitworth was by Agonistes. Agonistes (foaled 1797) was got by Sir Peter Teazle (1784) by Highflyer, by Herod, out of Wren (1783) by Woodpecker, by Herod.

Sir Peter Teazle and Wren being both out of Papillon, who was by Snap, so that they were almost brother and sister.

But it is of Newminster that I would fain speak first and foremost of all our racing sires. 'Good wine needs no bush;' and the best descendant of Touchstone is undoubtedly Newminster.

Many horses shone on the Turf with greater brilliancy than our hero, yet when fit and well he was all over a racehorse. His owner, with a very laudable, but ill-judged wish to have him run when not fit at York, destroyed his chance of winning there, and he was beat by a bad horse, Calculator; but when The Wizard took him in hand for the St. Leger, he brought him to the post (as he only can do), and showed by his beating Aphrodité and a large field of horses that he possessed high racing powers. In the 300 sovs. stake at Goodwood he also showed the enduring powers of his dam. No doubt from having thin feet, he could not bear the same severe preparations as some can; and in the Chester Cup, when going all over like a winner, his leg gave way, and so ended his racing career. Newminster combines the muscular power of Touchstone with the elegance of Beeswing; and it is evident that never did that blood mix so well as in this instance. His brother, the black horse Nannykirk, winner of the 2000 gs., went abroad, and left no stock in England. What his chances have been, I have been unable to ascertain; but his stock appear in the foreign lists as not unfrequent winners. Newminster is now fifteen years old. He was bought by the Rawcliffe Company in 1856, for 1300*l.*, having the year previously stood at Tickhill. Very shortly after he came into the hands of the company, the Russian Government made an offer approaching 3000*l.* for him; but as the company stood out for the whole of the 3000*l.*, the negotiation luckily came to an end, and the horse remained at Rawcliffe. His frame and make are worthy the study of an artist. In height he barely reaches 15 hands 2 inches, his girth is 6 feet 2 inches, and he measures from the point of his shoulder to his hind-quarters, 16 hands 3 inches, so that he is 5 inches longer than he is high. He is only 31½ inches from the brisket to the ground. Probably there is not in existence a horse on such short legs with so much length. In addition to this very strong and symmetrical frame, he possesses the finest temper, good

colour, and an intelligent well set-on head. As I hold much to a well-descended pedigree, I should not, perhaps, select Newminster's as one so full of crack winners as some I could mention: it embraces a large combination of north and south country strains; but has none of the Blacklock family. Through Camel, Whalebone, Waxy, Pot8os; and through Master Henry Orville, Benningboro', King Fergus, it goes direct in two lines up to Eclipse, whilst through Selim and Boadicea, by Alexander, it goes again up to Eclipse in two lines and with fewer generations. Then through Touchstone, on Beeswing's side, the lines run up by Dr. Syntax to Pagnator, Trumpeter, and Conductor, and again to Eclipse through Benningboro'; through Lady Eliza (foaled 1813) by dam of Beeswing, the blood of Whitworth, Spadille (a Leger winner), Agonistes is added, each going up to Highflyer, Herod, and Eclipse. Through Ardrossan and X. Y. Z. the lines also run into short families. In fact, it is a pedigree which embraces a wider selection of blood than almost any other.

Newminster was put to the stud in 1855. The first batch of his foals

In 1856 were	. . .	23
1857 "	. . .	21
1858 "	. . .	29
1859 "	. . .	20

In 1860 were	. . .	39
1861 "	. . .	32
1862 "	. . .	39

In 1858 his two-year olds came out, and the pages of the Calendar of that year make mention of 9 winners. In 1859 his winners were 24, of which 9 were two-year olds. In 1860, 22 winners, 9 two-year olds. In 1861, 30 winners, 6 two-year olds. In 1862, 31 winners, 13 two-year olds.

The Ardrossan mare, dam of Beeswing, bred many other good runners, and by various sires. Ardrossan was by John Bull, out of Miss Whip, Volunteer, dam by Wimbledon, who was by Evergreen, out of Sister to Calash, by Herod.

Tomboy, by Jerry, was probably the next best after Beeswing.

As a stud horse, Newminster has gradually gained the highest position, whether we regard the amount of stakes won, the number of winners, or the class of horse he is sire of. Nor should it be overlooked, that not only do his stock come to early maturity and win most of the two-year old engagements, but they also train on, and run well at all ages, even running on to six and seven years old. In addition to Musjid and Lord Clifden (Derby and St. Leger winners), some of the best of his stock are Adventurer, winner of five great races, Nemesis (winner of the 1000 gs.), Ariadne, Rosabel, Actæon, Newcastle (a horse which could stay, and who has a double cross of the Dr. Syntax blood), Gracchus, Aurora, Eskdale, Neophyte, Oldminster, Joey Jones, Adulation, Boabdil (winner of the Goodwood Stakes), Stanton (winner of Ascot Stakes), Kildonan, Imaus, Spencer, Blackcock, Copernicus, Cerintha, Limosina, Onesander, Oscar, Borealis, and a host of minor winners.



His winners of 1863 three-year olds, comprise Lord Clifden, Onesander, Borealis, Cistercian, Gold Dust, Dr. Syntax, Prince Lee Boo, Cerintha, Rudiments, Oscar, Newchurch, Flying Fish, Newmarket, whose winnings amount to about 12,000*l*.

Whilst of two-year old winners his list comprises Creole, Midnight Mass, Cambuscan (winner of July Stakes), Lady Hylda, Eastminster, Vanessa, Saragossa, Attica, Rosina, Ivanhoe, &c., winners of not less than 9000*l*.

That his subscription list should be full at fifty guineas for 1864, need not surprise the general reader of this slight attempt to do so good a horse the justice he deserves.

We possess few horses who combine the many good qualities which are concentrated in 'the Rawcliffe pet.' If the breeder can insure early maturity, and soundness of limb and wind especially, by using a sire like Newminster, he is not likely to leave that cross which is so valuable, for those which often turn out deceptive, because they may not possess equally with him perfect frame, hereditary stoutness, and the highest racing qualifications.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

## THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

### CHAPTER II.

BRAVE old Sally Dee, our dame's trusty servitor! Not that the maid, wife, or widow in question was really old—but habit, like circumstance, 'that unspiritual god and miscreator,' depresses things to a familiar level, if not to one lower still, and the the word 'old' is an ungracious addenda to an article having simply reference to possession and constant association. Brave was a truer characteristic. When Sally had her favourite she stood by him like 'a brick,' which in the 'argot' of the day would mean firmly and truly. We happened to be in that fortunate category. Sally was the right hand, or adjutant, as it were, of Miss Barbara, whose baptismal appellation is for ever linked harmoniously with that of the late Archbishop of Canterbury in the pious quatrain, of which old Etonians preserve an affectionate remembrance.

The choice of a maid-of-all-work suited to the purpose of looking after the wants of the boarders, and in watching over the innocence of the little boys, is not easily made. The requisites are many, and not commonly to be found. The maid titular must be staid and sober (they were usually very fast up town, in the holidays, and good at the tap at any time), and honest above all things. The garment of 'honesty,' which, like that of Moses and Son, is ready-made and warranted to fit general customers, is occasionally damaged by the increase of sinful bulk in the peccant wearer. The coat of many seams is stretched till the said seams start from their propriety, and the rents are not always patched to the satisfaction and honour of the wearer. In these days of latitudinarian

liberality, when even the nomenclature of error has been varied to suit the purpose of the moment, and the station of the offender, who could have the heart to be hard upon an Eton maid-of-all-work for cribbing supernumerary rolls, for concealing an occasional muffin in her crinoline, or sitting down upon a well-measured and broad-bottomed crumpet that belonged rightly to another destination?

We had gained the good-will of Sally Dee, a fair, full-sized abigail in the middle of her fourth decade, by a simple process of seduction, and the agent was clouted cream—a pot of Devonshire cream, rich and racy, brought up fresh from the country at the end of each vacation. At that time, when the so-called fast coaches declined packages and goods, unless belonging to passengers, and when Russell's Exeter waggon took six days to complete the journey to London, a pot of Devonshire cream in the East was a delicious rarity. Even in the hour of its fetor it was honoured by the palate of the Londoner. Now in the kaleidoscope passages of modern life it may be truly said to be a race against time. In this era of electrical rapidity a courteous editor in the urban retreat sits down to his *soupe à l'érrivisse* (not the Channel conger of the Acclimatization Society, but crayfish from Dinant, on the Meuse); a turbot caught that very morning in Torbay (it is always more firm on the second day); a small saddle of Dartmoor mutton (Okehampton, for choice, the first crisp cut of which curls into a circle on the hot plate); raspberry and currant tart with clouted cream from the ancient barony of Totnes, in the South Hams; a lobster from Babbicombe Bay teeming with berries; and a Gruyère cheese from Vevay, weeping, not sweetly, but abundantly, at the melting recollection of the 'Ranz des Vâches:' and then, as the rich Chambertin, quaffed to the convalescence of contributors, flows slowly *con gusto* over the palate, cleansed by the preparatory olives from the Val d'Arno, the memory of Latian echoes—minus the birch—brings on the bland countenance an approving smile, with the mental apostrophe—

'Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.'

Let us bow, nevertheless, with the disciple of Zaradusht, and augur that 'his shadow may never be less;' and let the voice be lifted up as of yore in the nursery hymn of nodding old Watts, and pray that our 'busy bee may improve each shining hour' in gathering sweets from the editorial parterre.

My brother labourer in the vineyard, if thou wilt incline thine ear unto wisdom—yea, if thou criest after Knowledge, and if thou seekest her as silver, ay! even unto gold, and searchest for her quarterly or monthly, as if for hid treasures, never have any dealing with a man of letters, or with one in authority having an imperfect digestion—with one who cannot carry his own worthily and gallantly. Remember Lockhart—consider Titmouse—look at Gladstone, and scan the lines of bilious secretion upon the swarth visage of Bernal Osborne. In what consists the weakness of Earl Russell?—an

unsubstantial middle-piece; and the strength of Palmerston?—vascular docility. Philosophers would teach you that wisdom is seated in the brain, and pastors and masters ‘talk tall’ of Charity, the dam of all virtues, being stabled in the heart. Did you ever, my brother, you whom we would teach in the way of wisdom and lead into the right paths—did you ever find a man constitutionally visited by an acute spasm in his middle regions profuse of benevolence in word or deed? or of being able to prove, amidst griping agony, patiently and successfully, by involved and lengthy deductions, that the square of the hypotenuse was equal to the squares of the two other sides of the triangle, eh? Speak up. Never? To be sure; we knew that would be your answer. Then, again, touching the toilings and the spinnings of the Bombastes Furioso Company, who are not even capable of the common courtesy of throwing guts to a bear, for which they were ‘specially ordained,’ as they have it in the provinces. Well, of them we entirely agree with the sage remark of the patriarch of Idumæa, ‘Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass, or loweth the ox over his fodder?’ And so, the grass and the fodder being parched up and scarce after a long drought, the Bombastes Furioso Company do ululate for that same, and to such a tune, and so fiercely, that we join heartily in the pithy observation of the questionable Pucelle, ‘Et mon âne parle bien!’

On riding over the sixteen-arch bridge on the Slough road near the upper Shooting fields, and as the old college loomed darkly in the waning light, an instinctive foreboding of evil made itself felt. Nothing daunted, however, we passed by the Long Walk. The lower boys were going to their tutors for their lessons, and could only discern by the light of the flickering lamps a ‘gent’ in white cords and tops, on a spicy grey galloway, returning from hunting. They did not recognize their truant form-fellow, who turned boldly into the ‘Christopher’ yard, as became a swaggering stagger. A tap at the wicket of our dame’s brought Sally Dee to the door. The tutor had called six o’clock absence, found that we were still at Eton, and had taken an unwarrantable lark into unknown latitudes. Our name, therefore, was marked in the absence list with sundry malevolent asterisks, to be construed corporally at the next school half, and a strict injunction was left that on our return we should immediately repair to him—the tutor—to account for this audacious misconduct. But Tom Brown the younger was not to be so easily caught by the ‘Slinker.’ A note to our dame, dated from Staines, contained directions for our portmanteau to be given to the bearer, the jolly ostler of the ‘Christopher.’ That matter was settled. Then came the sleeping part. Our room, to carry out the fiction, was locked up *pro forma*. The ‘Christopher’ was not safe, and ‘the mother of the maids’ was too conscientious in the momentous charge of guarding against juvenile indiscretion to allow of our quartering ourselves upon the wide world up town; so we were stealthily admitted by the back stairs, and smuggled into a lumber-

room, spacious and reaching to the roof. In this vast receptacle the old trunks, rickety bedsteads, and every other kind of unwieldy furniture were stowed away. It was the accustomed dormitory of the buxom Sally. Her bed was in one corner, and a temporary couch was made up in the far, far corner for our use. It was as strictly in harmony with the proprieties, with the intervening lumber, as a separate room. At none other of the Royal foundations is such parental assiduity shown to protect the young scapegrace from harm. Ever may it so be.

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‘Donec virenti canities ab est morosa.’

We had no knowledge at that time of the French language, and consequently had not read the Confessions of the driveller Jean Jacques. When, in after years, we did peruse that work, exquisitely written and unblushingly truthful, even to the causation of a sibillant contempt for the pitiful hero, we never could forgive him for his journey on foot from les Charmettes to Fribourg, *en Suisse*, with the pretty soubrette, breakfasting, dining, supping, and sharing together the same apartment, and then parting from the *mignonne*—adieu—with a frigid kiss—the one solitary familiarity. What a sneak! The next morning we were off by cockcrow for the Far West.

The black cloud in the offing does not render the present sunshine less bright. In youth, especially, the certainty of the *mauvais quart d’heure* adds a zest to momentary pleasure, and gives a piquancy that a happier auspice might fail to afford. It generates a determination to enjoy at all cost. Conscience, it is true, brings reflection, yet it is not necessary that it should make the cogitator and self-counsellor a coward. Its healthy action stimulates invention, and furnishes the wherewith to shape future events to advantage without hesitation and compunction.

Our antecedents had not been of that character which would have induced Keate to regard compassionately any divergence from the strict path of scholastic discipline. There was a long score against us. In school matters we went well enough, but out of school we were held to be ‘a bad boy.’ We had saved Lord Porchester from drowning by taking the water at an inopportune time and place, contrary to express ordinance, and we were one of the principal backers in the great fight of Majendie and Dixon. The last was a serious grievance, and an acute sore for the doctor, for he had been prevented having the pleasure of flogging us for the misdemeanour.

The lower boys had been strictly prohibited, when playing at football, from going into the water after the ball if it were kicked out of bounds into the Thames. Some of them had been attacked with serious illness from having so done when in a violent state of perspiration, and the next culprits were threatened with a severe manipulation. The football ground of the lower boys was on the

right-hand side of the road through the playing to the shooting fields, and extended from a tree near Perch Hole to another on the outside of the Fellows' Garden. It was a bright day in November, and the match of our dames against Yonge's was being played. We were keeping goals at the lower end, near Perch Hole.

Porchester had come to see how the fight fared for his dames. He was one of the cleverest boys at Eton, good-natured, and popular with all: he neither played cricket, football, boated, nor joined in games of any kind, yet he subscribed liberally to everything, and was never backward when the *esprit de corps* of his dames was called into question. Having a brilliant memory, and skilled in versification, he was wont to 'spout,' as it is termed, in his light fits of absence and in his solitary walks. On this occasion he had climbed up a tree at Perch Hole behind the goals, and, standing on a bough that overhung the river, was in the middle of his Virgilian heroics, when the branch snapped, and he fell into the river. He could not swim. We jumped in, and a few strokes brought us up to him as he was struggling and being swept out into the stream by the back water. With a convulsive grasp at our neck, he cried, 'Save me!' and, clutching and twisting his legs around us, down we both went into the deep and outer pool. With one foot slightly liberated, we gave a back stroke, and up we came, rolling over and over, and having only time to call out, 'Mangles!' He was playing on the other side, and was one of the boldest and best swimmers at Eton. In he came with a will, and after a little trouble landed both of us safe and sound. Lord Porchester was ill, and stayed out of school for a week; nothing, however, could induce him to give us up or to say how the accident occurred. Through foul play somewhere the story leaked out, and Mangles and ourselves were told to stay by the benevolent doctor one fine morning at twelve o'clock school, and, in despite of the remonstrance of the Rev. B. Drury and C. Yonge, execution was performed according to promise.

A suspicion had arisen that an upper fifth—Dixon—had given some information, and on that account high words ensued between him and Majendie, a lower boy, when Dixon threatened to thrash him. 'You can't,' retorted Majendie; and on Dixon's attempting to strike him, he added, 'I'll fight you.' According to the Eton code of honour, rigidly enforced among the boys, whatever disparity may exist between disputants, when one says, 'I'll fight,' no further blow is permitted, and the event comes off. No lower can fight an upper boy without the sanction of the captain of the school, and there was a demur in this case, from the improbability of Majendie being able to stand up against Dixon, and from the suspicion that it was a lower-boy dodge to avoid a thrashing. However, leave was at last given.

Dixon was in the upper fifth, of a huge, powerful, and clumsy build, and, from his good-nature and simplicity, was designated 'Diddy' Dixon. He was generally liked, and the upper boys, enraged at the presumption of Majendie in attempting to fight, were

unanimous in the hope that the latter would get a proper licking. Majendie was, in the remove, of a wiry and closely-knit frame, well proportioned, active, of determined pluck and stoutness, and capable of giving and receiving any amount of punishment. He sparred well, and took regular lessons of Shaw the Life-Guardsman, who was killed the following year at Waterloo. The quarrel occurred on a Saturday, and the battle was to come off after twelve on the next whole holiday—Tuesday. But the interest in the fight had largely extended. Shaw had mentioned it to some of the officers of the Blues and Life-Guards, who wished to be present, and it was arranged that the battle was to be postponed until the Saturday, after four, of the following week.

Punctually after chapel and absence on the memorable Saturday almost the entire school went into the playing-fields. The ring was formed on the left of the pathway below the wall formerly called Hawtrey's Garden. An objection was made by the sixth form to the presence of Shaw; but as the officers of the Blues undertook that no advice should be given except through the legitimate seconds, the objection was waived, and the battle commenced.

Dixon, dressed in blue trousers, and stripped to his shirt, came up smiling, as if he had the game in his hands. Little Majendie, well knowing that he had a serious work before him, was quiet and calm. He wore grey velveteen shorts and stockings, ankle boots, and was 'neat as paint.' Both had on glazed hats, which at that time were designated by a free-and-easy nomenclature. The practice was objectionable, but was adopted by the Eton boys to distinguish their fight from that of 'the blackguards.'

They looked at each other for a moment. Dixon leant forward in a yokel fashion, with an awkward and open guard, whereas Majendie was nicely balanced in his position, standing firmly on his pins, with his hands well up, and his left forward. He had a great disadvantage in having to fight up to reach his man the whole time. Dixon went in to crush his opponent, which was not so easy, as he backed away from the sledge-hammer blows, and was not to be caught. 'Stand up, you little rascal, and fight like a man—finish 'him out, Diddy, at once!' cried the upper boys. Dixon, thus encouraged, rattled away, and with an uplifted arm gave a heavy chop, hitting over and breaking through Majendie's guard, and bringing him to his knee. (Loud cheers from the big ones.) In a moment Majendie was on his legs, and seeing his opening, sent in one, two, of the sharpest on the nose and eye of Dixon. (First blood, and plenty of it. 'Hurrah!' and hats in the air from the lower boys.) Dixon came up more cautiously, and Majendie was on the move to go in, being rather sprung by the last blow, when he was stopped by the voice of Shaw, 'Wait!' 'Hold your tongue, 'Shaw—at him again, Dixon!' shouted the sixth form, and away he went at it. (Sharpish fighting.) Dixon could not get home to the little one, who parried the attacks with consummate skill; but the small arm had not sufficient weight or power to withstand the

superior force of the heavy blows, and he was getting punished severely about the head and shoulders. Stung by the pain, Majendie began to fight quicker, getting round his man by superior activity, and planting his blows and away again when and as he pleased. The big one was not slack in his punishment, receiving, however, more than he gave, and both were at work ding, dong. Majendie made up his mind to receive a whopper, and went in; he received it bravely, although it staggered him, got within Dixon's guard, peppered him, and placing his foot behind, tripped him up, and delivered a right-and-left facer as he went down, amidst shouts of delight from the lower boys.

Majendie had been fighting fast, and was slightly exhausted, but he was well cared for. Porchester, true and honest fellow! had left his books and had come to support his friend, who was doing battle partly through his means. He had provided brandy, sponge, and all the accessories of a fight. Mangles gave his knee, and Johnny Palk, Dick Watson, ourselves, and a huge Hibernian, Blennerhassett, six feet high, and in the lower fourth, better known as 'Bloody-hatchet,' made him comfortable under the direction of Shaw. Majendie pulled No. 7 to our stroke-oar in the 'Defiance,' and we were especially interested in preserving the honour of the green and white flag, with its motto of 'Labor ipse voluptas.' To be at all applicable to the present occasion it must have received the very largest and most liberal of interpretations.

Dixon came up with his mouth open, the left eye nearly closed, and the right one marked, whereas our man was well to do in the world, and beginning to enjoy life. 'Fight well up, don't throw away a blow, and wait till you are close,' were the injunctions given through his backers by Shaw. According to order Majendie waited for his opportunity, then got in, delivered his one, two, and drew Dixon round the ring. Diddy was beginning to pipe, and to deal out his swinging blows in a round manner and ill-directed. He was tiring. A close, with hard fighting, till Dixon, missing to administer a well-intentioned sokdologer, overbalanced himself in the lunge, and Majendie, stepping aside, hit him with a double cracker clean off his legs. (Long and uproarious cheers from the lower boys, in which the Blues and Life-Guards merrily joined.) It was a sweet right and left, charmingly delivered. (Cheers again and again.)

Dear and peerless mothers of England, you whom we have apostrophized as the beloved and gentle heroines of the apron-string, think of the little cherub now lying on your warm bosom—a 'Diddy,' for instance—whom you fondle and call 'Too!—too!', with its tiny hands, chubby cheeks, and sweet eyes so like its father's, fancy, we say, those dear little features, that darling face smashed into a jelly, and the dulcet eyes knocked blind—right out. 'Cruel boys! wicked boys! little devils! Whip them, Dr. Keate; flog—flog them with all your might and main!' Dear lady, if mountains and seas, and—worse impediment still—years, did not divide us, we

would console you, show you that the tender ‘Diddy’ possessed all the necessary ingredients of an incomparable little devil, dulcet eyes and all, as well as his neighbour; and then we would soothe you, dry your beautiful eyes with your lace handkerchief, and kiss your soft cheek *in loco parentis*—all proper, and no harm done.

It was getting dark, and they had been fighting above an hour. ‘Time!’ was called, and Dixon was brought up to the scratch by his seconds. The right eye had followed suit: he was all but blind, and had only an indistinct glimmering. Perceiving a boy with a light waistcoat in the ring, he rushed at him, mistaking him for his opponent, and presenting the fairest opportunity for a second knock-down blow—a finisher. ‘Hands down, Majendie;’ and the brave little fellow let him pass unscathed. The officers now interposed, and declared it to be over—to be a drawn fight; but Dixon insisted on going on, and being led up to Majendie, and then came a proposition for a postponement. ‘No, no, it was to be fought out according to rule, then and there, or give in.’ In the midst of the dispute came a cry of ‘Keate! Keate!’ and true enough there was the little doctor advancing at a quick pace from the playing-fields arch, and making straight for the ring.

‘What are you about, boys? Sixth form, why did you not stop instead of encouraging this? What are your privileges given you for? It is very disgraceful. I shall flog you all!’

Worthy and excellent maternals, the doctor had heard your appeal, in a spiritual and rapping sense, no doubt; but your kind request against our persons was not to be, could not be granted, for, owing to the sixth form being present, and other reasons, we all escaped scot free. The officers of the Blues and Life-Guards had sloped their course through the cloisters, and the famous battle was over.

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‘Impossible, my dear boy! you did not dine with your uncle yesterday?’ said a respectable old gentleman in black to his son, who had arrived with us from Eton in the Subscription Coach.

‘Yes, indeed. We did the distance from the White Horse Cellar to the Old London Inn, Exeter, a trifle under the seventeen hours, and here we are. Marvellous! is it not, mamma?’

‘Ah, my dear William!’ said a still more respectable old lady, ‘it is no subject for rejoicing or praise. You have read that the race is not always to the swift, and do not suppose that the perversion of the laws of nature will go long unpunished. I see dreadful times a-coming. The things of this world are given for our use, not abuse’ (with a considerable *appoggio* on the vowel), ‘and the sinful doing away of time and distance, which were ordained to be in their proper proportion, will bring down a heavy judgment on this un’oly land.’ (The aspirate had been lost in occidental regions, together with the true old golden pippin, since the Reign of Terror in France. It was guillotined with Robespierre.) ‘No, no, not if I walked to Lon’on all along



‘by myself, and on foot, would you ever persuade me to go in that wicked coach. I ’eard a man in the stable-yard, no longer ago than yesterday, say, “What with the Smackadam roads and “Mr. Newton Fellowes’ saltpetre ’orses, we shall soon fly.” ’Ow ‘orrid!’

‘Yes, my dear Sarah, you are not altogether wrong,’ remarked respectable No. 1; ‘it is only the ancient fable revived of the giants storming heaven, and the end must always be the same. I believe, on my very conscience, that we are all going to the deuce in a chaos of inextricable confusion and general infidelity. I should never be surprised if this tea-kettle principle of Mr. Stephenson at Newcastle was to be adapted to the purpose of locomotion by those who are still craving for more than that wonderful annihilation of time and space, which brings London within less than twenty hours of Exeter. Our worthy fathers were content to go there in a week by the far more dignified and aristocratic means of relays of their own carriage-horses. I respect science as much as any man, but it has its prescribed limits, beyond which it is perilous and disobedient to Providence to go, since the laws of creation, fixed and immutable, are not to be insulted and nullified at the caprice of man, and for his infinitesimal convenience. These indeed are days of impiety.’

‘And, papa, when I was at Bude last summer I heard a gentleman of the name of Gurney say that he could make a light so strong that all London might be illuminated with one single lamp, if he had only a place high enough to put it upon.’

‘My dear child, be as the deaf adder to those depraved beings who go about seeking whom they may devour, and, children of darkness themselves, strive to destroy the children of light in their primeval state of innocence.’ Eton, by-the way, was a rare place for the preservation of primeval innocence, and was well cared for and kept from damp in the old lumber room of our dame’s.

‘And he said,’ continued young Hopeful, ‘that coal-mines would not last so very many years; and then how shall we be off for fire?’

‘So long as the world is permitted to continue, until its final extinction, my son, to which we are fast hastening by the sin of another Babel, will the mineral of coal exist, as it has been the will of Providence to make it a component part of the earth in this bountifully favoured land. Sarah, my dear, have you made provision for the winter?’

‘Yes, yes, that’s all very well, Mr. Black, but if such rampaging infidels are allowed to say what they like, why coals will go up to forty or fifty shillings a ton. I thought, when Mr. Sims told me that he minded they would be higher, there was something a-brewing; and no doubt he has been to Bude also?’

‘Oh, but mamma! Mr. Gurney said that electricity would supply fire, light, and everything instead, and that we had, all of us, lots of fire inside, and going in and out of our bodies every instant like a good one.’

‘ There, Mr. Black, this is what you call edication going a’ead in Devonshire. What’s the good of all your sermons if our children are allowed to hear and learn this shocking blasphemy when they go to wash themselves once a year in the sea ?’

‘ And then, mamma, he said that the sun was a ball of electrical fire—the great friend and bountifier of creation, and that by a spark of that fire in a fluid state he could send messages through a long wire from one end of the earth to the other.’

‘ Oh, my God ! my God ! Goodness gracious, it takes away my breath ! I feel quite ill. Mercy on us ! the sun ’ell fire and the fountain of all good at the same time, and messages going every blessed minute from ’eaven downwards and back, for all the world like down the middle and up again in “ Molly put the Kettle on,” and all trumpeting along on the top of a little wire ! Flesh and blood can’t stand it ! Do you hear, Mr. Black ? and can you sit still and do nothing ? What’s your pulpit for ? Gracious ! that I should ever have lived to hear this dreadful ungodliness against the Bible !’

‘ Calm yourself, Sarah, my dear. Dear Mrs. B., do not be so discomposed. I own it is very shocking—pure atheism of the blackest dye, independent of the insult to reason by its utter impossibility. Fortunately, however, it is such superlative nonsense—such transparent tomfoolery, that there is no danger, and the evil will correct itself. I shall take notice of it, certainly, in one of my next sermons, if not call a meeting to address the Home Secretary. But what is the Government about, the protector of Church and State, that it does not instantly prosecute such an enemy to God and man ? Where is the Attorney-General ?’

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## A COLLEGE FINGERPOST.

### PART IV.

‘ HOLD hard,’ said Bolton, listening ; ‘ there’s somebody coming up the staircase ; it’s old Davy, for a hundred ; he’s a rare fellow ! I want to introduce you to him. I know his step ; he always has plates on the heels of his boots. Silence !’

‘ Come in,’ roared my friend, in answer to a kick at the door. ‘ I knew it was you ; I told Broadley so,’ a freshman friend of mine. ‘ Davy of Worcester, Broadley.’

‘ Sit down, old fellow,’ continued Bolton. ‘ We are just talking over a hunting difficulty, or rather Broadley thinks he’s in one ; and, of all men, you are *the* one to get him out of it.’

The truth of these remarks appeared to me to be very apparent, to judge from Davy’s personal appearance, for he was ‘ ossy ’ all over. He was a fine-made man, if I except his high and broad shoulders. His whiskers were black and luxuriant, and his eye betokened by its brightness and kindliness a heart in the right place, a disposition cheerful and beyond meanness, and a love of fun, frolic,

and jollity. A smile played on his handsome, good-natured face as I scrutinized his habiliments. Davy evidently had 'a *stable* mind,' though often, as I discovered afterwards, a very *unstable* body. He wore a cut-away Newmarket coat of thick material, pepper-and-salt colour, and buttoning with a single button across the chest, which was very ample, and enveloped in a plush-like waistcoat with flaps over each pocket. His trousers above the knee were slightly baggy, but below they fitted as tightly as a glove. He always wore full Wellington boots, and had pretty feet, which he turned out more than men ordinarily do. His scarf was a blue, with white spots, and his pin a massive horse-shoe. Such was Davy, of whom more anon.

'Well, it's all nonsense what you've been saying, Broadley. Isn't it, Davy? You can get what you want ready-made just as good as if ordered a month. We'll drink to our new acquaintance, and then go and see what we can do for you in the toggery line. A glass of wine, old fellow, or beer?'

'Beer for me, you know,' replied Davy.

'I say, Broadley, you must not make a mountain of a mouse-hill.'

Two tankards having been emptied, we sallied forth, Davy, Bolton, and self, arm-in-arm, *tres nobiles fratres*, and were soon in The High.

A pair of 'Patent enamelled Napoleons' attracted my attention.

'Those won't do, they are too flash; and the thorns cut them up so,' said Bolton.

'Not at all, sir,' replied the shopman.

'Measure me, and if they fit I'll have them,' said I.

They were found true, and accordingly sent, price fifty-eight shillings. Breeches I also found ready-made at a well-known establishment in The High, and whip and spurs were easy enough to get to one's taste. Venables supplied the latter, which to this day are almost as good as ever.

When about to retire the evening before the eventful Friday, after having assisted at a college supper-party, and being, I am bound to admit, *Bacchi plenus*, a lucid idea struck me. As David, before his encounter with Goliath, demurred to putting on Saul's armour because he had not proved it, so I thought it would be a matter of prudence at least to test the breeches and boots before the morning, and accordingly determined to try them on. Whether in my then state my pride and vanity gave me a helping hand in the business I cannot call to mind. Probably so. However, it was well that I did so in the end.

The breeches I pulled on, and they were an admirable fit, tight as a glove at the knees, and with no superabundance of room elsewhere. Not so, however, the boots. By dint of French chalk and considerable labour *for an hour, I am sure*, I at last managed to get them on literally 'in the sweat of my brow.' Once on, it was no easy matter to get them off; and it appeared clearly enough that, if the same time and trouble were to be expended in the operation

next morning, I could certainly not get off in time to go with Bolton to the meet, for, independently of all this, to mend matters, the following day was a Saint's day, by reason of which we were always an hour later in chapel. An hour on a hunting morning is a matter of grave consideration. What was to be done? How very unfortunate! 'Least said soonest mended.' Tired by the exertion, and inclined to sleep, the concomitants of the supper being no slight soporific, I jumped in between the blankets—breeches, boots, and all—and was soon in happy slumber. How fortunate it was for me that the boots were patent enamelled ones, leaving no stain and retaining their glossy polish! My dreams that night were laid in 'happy hunting-grounds,' and of so agreeable a nature that I was roused only by the scout calling out the time to me, whose sonorous voice, in my half-asleep, half-awake state, I at first imagined was a view-holloa, and 'Gone away, sir,' instead of 'Seven o'clock, sir.' A pair of black trousers drawn hastily on concealed the unusual portion of my *night dress*, and I hied to chapel. What I was thinking of during the hour of penance there I leave the reader to guess, premising that he is not very likely to arrive at a wrong conclusion. A letter on my table, set out for breakfast, informed me, much to my disgust, that Bolton was very seedy in bed, and could not go, and, to use his own words, 'was not fit to jump over a stick.' 'Confound it,' I soliloquized, 'I don't even know the way; I depended upon him, and now have not a moment to spare.'

Time never has waited for us, and never will; so, making a very hurried breakfast, or rather no breakfast at all, if I except some Bass (a stock of which, being duly admonished, I had laid in, together with a glass-bottomed tankard of no ordinary dimensions), I buckled on my spurs, and, whip in hand, sallied forth for my hack at the gate. In answer to my inquiries as to the road, I was mysteriously directed by the groom first this way, then that, and then some other, which made 'confusion worse confounded.' My readers will not forget that hitherto I was an entire stranger both to the city and county; however, having the bump of locality large, I got over Magdalen Bridge, turned to the left, and up the far-famed Headington Hill, from the top of which I descried two or three men in pink half a mile in front of me. All right now. Keeping them in view as pilots, an hour's sharp trot brought me to a small wayside inn, rejoicing in the sign of 'The Three Pigeons,' and which had evidently seen better days. The hounds had just moved off, and no time was to be lost. My hunter was ready—a fine slapping mare with plenty of substance, long, low, and strong. She had a plainish head, but well set on a good neck, with capital shoulders, good back-loins, thighs, and hocks, but to end with—a rat tail. I never looked over one, I thought, and think still, more likely to carry me well to hounds than Baroness, as she was called; and even in the hurry to get away I did not grudge a few moments in taking stock of her. One glass of execrable sherry by way of jumping

powder, and a pull after from my own flask by way of antidote, and I was away.

'Wait with my hack here till my return,' I shouted to the groom—of all things a most injudicious and absurd order, for how could I tell where we should leave off. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit!* A touch of his cap was the answer. I heard not what he said. Old Mr. Drake was the master at the time I am speaking of, and, as a slight tribute to his memory, I may say with great safety, as fine a sportsman, and as good a rider to hounds, with every essential for a M.F.H., as ever threw a leg across a horse. Our first fox was soon found, and run into in about fifteen or twenty minutes. The second gave us a burster for the time; and it was during this run that I got into notoriety, and consequently—by reason of a collision unavoidable on my part, and caused by the recklessness of my accuser, as he turned out to be—became a comparative prisoner for the rest of the term. Hark forward! The pace was remarkably good, scent being breast-high, and the fields, principally large grazing pastures, afforded some excellent going. I had settled well down, warmed to my work, with the mare going capitally, and I began to feel that I was prepared to cross the country as a man and a rider should do—for my hunter hitherto had not refused a fence—when straight ahead rose up to view a great ox-fence, which certainly had not seen a hook and mittens for many a year—a most formidable matter to negotiate comfortably, stretching away, as it did, right and left for a considerable distance on a sloping side of the field. Our line was right in the centre of it: the hounds, too, running as true as steel, heads up and sterns down, 'racing like mad.' Now for it! A hole had been worn through a weak part of the fence by a few of the very first flight, who *will* dash at anything, and this loophole was about six feet high, large enough to admit but one horse and rider at a time. I could see from the style of those who went before me that, in order to get to the other side *together with my mare*, I must screw myself into as small a compass as possible, tuck in my head, dig my elbows well into my ribs, take a good hold of the mare's head, keep it straight, and send her through it like a shot. The feat was to be accomplished in a somewhat similar way to that in which a circus equestrian jumps through a paper hoop, or harlequin in the pantomime bolts through a window—a regular 'header' was to be got through. My eye was fixed on the spot. I had screwed myself and my courage together at the same moment, and with a Balaclava-like, desperate charge almost fancied myself well through, when, *horribile dictu*, some one (*whom* I afterwards found out to my cost), to all appearance drunk, jealous, or mad, made a direct cross, a clear bolt for the hole, when I was within a dozen yards of it. It was too late to pull up: hope suggested that it was *possible* for him, even at the pace I was going, to clear the gap ere I reached it. Oh, fallacious hope, it was not so! His horse swerved slightly: the next second I was into him like a cannon-ball, though fortunately for both I gave him a broadside

only, by endeavouring at the last to get out of his way. The collision had the effect of driving him and horse through the hedge somehow or other, and making a tolerably easy leap for the rest. The field behind us were literally scared, and spread-eagled themselves in all directions, looking out for less perilous and more practicable places. The gentleman, it will be seen hereafter, knew me well enough, and turned his knowledge to account by representing what was the purest of accidents, though brought on by his own folly only, as a premeditated and malicious act—an act, let me say, I was and am totally incapable of performing. *Me Miserum!* I had forgotten, in the hurry and excitement, to file off the rowels of my new spurs before putting them on, and as they were as sharp as the point of a knife, it will easily be imagined what effect a terrific dig with one of them had upon Baroness, who was in tiptop condition. Let me explain how this occurred. My left foot was knocked back out of the stirrup, and my leg so considerably bruised and benumbed by the concussion, that I straightway had an attack of cramp. To get the foot into the stirrup again was all but an impossibility under the circumstances, as the mare, upon the first drive from it, turned round and galloped away with me. Here was the left leg dangling, useless and powerless, and stiff as a piece of wood, with the cutting rowels of a spur in the heel thereof literally tearing up her side and flank at every stride, and all but maddening her. Round and round, and round the field again she went—fortunately it was a large one—and it was all I could do to keep her in it, cruelly goaded as she continually was. I felt I could not stand this much longer, and began to lose my control, when she made straight for one corner of the field. The pain arising from the cramp was quite forgotten in my anxiety and trouble, but I felt now alarmed for my safety when I perceived in this corner a nasty-looking pit, directly for which I was being borne along. Summoning all my presence of mind, I pulled at her with all my might, and stopped her just at the edge, but so suddenly that my hat shot off my head, and snapping the cord that fastened it to my coat, at once floated on the water. Seizing the momentary opportunity, I managed to replace my foot in the stirrup, and once again felt that I was safe, though considerably exhausted. A good-natured clodhopper, to whom I holloaed across a couple of fields, came to my assistance, and Baroness having become quiet, we managed to fish my hat out of the pit, though, of course, thoroughly saturated with water. Incautiously I put it on soaked as it was, and being much heated, for the time felt the water as it trickled down my face, producing a very agreeable sensation. But more of this below.

Our fox was pulled down a mile or more away from the scene of my accident, and I happened to fall in again for Reynard No. 3, which we found in an osier-bed near the entrance to a gentleman's seat beyond Thame, and killed in front of his house among some laurels after a spin of some ten minutes. Shall I say he was mobbed? I recollect he was very mangy, for

I was the first to lay hold of him, and requested I might have a pad.'

The huntsman, eyeing me astutely, and at the same time, as I thought, condescendingly, was pleased to observe—

'You'll get a pad, sir, after you've been out with us a few times more; but I'll cut the head off for you if you like, sir.'

I need not say it was strapped to my saddle-flap, and has since been converted into a drinking-cup.

'How far are we from Oxford?' I inquired of a gentleman near.

'Well, Thame is your nearest town now, about six miles off, and *then* you've some eleven miles, I should say.'

About this time I began to feel a throbbing headache, not brought on by this rather serious intelligence, but by want of food, excitement, and last, though not least, by the imprudence of wearing a dripping hat on a heated head. I never recollect enduring more fearful pain. Arrived at Thame I literally threw myself off my mare, walked into the bar, and faintly requested something to eat.

'A chop, sir?'

'Anything you please.'

I was really too ill to touch anything, though a substantial repast was set before me.

'Order my mare, waiter, and give me some soda and brandy.'

'If you please, sir, the ostler says he's been spunging your mare's sides with salt and water, and he thinks you had better wait a little to see if she will feed.'

'But I can't wait: I must go now,' I half sighed, half groaned; and round came Baroness so cruelly, though accidentally goaded. I almost cursed my own thoughtlessness in not having had the rowels filed down, and I don't think 'the gentleman in black' who crossed me escaped an inward prayer.

I expected to have found a groom waiting for my hack at Canterbury Gate, as I had left the mare on my way back at the 'Pigeons,' and remounted him; but discovering that he had been and gone after a lengthy period of waiting or watching, I handed him over with a tip to an Oxford cad to take home, and was making my way in a very unsteady and unsightly manner to my rooms, when I was met by the college porter, who very foolishly made some impertinent remarks upon my condition. I confess that, having had nothing to eat all the day, and too much to drink in my excitement, I was groggy: still I could not brook the porter's insult; so raising my crop I dealt him a smart crack on the head, which he not relishing, and being disinclined for another, got prudently out of my way. With a head boiling, as it were, like a pot, and in a state of fever, I sought my bed.

'Lumley, I can't go to chapel this morning,' on the appearance of my scout. 'Bring me a pen and ink: I must write an "æger." I've a fearful headache, and shall not want breakfast till ten or so, and then get me some anchovy toast and a devilled kidney from Graham's.'

‘Morning dreams come true,’ they say.

Soon after Lumley’s disappearance I managed to get some refreshing sleep, though I had a vision of a stand-up fight with the Dean, and eventually knocking his eye out with a spur. My scout’s second appearance was ominous in the extreme.

‘If you please, sir, the Dean wishes to see you at half-past ten.’

‘Does he? and what time is it now?’

Pulling out an antiquated timepiece from his fob he replied, ‘It’s just wants a quarter to ten now, sir.’

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## ROWING.

DURING the past month most of the rowing communities have been closing up accounts for the season, closing races and closing dinners being the order of the day. The London Rowing Club brought their season to a conclusion with a fine day’s sport, consisting of a junior scullers’ race for a wager-boat, presented by Messrs. Virtue and Playford, which was won after some hard rowing by Mr. Roney, Bloxam receiving second honours. An eight-oared scratch race brought down the curtain on the season of 1863, in which, though the club did not score a win at Henley, their four have won all their races since, at Kingston, Barnes, Walton, and bid fair, if they can keep together next year, to be there or thereabouts for the Stewards, at Henley. The West London have had a senior scullers’ race, in which Mr. Cecil won a very hot race; and an eight-oared scramble for the finish. The Nautilus, Corsair, Ariel, Excelsior, and other clubs have also finished their racing for the season. Most of them, at any rate, profess to keep up winter practice—a most useful intention, though its performance involves abandonment of comfort, for which the rowing men of the present day are not always prepared. With a due regard to the weakness of human nature, and bearing in mind the untempting appearance of the ‘silvery Thames’ on a foggy day in November, many of the clubs organize gymnastics, boxing, football, and pedestrian meetings, so that their members have no excuse for not occasionally pulling themselves together during the winter.

Green, the Australian, whose greatness must be rather estimated by what he was to have done than by what he did, has left for the antipodes, and it would have been better for his fame had he done so previous to the Tyne Regatta. We do not hear of any enterprising crack anxious to follow him to the Paramatta River, N. S. W., so he will doubtless retain his Australian honours. It would be interesting should Hamill, the Yankee champion, who has recently beaten Ward in America, come to try for the championship of the Thames; but we should think the art of ‘wager-boat sculling’ must be very much in its infancy ‘across the herring pond,’ as in their great races they commit the barbarism of turning round a flag-boat, which in racing craft must always be an inelegant and useless exhibition.



We are sorry to hear of the death of Tom Mackinney, of Richmond, whose name will be familiar to most rowing men as a good oarsman, having shown up well in his time at the Thames National and other great Regattas, though recently he had, to a great extent, given up racing on his own account, and devoted his attention to boat-building and teaching the young idea 'the way that he should' row.

The Ilex Swimming Club, which was started by, and consists principally of, rowing men, had a capital meeting at the Lambeth Baths on the 12th. Mr. Harvey's ornamental swimming was perhaps the most noteworthy event of the evening, his jumping into the water completely dressed, and taking everything off while floating, being a great feat for an amateur. He also swam backwards, sideways, and, in fact, every way but the right. Messrs. Carbonell and Bloxam, and Cecil and Drake, among the juniors, displayed good style, and the meeting was altogether a great success. We are glad to find that rowing men are become impressed with the importance of swimming; and now that the rowing for the year is over, and like Othello, 'our occupation's gone,' we bid our aquatic friends good-bye for the season, hoping that they won't get too fat and lazy during the winter, and wishing them good luck and fair weather for their spins in 1864.

## CRICKET.

### THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AVERAGES FOR 1863.

It is impossible to publish cricket averages of more general interest to the gentlemen of England than those of 'The Public Schools,' and 'Baily' has much pleasure in again chronicling the cricket deeds of Young England in his green-covered pages. These averages are *not* 'attainable from the public 'prints,' and 'Baily' renews his thanks to the captains of the various Elevens for their courtesy in forwarding the figures. He regrets the group is numerically imperfect, but trusts to receive those absent in time for publication in the December edition. 'Look after your bowling' is the excellent advice tendered to the gentlemen of England by that pleasant, practical, and polite writer on the fine old game, the author of 'Cricket Notes.' But so neglected is this advice by the young gentlemen of England, that on requesting their bowling averages for publication, we were favoured instead with polite regrets that 'the bowling analysis has not been kept,' &c. We also regret this, because bowling is the weak spot in the gentlemen of England's cricket. Bowling—or rather the want of it—it is that, season after season, causes the defeat of the gentlemen, and if we find it *not* 'looked after' at the public schools, how can we hope to find good bowlers in the ranks of the gentlemen? So to Young England—or captains of schools—'Baily's' advice is to 'Look after your bowlers;' watch them narrowly at practice, chronicle every ball bowled by them in matches, so that when November overtakes us again their deeds and misdeeds with the spherical bit of leather can be duly set forth in 'Baily,' and thus public approbation be awarded to the good bowler, and the indifferent be encouraged to 'try' and do better. Yes, 'try,'

because we hold with Bulwer's Richelieu, that when the young and earnest do 'try' 'there is no such word as fail for them.' Now to our averages.

The Eton Eleven of 1863 were glorious with the bat, making, as they did, the highest innings—444 against Winchester—ever made by a Public School Eleven, and their Captain, A. Lubbock, obtaining the largest score—174 not out—ever made by one bat in the history of the Public School matches: his scores were 0 and 80 against Harrow. Tritton also scored largely last season, making 130 against Winchester, and 91 and 58 against Harrow, or 279 in three innings. In first bat Tritton's wicket was the sixth to fall with the Eton score at 146 in that glorious two days at Lord's last July. Then what a really fine defensive innings was that 28 of Pepys' at Lord's in the same match! In first bat, and out with the score at 106, there was a vast deal of promising cricket in that 28 of Pepys'. In fact, the batting form of the Eleven all round was unusually good, and the result is an extraordinary increase in their individual averages from last year: to wit, in 1862 Lubbock's average was 29, in 1863 it is 58; Tritton has increased his average from 10 to 35; Frederick his from 16 to 25; Hon. N. G. Lyttelton his from 10 to 24; and most of those remaining in the Eleven have increased theirs. The following are this year's figures:—

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1863).

	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Greatest Score.	Total Runs scored.	Average per Innings.
A. Lubbock . . . .	12	1	174*	640	58 and 2 over
E. W. Tritton . . .	13	0	130	457	35 and 2 over
J. Frederick . . . .	12	1	46	281	25 and 6 over
Hon. N. G. Lyttelton .	9	1	74	199	24 and 7 over
W. S. Prideaux . . .	13	0	76	203	15 and 8 over
Hon. F. Pelham . . .	11	2	30	116	12 and 8 over
A. Pepys . . . . .	10	0	28	91	9 and 1 over
H. B. Sutherland . .	13	0	34	108	8 and 4 over
A. Teape . . . . .	10	3	13	58	8 and 2 over
Hon. S. Lyttelton . .	11	2	18	68	7 and 5 over
H. D. Forsyth . . .	7	1	10	26	4 and 2 over

Mr. A. Lubbock was Captain in 1863. Mr. W. S. Prideaux is Captain for 1864. Professional, Frederick Bell of Cambridge.

The Harrow Eleven for 1863 in their match with the Etonians displayed a batting form quite equal to their opponents. For defence and hit combined none in the match surpassed that famous four hours' innings of Hornby's: his 68 was a batting display of great promise. In first bat he was the fourth down with the Harrow score at 179. Buller's 34 (and his bowling in the second innings of Harrow) whilst suffering from lameness from a severe sprain, lead us to hope for fine cricket from this gentleman in seasons to come; and the hitting of Grimston, Maitland (the Harrow hero of 1862), Burnett, and I. D. Walker proved that the old batting fame of Harrow lost nothing in their keeping. As tested by the averages the improvement in the individual batting of several members of the Harrow Eleven is marked. Buller's average in 1862 was 20, this season it is 25; Hornby's average last year was 11, this year it is 20; Maitland has increased his from 11 to 17; and Burnett his from 6 to 12. Let us compliment the Harrow captain on his retaining the bowling figures of his school, and in calling attention to the

\* Not out.

promising bowling form therein shown by Buller, hope that the match between these Elevens may be played out in 1864, and we be there to chronicle it.

### THE HARROW ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1863).

	IN MATCHES ONLY.				IN MATCHES AND GAMES.			
	Number of Innings.	Total Runs scored.	Most in an Innings.	Average per Innings.	Number of Innings.	Total Runs scored.	Most in an Innings.	Average per Innings.
C. F. Buller . .	10	255	58	25 & 5 over	20	422	58	21 & 2 over
C. L. Hornby . .	18	360	79	20	34	617	79	18 & 5 over
W. F. Maitland .	17	290	56	17 & 1 over	31	540	75	17 & 13 over
E. W. Burnett . .	18	225	59	12 & 9 over	35	490	59	14
W. E. Grimston .	15	178	37	11 & 13 over	30	294	37	9 & 24 over
I. D. Walker . .	18	204	50	11 & 6 over	38	584	89	15 & 14 over
W. E. Mirehouse	17	157	43	9 & 4 over	34	343	43	10 & 3 over
W. O. Hewlett . .	9	63	18	7	19	166	28	8 & 14 over
H. G. Phipps . .	15	75	17	5	31	193	34	6 & 7 over
F. W. Stow . .	14	70	17	5	30	307	54	10 & 7 over
W. Richardson .	14	51	11	3 & 9 over	30	155	25	5 & 5 over

### BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Total Balls bowled.	No Balls.	Wides.	Maiden Overs.	Total Runs made from Bowling.	Wickets got.	Balls to a Wicket.	Runs to a Wicket.
C. F. Buller . .	294	1	3	40	67	11	26 & 8 over	6 & 1 over
E. W. Burnett . .	1521	0	15	168	482	52	29 & 13 over	9 & 14 over
W. F. Maitland .	1238	0	2	95	496	52	23 & 42 over	9 & 28 over
W. E. Mirehouse	618	1	8	76	203	18	34 & 6 over	11 5 over
H. G. Phipps . .	791	0	19	72	335	34	23 & 9 over	9 & 29 over
W. Richardson .	714	1	7	93	192	26	27 & 12 over	7 & 10 over
I. D. Walker . .	244	0	0	15	111	10	24 & 4 over	11

Mr. I. D. Walker was Captain in 1863. Mr. C. F. Buller is Captain for 1864. Professional, John Lillywhite.

The Winchester Eleven for 1863 were unfortunate in having to meet the most formidable hitting Eleven that perhaps ever played for Eton. Up to the past season the 380 of Winchester's (v. Harrow in 1826) was the highest single innings made in the Public School matches, but this season the Wintonians lost the valuable hitting and wicket-keeping aid of Mr. H. Stewart, who in 1862 season averaged 45 per innings; Mr. Young and Mr. Streatfield also had left the school; and thus the Eleven were in 1863 deprived of their three highest average hitters. Nevertheless, they made 97 and 153 in their match against Eton, and, compared with last year's statement, we find three of the present Eleven have considerably increased their average. Mr. Eden averaged 11 in 1862, this year he averages 30; Mr. Allen has increased his from 8 to 14; and Mr. Marshall his in the same ratio. There were seven fresh hands in the 1863 Eleven, and doubtless they will be more fortunate in 1864.

The following are

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1863).

C. J. Eden . . . . .	30 and 8 over	J. N. Pyke . . . . .	12
H. Foster . . . . .	15 and 7 over	J. F. H. Yates . . . . .	10 and 12 over
J. B. Allen . . . . .	14 and 10 over	J. J. Tuck . . . . .	9 and 10 over
F. R. Bowen . . . . .	14 and 7 over	C. D. E. Malet . . . . .	8 and 2 over
W. G. Marshall . . . . .	14 and 2 over	H. B. Deane . . . . .	7
C. Awdry . . . . .	12 and 5 over		

Captain, Mr. C. J. Eden.

Professional, James Dean (Sussex).

The Marlborough Eleven for 1863 were also minus their three highest average men of 1862, Mr. Voules, Mr. Sewell, and Mr. Oldham having left. Most of those still in the Eleven have advanced in their hitting average from the preceding season, Mr. Fellowes having greatly improved in his batting, and, from 10 in 1862, has brought his figures up to 17 this year; Mr. Taylor and Mr. Harbord have also increased theirs, the following being

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1863).

	Innings.	Runs.	Not out.	Average per Innings.
E. L. Fellowes . . . . .	29	479	2	17 and 20 over
R. J. Cross . . . . .	43	560	4	14 and 14 over
J. Leach . . . . .	15	193	2	14 and 11 over
E. F. Taylor . . . . .	42	551	—	13 and 5 over
T. P. Mornington . . . . .	15	169	2	13
F. W. Butterworth . . . . .	42	506	2	12 and 26 over
H. Harbord . . . . .	35	393	4	11 and 19 over
A. Hillyard . . . . .	37	340	4	10 and 10 over
J. M. Lloyd . . . . .	25	170	2	7 and 9 over
J. H. Hunter . . . . .	6	38	—	6 and 2 over
T. W. Baggallay . . . . .	13	48	1	4

Captain, Mr. F. W. Butterworth.

Professional, Charles Brampton.

The Westminster Eleven for 1863 included but a moiety of the members of the 1862 Eleven, two of whom have considerably altered their average. Mr. W. Lane is where 'a Lane' should ever be at cricket—at the top of the tree, his average being 38 against 16 in 1862; Mr. Short has risen from 7 to 12; and the new members appear hopeful bats.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1863).

	Number of Matches.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Highest in an Innings.	Total Runs scored.	Average per Innings.
W. W. C. Lane . . . . .	7	11	3	84	310	38 and 6 over
H. Walker . . . . .	5	7	1	27	98	16 and 2 over
C. Short . . . . .	8	13	0	41	157	12 and 1 over
J. Chapman . . . . .	8	11	2	25	97	10 and 7 over
C. E. Oldman . . . . .	6	9	1	23	86	10 and 6 over
E. Oliver . . . . .	6	10	2	19	84	10 and 4 over
A. Edward . . . . .	8	13	2	28	102	9 and 3 over
E. Bird . . . . .	5	7	1	14	42	7
F. Giles . . . . .	8	11	0	18	77	7
G. Dowdeswell . . . . .	8	12	0	18	65	5 and 5 over
J. Circuit . . . . .	5	6	1	6	23	4 and 3 over

Captain, Mr. W. W. C. Lane.

The Merchant Taylors' School Eleven:—The cricket deeds of the public school in whose Eleven a 'Traill' once bowled and batted must always be of interest to the gentlemen of England. The following are the

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1863).

	Number of Innings.	Number of Times not out.	Total Runs scored.	Average per Innings.
Waters . . . . .	15	—	237	15 $\frac{3}{4}$
Brown . . . . .	15	3	156	13
Rev. A. Church . .	17	—	179	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
Turner . . . . .	15	—	135	9
Hand . . . . .	9	—	68	7 $\frac{5}{8}$
Wayman . . . . .	15	2	98	7 $\frac{7}{8}$
Copleston . . . . .	16	—	106	6 $\frac{6}{8}$
Bond . . . . .	17	—	105	6 $\frac{2}{4}$
Costeker . . . . .	8	—	46	5 $\frac{7}{8}$
Cole . . . . .	14	3	51	4 $\frac{7}{11}$
Ward . . . . .	17	2	63	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Connolly . . . . .	6	—	24	4

Captain, Mr. Hand.

THE CHARTERHOUSE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1863).

	Number of Innings.	Total Runs scored.	Times not out.	Average per Innings.	Greatest in Innings.	Greatest in Match.
C. E. Boyle . . . .	34	602	7	26	58	58
K. M. Mackenzie . .	36	516	2	15 $\frac{3}{4}$	55	59
G. J. Cookson . . .	39	496	7	15 $\frac{1}{4}$	68	69
J. T. Hodgson . . .	36	372	4	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	66	80
H. A. Hawkins . . .	39	286	2	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	34	54
G. E. Smythe . . .	39	171	3	4 $\frac{3}{8}$	26	29
F. S. O'Grady . . .	36	248	2	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	39	68
G. S. Davies . . . .	37	333	6	10 $\frac{3}{8}$	39	39
B. F. Hartshorne . .	29	123	2	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	26	26
J. Lant . . . . .	18	55	2	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	9
L. Ogden . . . . .	30	114	4	4 $\frac{1}{8}$	25	25

G. J. Cookson, Hon. Sec.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES (1863).

	Innings.	Balls Bowled.	Over.	Runs.	Maidens Over.	Wickets.	Runs off each over.	Balls for each Wicket.	Runs for each Wicket.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average per Innings.	Over.
R. O. Cotton . . .	21	1858	464 $\frac{1}{2}$	735	186	76	1—270	24—34	9—51	3	4	3—13	
W. H. Croker . . .	19	1374	343	510	137	64	1—166	21—30	7—62	22	5	3—7	
H. Higgins (slows) .	8	387	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	171	22	26	1—74	14—23	6—15	0	0	3—2	
J. R. Robertson . .	15	890	242 $\frac{1}{2}$	367	82	27	1—124	32—26	13—16	1	4	1—12	
H. Throsby . . . .	10	380	95	180	29	12	1—85	31—8	15—0	3	0	1—2	
W. Laurie . . . . .	8	352	88	129	40	15	1—41	23—7	8—9	3	0	1—7	

## THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1863).

J. R. Robertson . . . 22 and 11 over	H. Throsby . . . 11 and 7 over <sup>11</sup>
R. T. Reid . . . 17 and 13 over	Bramwell . . . 10 and 15 over
W. H. Croker . . . 21 and 16 over	H. Higgins . . . 8
R. O. Cotton . . . 6 and 22 over	H. Parr . . . 12
H. Cameron . . . 14	E. Smyth . . . 10 and 3 over
H. Lawrie . . . 14 and 1 over	

## 'OUR TWELVE.'

'Our Twelve,' as George Parr and his famous eleven compeers are familiarly termed, were all fairly afloat on the 14th ult., and on the following day the 'Great Britain' bore them away from the old country on what nautical men tell us is the pleasantest voyage out a man can make at this time of the year. Well, we hope it will so turn out to 'Our Twelve,' and their two months on the salts will agree with them as well as their season on the green turf of Old England does, that they may arrive at the antipodes as sound in limb and wind as when they left us, and (we are Englishmen enough to wish) that they will soundly thrash our antipodean cousins in every match they play there, although our opinion is they will have to play every atom of what they know in one or two matches, private advices informing us that Mr. Wills (of Rugbean cricket fame) and Charles Lawrence have effected a material improvement in Australian cricketers since the last visit of English cricketers. However, if any band of men can give a good account of them it is the splendid Twelve who are now fast steaming their way to Melbourne, for more brilliant exponents of the science of the fine old game at every point it would be difficult to get together. And may every success attend them, says 'Baily.'

## 'OUR VAN.'

INVOICE.—October and its *Octroi*.—The Lioness of the Cæsarewitch.—The Cambridgeshire Catch-'em.—Chase Changes.—Sporting Sketches.

OCTOBER is always one of the busiest months in our calendar; and what with racing, hunting, shooting, and coursing, a thorough sportsman can fill up his time without complaining of any want of excitement. The racing-man may, in fact, note it down as the handicap month of the year; for the Cambridgeshire and Cæsarewitch are in everybody's mouth, and far more fiercely discussed than the Colenso heresies among the dignitaries of the Church. The establishment of these great Handicaps has been a wonderful strengthener to the Autumn Meetings at Newmarket, causing hundreds and hundreds to make a pilgrimage to the Heath who formerly contented themselves with the accounts furnished them by the newspapers and magazines of the age. To all classes they afford a chance of getting through the winter and improving income-tax returns. Although we once heard a Young Englander assign as his reason for not filling up his form, that as his income entirely depended upon Chester Cups, Cæsarewitch, and Cambridgeshire, he could not make any statement that would satisfy his own conscience or the demands of the Commissioners; so he

demanding and obtained an exemption, from the novelty of his excuse. The extension of Newmarket hardly keeps pace with the demand for it; and speculative builders will find ample employment for their capital in the neighbourhood of the town. On the Heath, also, there is room for improvement; and, surely, when Royalty has evinced such a partiality for the Turf, more suitable accommodation should be provided for its members than the crazy barn, which is by courtesy called the Portland Stand. Such a building might have sufficed for the Merry Monarch and Nell Gwynne, who were wont to leave London at four o'clock in the morning, so as to be in time for the races in the afternoon—for 'specials' were never dreamed of. But in this age of luxury and progress, few will be found to deny it has outlived its time, and must give way to modern requirements. As a landmark of the Heath, and as an historical reminiscence of Newmarket, in the days when Royal Dukes raced with Prime Ministers, and betting was carried on in sums which would now be deemed fabulous, there might be a desire to preserve it. But by the aid of photography the sacred ruin might be kept before us, and the wants of the Club supplied in another shape. Let us hope, therefore, *le bon temps viendra*, and Mr. Clark have an opportunity given him of developing his talents. The first of 'the weeks' gave us plenty of racing, and a good deal of 'cannoning,' Aldcroft suffering severely by it; for in one or two instances he was placed in a delicate position; and, although a man of the world might have got out of it better, still allowance ought to be made for his being called upon to play the part of 'objector-general' before such an audience at so short a notice. The luck of Mr. Bowes, once almost a proverb, seems quite to have deserted him of late; and the oftener his horses are beaten, the worse they are punished for it, and, considering what a good enterer he is, a little milder treatment might be adopted towards him in the handicaps, without inflicting any injury on other interests. The fact of making Claremont the top weight in the Nursery, we are aware, led to a strong expression of feeling on the part of many employers of Whitewall; and a Noble Lord did not hesitate to express himself in very forcible terms on what he considered was an insult to the Stable, as well as to the trainer and the jockey, for it inferred that Claremont did not run on his merits in his last race. Now, whether there was anything the matter with the horse on that occasion, we cannot say; but of this we are satisfied, that Aldcroft was as much surprised as John Scott to find that he could not go a yard, and he was, in fact, out of the race almost as soon as he was in it; and he is now, we understand, thrown up for the season. The October Handicap went to the 'Green and Gold Monk' for the second time; and by his victory the Saxon got back his Yorkshire losses by him, and something to the good besides.

The Second October was a very strong week both as regards racing and company, beds being as difficult and expensive to obtain as at Doncaster, and the 'out-quarters' of the White Hart were extended even to Cambridge. Fortunately the weather was of the true October character—viz., fine and bracing—although on the grand day we had a few showers to remind us of the mutability of our climate. The news of the Prince's visit was only known to a select few; and consequently none of the royal party were mobbed at the station, but were enabled to ride quietly on to the Heath like private individuals. To the Prince of Wales, who came once on the Cambridgeshire Day, when he was pursuing his studies at Cambridge, the sight of the vast gathering on the Heath was not altogether new; but on the youthful King of the Greeks it made a great impression. As was only becoming, His Majesty was received

by the Senior Steward, who, strange to say, fills the appropriate post of Chairman of the Philhellenic Committee, and who in that capacity had presented an address to him at Marlborough House only three days previous.

Under the Noble Lord's guidance the Royal party were taken down to inspect Emblem and Umpire; and after they had admired the really admirable manner in which they had been prepared, the other favourites that were being saddled in the neighbourhood were pointed out to them, and their antecedents narrated. As the group rode back to the Stand on the Flat, all admitted that never, perhaps, in the memory of any of the present generation had Newmarket been so honoured. In the centre of the cortège rode the Prince of Wales, always slightly in advance of his relative; on his right hand was his brother-in-law, the King of the Greeks, and on his left Prince Christian and the Duke of Cambridge; and the cheering with which they were greeted showed the crowd fully appreciated the truth of the old axiom, that 'Racing was the sport of Kings.' That the youthful Monarch of the Greeks should like to see Newmarket was highly probable from the number of English Greeks that flock there every meeting; and, we are given to understand, he listened with profound attention to the interesting explanation of the manners and customs of the Heath, which the official Turf Reporter informs us was given him by one of the Stewards. Such an account, if published, would, we have no doubt, have a rapid sale, from the novel and rare facts contained in it; and we recommend it to the attention of the enterprising publisher of Newmarket. Fortunately for the patience of the august visitors, Mr. McGeorge got his squadron off with very little trouble; and the lot had hardly made their way to the Bushes when Mat Dawson's and 'Argus's' prophecy that there was nothing in the race but Lioness was verified; for although Limosina galloped with her a few strides, it was only by the sufferance of Covey, who left Lord Stamford's mare the moment he thought fit, and won in a canter by a length and a half. That the result was satisfactory to any but the few immediate backers of Lioness, it is impossible to deny, for the scene that followed is notorious. But to charge so straightforward a trainer like Mat Dawson with running this mare purposely unfit in order to blind the handicappers is going beyond the lengths of fair criticism; for, from our personal knowledge, Lioness had been stopped in her preparations for the Metropolitan, and also in that for an engagement at Manchester; and having, just prior to the former race, sprung two nasty windgalls, on the near fore-joint, she had to be dressed severely with corrosive sublimate. Under these circumstances, it was not natural she could do more than she did do before she came out here. And as the Admiral put the same weight on her as on Drummer Boy, not the slightest blame can be attached to him; and the history of Lioness is not more remarkable than that of many other Cæsarewitch winners. Jack of Hearts ran as gamely as at Doncaster, and was far before Blackdown, upon whom the stable stood. Drummer Boy, who was supposed to have played the 'Anfield March,' cut up so badly that he was soon drummed out of the good opinion of his friends; but the fact is that Drummer Boy is more adapted to a circular than a striding course, and there was not reach about him to finish with. Both Emblem and Umpire ran well to a certain point; but surely the horses in training must be bad indeed when a revived steeple-chaser could win a Cæsarewitch. Next to the Lioness's sensation came the Carnival one; and it was almost as great, for it was deemed incredible for Mr. Naylor's horse to give such an animal as Clarissimus his year and beat him like a Plater. This, however, he did accomplish; and the Upper Ten looked at each other in mute astonishment when they saw it, and began to



talk of Saunterer and the great milers of the past, and said he would be in the first three for the Cambridgeshire.

The week between The Second October and The Houghton is always a 'trying' one in more senses than one, and the markets were kept perpetually agitated by the reports that were wired from the touts, who were as active in their peregrinations as even Asmodeus himself. Birdhill, the representative for Danebury, was the first sufferer, having sprained his fore-arm while at exercise; and thus John Day's desire to win a second great Handicap for 'our Duke' was frustrated. Had he stood, we verily believe he would have won, for no horse had gone on better; and with Tippler in the stable John could tell the value of his chance most correctly. William, we are aware, thought he had seven pounds in hand of his brother; but John doubted it, and it is much to be regretted we were unable to see which of the two was the best judge. Limosina caught it severely the same evening from the new Lord of Fairfield, and it was reported she was off, and would not feed. The great Catch-'em trial was reserved for the Thursday; but in the interim the provinces had been well worked, and with two 'Armstrongs' in it viz., a Johnny and a 'George,' it was, no doubt, a strong one. As with Weatherbound, Dulcibella, and other Woodyeates cracks, the commission was as inexhaustible as Döbler's bottle; and every guinea in the market that was good was snapped up, Lord Frederick quietly stopping the attempt on Saturday afternoon to send Catch-'em back, by requesting any gentleman who had a desire to bet 12,000 to 2,000 against to have the kindness to book it to him at once. This bold offer immediately restored confidence to Catch-'em's friends; for bitter experience has taught the lads that his Lordship is never so dangerous as when his 'monkey' is up. Summerside looked more screwy than she did for The Cæsarewitch, and Mr. Ten Broeck made no secret of his only fearing Catch-'em. The Sunday train was unusually long, and its contents unusually aristocratic; so much so that had any smash occurred the Dodds, Burkes, and Debretts would have been compelled to have brought out another 'Peerage.' On reaching head-quarters we learned that Limosina was as firm as ever; that Bathilde and Polynesia had been settled in their trial with Stockinger; that Catch-'em had come in state in a van, with Muezzin for an aide-de-camp; and Hubert, the Yorkshire outsider, had broken down. Monday opened with a fog, which, although 'warned off' the Heath by the Stewards, positively refused to budge an inch, converting both lords and legs into veritable Children of the Mist; and as there was no 'Flying Dutchman' colt in the entry for The Criterion, as he would have been the only animal likely to run straight in such an atmosphere, the race had to be postponed to the following day. Such a card as we had put into our hands on The Cambridgeshire morning was never recollected at Newmarket; and although business commenced five minutes before eleven, the lamps were lighted in the streets before the cavalcade came back from the Heath. For the convenience of the late risers The Feather Plate and The Criterion, which finish up at the top, were put first in the list. The former brought out a very clever Saunterer colt in Claxton, who was claimed for Lord Westmoreland, from beating a youngster in his own stable of which he thought well; and the more we see of Saunterer's stock the more we are disposed to mourn his departure. The Criterion hardly gave us the criterion of the two-year olds we could quite wish, for it was very clear there was something up with Coast Guard, for he could not get his legs from under him, and ran slow all the way; Fille de l'Air, on the contrary, had been got back to her old form, and beat John Osborne's pet

Prince Arthur so cleverly that we resolved to find out if there was any truth in the joke of the Yorkshire trainers about 'the walls in the paddocks of France 'being very high,' and demanded she should be looked at by 'The Dentist 'of the Club.' Such a step in the present day is rarely adopted; and we can only account for it in the present instance from the impression that has been made on the minds of our trainers by the extraordinary difference we see every year in the two and three year old running of the French horses. As two-year olds they carry all before them, as we have seen with Brick, Hospodar, and several others, and yet at three they can hardly win a Selling Plate. Only two years back Lord Stamford gave 6,000*l.* for three two-year olds, and with none of them has he ever got back the price of a saddle. It would therefore seem that the climate of France, however good for early developing the powers of yearlings, is not so suitable as our own for training them on. Moreover, the position of Count La Grange in France is a sufficient guarantee that the dignity of the French Turf will be as honestly preserved in this country as in his own; and no trainer with any pretensions to character would jeopardize his employer's reputation by running animals under a wrong description. Notwithstanding there were several interludes between The Criterion and The Cambridgeshire in the shape of small races, the interest taken in the latter was so great that, like on the first night of a new play, the best places were taken a long time beforehand. To show William Day's confidence in Catchem, he put his trial horse Johnny Armstrong in the Rowley Mile Plate; and it was agreed *nem. con.* that by his performance Catch-'em should stand or fall. The trial being satisfactory the markets again rose, and 'We cannot be beat' was announced as the Woodyeates motto. The Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge, who had ridden on the Heath about an hour before, were vociferously cheered as they got off their hacks and wended their way to the top of the Portland Stand, which was filled with the Members of the Club and their families. Scarcely had the Prince made his appearance when he rushed forward to Mr. Greville, the Nestor of the Turf, and greeted him in such a cordial manner that the old gentleman became so nervous that he dropped his card from his hand, which the Prince in the most good-natured manner picked up for him, and for some minutes they were engaged in an animated conversation. There are admitted to be few finer heads than that of the late Clerk of the Council, and being bared it was visible to those around, the contour and snow-white locks fluttering in the breeze reminding us of those we see in the antique cameos of the Philosophers of Greece and Rome; and as Mr. Greville commenced his career on the Turf with the management of the Duke of York's stud, he looked like a link of the past and present generation; and, from his well-stored mind, there could have been no fitter Mentor for a youthful Prince. The scene when the lot had got down to the post was a striking one, for both Stands were crowded, and the line of carriages on one side, and horse and foot people on the other, extended further than we ever recollect. The Prince of Wales stood in the centre of the Portland Stand, surrounded by the Stewards and his suite, while the Duke of Cambridge leant his back against the tall chimney, every now and then raising his glass to see if there was any chance of the horses getting away, and no doubt wishing they were a company of the Guards, whom he could set to rights in an instant. Peering out of his box, the worthy Judge, telescope in hand, might be discerned, and on his right stood Mr. Weatherby, to judge for himself of the finish; so that the Burlington Handicaps might preserve their reputation for fairness and equitable adjustment. Notwithstanding the enormous sums

depending on the result, we never witnessed a more attentive or patient crowd, for they seemed willing to give Mr. McGeorge every latitude in so trying a position.

During the long wait, the only feature in the betting was the advance of Summerside, upon whom Mr. Ten Broeck increased his outlay when he had obtained Grimshaw, which he was only able to do at the last moment, by putting the owner of Grand Dame a thousand to nothing on Summerside; so the nature of the tariff of light-weight jockeys may be pretty well estimated. All things must of course come to an end—even a start for The Cambridgeshire—and a feeling of real thankfulness was experienced when the murmur from a sea of voices that they were off was heard. Throughout the race the whole lot ran in a line; and as they breasted the hill by the old Duke's Stand, Carnival looked for an instant—and Challoner subsequently confirmed the impression—that he was going to win; but changing his legs and hitting them at the same time he came down on his head, and the hopes of Hooton were flooded. In the mean time the front rank had been reduced to Catch-'em, Merry Heart, and Summerside; and had Grimshaw, on the latter, been blessed with a trifle more patience, and nursed his mare for a final effort, we have a strong idea the American colours would have been hoisted on the Stand, in preference to the black and yellow stripes of Woodyeates, whose candidate having 'caught it' like Brown, Jones, and Robinson in the story-book, won by a bare head, the two next being in the same position with regard to each other. A finer handicap has never been seen by man; but little did any one imagine it would be attended by such an extraordinary dénouement, or that Newmarket would be so agitated as it was last year, by the circumstances connected with it. As faithful chroniclers, we can only narrate what occurred, according to the information which we have received, and which does not come either from touts or commoners. As may be imagined, with near fifty thousand pounds depending upon the result, Lord Westmoreland was naturally found at the scale with his trainer. He would have been worse than an Irish landlord had he been an absentee. His surprise, therefore, as well as that of Goater, could be well imagined when he saw, and William Day was compelled to admit, that Catch-'em could not draw the weight. Still, so confident was Mr. Manning that he had made no mistake about Adams, that he obtained permission of the Stewards present that he might stand by his side whilst the others were proceeded with. Merry Heart passed all right, and then his noble owner asked whether he might consider the race his own; and being replied to in the affirmative, he immediately communicated the fact to his friends, and the news flew to the Ring on the other side of the Flat with a rapidity scarcely equalled by that of the electric wires. By that body it was received with a shouting so cordial that by the strangers it was attributed to the idea of the Prince of Wales having come into the magic circle to survey its proportions and take stock of its members. But it turned out to be the opening of the valve of satisfaction at the defeat of Catch-'em, who had been such a bad horse for them, and a feeling of pleasure that Lord Westmoreland had got the good turn he wanted so much. But, as is not unfrequently the case, the Merry Hearted men hallooed before they were out of the wood; and in a few minutes there was quite a change in the weather by another equestrian telegram that Catch-'em had caught it after all, for the scales had been discovered to have been tampered with. At first this statement was received with doubt and hesitation, but the latest arrivals confirmed it in every sense, and down went the barometer of the book-makers. For it seems that upon Grimshaw being unable to draw the weight for Summerside, it at once occurred to Mr. Man-

ning that there must have been some tampering with the scales; and he requested one of the representatives of the Press who was present to ask for the re-attendance of the three Stewards of the Jockey Club. Obedient to the request of their official, they at once attended, and Mr. Manning stated to them frankly his suspicions that the scales had been tampered with in his absence, and asked their permission to have them readjusted in their presence. To this proposal of course there could be no objection; and upon turning up the bottom of the wooden scales a piece of lead weighing over a pound and a quarter was found to be attached to it, and which would readily account for the discrepancy of the weight in regard to the three first animals, for even Merry Heart had a pound over for which he had not declared. The room was then cleared; and before a minute and a half had elapsed the Stewards awarded the race to Catch-'em from the assurance of Mr. Manning he had carried the proper weight.

The position matters would have taken then was not difficult to imagine. On the one hand, there was a fierce determination to hold what was awarded on both sides; and Lord Westmoreland, availing himself of the clause which permits a member of the Jockey Club, if he should feel aggrieved by the decision of the Stewards, to call for a general meeting at the earliest moment, took advantage of it the next day, and the subject is now *sub judice*. Of the excitement created by such a state of affairs we need not speak, for those who know the composition of racing men can well imagine it. Many hold the decision of the Stewards cannot be upset; and others imagine the race will be declared null and void. At all events, it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and we wish each party a happy deliverance out of it. It does not say much, however, for the manner in which racing is conducted at Newmarket when such scenes as these occur; and well might H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge remark to one of the Stewards that he conducted matters in a strange manner at head-quarters; and the reply which was made to him, 'that they always managed to get through, somehow or another,' was hardly indicative of ministerial capacity. How the case will be decided we cannot state, for printers' devils, like time, tide, and railway trains, wait for no one, and therefore let our motto be *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*.

Our stud news is not very extensive this month; but in our next we have reason to think our returns will be more elaborate. Stockwell, we understand, is going to be put up to a hundred guineas; but the policy we consider an erroneous one, for as he does not get a quarter of the two-year old winners he does at three, breeders will hesitate at risking their capital for so long a period before getting a return for it. Newminster has been so fully discussed in another place, we need not further allude to his prospects. Stampedo has joined the Rawcliffe Division, and Yorkshire will have every opportunity of judging of his quality. M. Cavaliero has made a profit of three hundred by his sale of Fandango to the Emperor of Austria; and his Majesty will be not the less pleased with him when he learns the success of Lioness in Cæsarewitch. William, or rather 'Londesborough Scott,' as he is more generally called, has left Mamhead, on account of the air not agreeing with his wife's health, and would like to have the management of either a public or private stable in the North. Captain Barlow, who had Oulston on hire from Mr. Elwes, has purchased him of that gentleman's executors; and Phryne we understand is going to him again. The Trumpeter stock keep up their value, and the promise of mares for next year will soon fill him, for he has not been put at too high a figure. The Dean's Hill Stud is now assuming very respectable di-

mensions by Mr. Painter's recent purchases of mares, which include Hippodamia, by Pelion out of Slander, sister to the Libel, and which is dipping into the Pantaloon blood, now become so valuable; Abbess, sister to 'The Nigger' and Ebony; Charmione, own sister to Cantine out of Vivandière; Lizzie, dam of Pupil; Selina, by De Clare out of Pocahontas, and several others for whose names we cannot find space. The Chevalier d'Industrie is, we understand, looking beautiful; and while Mr. Painter confines himself to buying winners and the dams of winners, he is certain to find the public appreciate his blood, and not hesitate to pay liberally for it. Adamas and Old Robert, we should add, are in the list of fashionable departures from London for the North, and have taken up their quarters at Rawcliffe, that emporium of sires. Lord Stamford's sale of racers will take place, in all probability, in the first week in December; and, like Lord George Bentinck, he will make a clean sweep of everything. Disgust at the fatality which seems to follow the exertions of his trainer to win a great race for him, and more especially the wretched exhibition of Limosina, is the cause of his lordship adopting this step. But we are glad to learn that he is perfectly satisfied of the devotion of Dawson to his interests, and is of opinion that the breaking up of the establishment will be for their mutual benefit.

Hunting has begun to set in in earnest, and 'Bell's Life' has presented its readers with an elaborate and masterly synopsis of the sayings and doings of the chief Packs, so that the reader is at once placed *au courant* with what is going on not only in the Shires, but also in the Provinces. The departure of Lord Spencer for Egypt is much felt in Northamptonshire, and it has already driven away Lord Suffield, who was his neighbour. The country, as has before been stated, has been divided between the Hon. Frederick Villiers and Mr. Reginald Knightley, the former taking the North, and the latter the South side. But Lord Spencer will not be the only Master of the Hounds located this season in the land of Egypt, as the Duke of Rutland also winters there, and it is to be hoped that both will derive the benefit they anticipate from a change of climate. In Hampshire, there will be as much hunting as in any county in England, and Captain Poulett, the great Hambledon man, six days a week instead of four, and with no end of foxes in his covers, the Garrison at Portsmouth look forward to many a good day with him. In the Vine Country, Mr. Whieldon is very cheery, and his entry this year is said to be first-rate, so that the *prestige* which he acquired so soon will have every chance of being preserved. With The Quorn, we are informed Mr. Clowes has had a capital start, and in one portion of his country where vulpecidism flourished, nothing is seen of it. In Yorkshire the scent has been very bad, so they have not done so much with the cubs as in some seasons. In Oxfordshire, Mr. Drake has again resumed office, to the great satisfaction of the country, and his cub score is excellent. In short, from all parts the accounts are most encouraging; and we are glad to find that the agitation against the wire-fencing, in the Atherstone district has been renewed, and extended also to Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, and we trust the promoters of the movement will never cease their exertions until their laudable object is accomplished.

In Sporting Fine Arts, we have nothing particular to notice, except a set of prints which Messrs. Ackermann have just brought out from a series of Coaching Pictures by Shayer, and which have been so much admired by all who have seen them. The first print is entitled 'The Right Sort,' and a happier title could not have been given it, for it depicts a drag, built, drawn, and worked by 'the right sort.' Nothing can be easier than the hanging of the

carriage, which is plainly a Peter's. The team is not a scratch one, made up of second chargers and hacks, but a carefully-selected one, which could bear the scrutiny of Grosvenor Place. The gentleman on the box does not sit with his knees crossed, or hold his whip like a fishing-rod, but could bear the criticism of even 'The Great Northern;' and the servants' attitudes are so easy and natural as to preclude the idea of their being 'out for the day.' The second print, 'The Last Change Down,' is very life-like; and those among us who have not yet forgotten the pleasures of the road, will bear testimony to the fidelity of the grouping, as the ostler surveys with satisfaction the condition of his team as the coachman is about to give them their heads. 'The Early Delivery,' in which we see the guard of the mail dropping the letter-bag at the lodge of some nobleman's park, is to our mind the best of the series, for you can almost fancy you hear the merry-faced guard chaffing the old woman who comes out for the despatches, and tries to accelerate their receipt by holding her apron for it, and saying to her, 'Now, mother, look alive!' The 'First Change Up' is the companion to the 'Last Change Down,' and Mr. Shayer has been equally happy in his treatment of it. As a set, these prints will be certain to be popular, and advance Mr. Shayer still higher among his brother artists. Of training changes we know of none, but we learn that W. Wetherell, who has been absent in Ireland, in the service of the Marquis of Waterford, as private trainer, for the last six years, has returned to England and taken the stables at Lambourne, lately occupied by Mr. Merry, where he has established himself a public trainer.

#### ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

MELLOW autumn—sober autumn—chastened, golden, sorrowing, sad, or with whatever epithet poets or authors have qualified it—is with us in earnest. The yellow leaves fall in showers, the chestnuts have long since rattled down over ripe lives in Père la Chaise, and deck the graves of the dying year; and now the theatres once more resume their sway in civilization (even Scotch judges are found to praise them in Social Science Congresses), and fogs, and sea-coal fires, and such enjoyment as theatres afford to those who can suck amusement from the weasel-egg of the drama is sought, and rarely sought in vain.

There is an *embarras de richesse* in theatrical matters during the past month. The Sibylline leaves (*Anglicè*, playbills) flutter in the air, as if Autumn herself had determined to fling her golden affluence down in the shape of theatrical news and gossip. The month was ushered in by Mr. Burnand's 'Ixion,' and it retreats before the shade of 'Bel Demonio.' 'Ixion' was produced at the New Royalty under Mr. Burnand's own superintendence—at a theatre which up to the commencement of the month no one had heard of, but which now almost every playgoer in London has visited and is familiar with. All things considered—the size of the stage, the unknown nature of the cast—composed, for the most part, of recruits raw to the stage—no burlesque has for a long time been produced with more care or attention to detail, or with greater apprehension of the fun, or the necessities of construction of such a work, and hence, no doubt, its success. Without great claims to brilliancy, the burlesque is much more carefully and accurately written than most productions of the kind, and contains less slang, and also less of that intrinsic vulgarity of sentiment and feeling degrading sacred and serious things which is, in great part, incident to such compositions. It contains,

moreover, one or two new puns—and a new pun now-a-days is as rare as a new planet, and quite as hard to discover—together with a great many smart hits at the follies and foibles of the day. The story is extant, and not in choice Italian,' but very admirable English in Mr. Disraeli's novel, which the author has to some extent followed. This tells how a presumptuous mortal, invited to heaven by Jupiter, falls in love with his host's wife, is exposed and punished, and is bound to an ever-revolving wheel, which is also bound to roll on with no more freedom of communication than is permitted on a penny boat; *apropos* of which for 'wife' read 'Conservative party,' and this is something like Mr. Disraeli's own fate: the part of *Ixion* by that eminent statesman, of *Jupiter* by the late Sir Robert Peel. But, to proceed. *Ixion* is in the present instance represented by a Miss Jenny Wilmore, a young lady of *petite* figure, who dances admirably, and who, in spite of a not very distinct enunciation, acts with very fair *esprit* and grace. The rest of the cast is very tolerably sustained. An old favourite, Mr. Robins, of the Lyceum, plays with his usual success. Mr. Felix Rogers personates *Minerva* very tolerably, in the manner of poor James Rogers, that excellent lady being made an old maid for the nonce; and a very pretty damsel, Miss Ada Cavenish, with admirable points, to use a horsey phrase, looks a very pleasant, happy, heavy *Juno*. The dances are good, and some of the parodies are alike novel and excellent. One or two lines of a doggerel quatrain by 'a gentleman' 'which his name is Watts,' will be readily recognized as a daring and successful adaptation of a deceased celebrity's noble ideas; and another to the tune of the Risarelli Polka is capital in tune and arrangement. In addition to the burlesque of 'Ixion,' a cleverly-constructed farce on the old and somewhat threadbare incident of the dilemma, induced by a gentleman dressing up a bailiff as his friend, whom he introduces as 'My friend the Major,' has been produced at the same house, giving occasion to Mr. Felix Rogers to play with great felicity, and also enabling him to put in a claim to recognition as a thoroughly useful accession to the London stage. His dancing was admirably grotesque—not too much exaggerated—retaining a certain grace in spite of its extravagance; and the conception and execution of the character, though marked by the broadest humour, were alike free from that disposition to mere buffoonery which is the besetting sin of low comedians.

The production of 'Manfred' at Drury Lane, under circumstances of peculiar *éclat* and brilliancy, with music and scenery of more than ordinary excellence, and a cast strengthened by the presence of Mr. Phelps, Mr. Ryder, and Misses Heath and Atkinson, caused some little commotion in the theatrical world—almost as much, indeed, as the announcement of 'Bel Demonio,' the Lyceum Theatre just at present being the cynosure of all eyes, and the axis of the theatrical earth sticking visibly out just about that favourite and favoured house. 'Manfred' was produced once before, in October, 1834, Mr. Denvil sustaining the principal character, and it was afterwards burlesqued by A'Becket at the Strand. When first produced its scenery was on a magnificent scale by Grieve—grander, possibly, than on the present occasion; the music was superintended by Cooke, and was unusually excellent; and probably to these circumstances, rather than to the poetry of Byron, or the acting of Denvil, the success was due. Similarly, the scenic effect, the music, and the attraction of Mr. Phelps, were the instruments of invocation on the present occasion. Something also must be allowed for the name of Byron. It is still a name with which to 'call spirits from the vasty deep;' and on the first night the house was crammed to the ceiling with a most

enthusiastic audience. Unluckily, however, neither the splendid poetry, nor the acting, nor the scenery, could convert what was not intended for stage representation into a drama, or impart interest to a story which has neither plot nor action to sustain it. It was of course to be regretted, when amusements generally are of so inferior a character, and dialogue such as Sheridan aimed at, or sentiment, or emotion, as it exists in the comedies of Shakespeare, are comparatively unknown, that splendid poetry should under any circumstances fail. But then the colours in a Turkey carpet do not make a picture; nor will plums, eggs, and spice make a pudding; nor could 'Manfred,' though it contains many of the elements of a drama, fine poetry, noble thoughts in noble language, impressive pictures of passion, and a very inspiration of imagery, be converted by these into a drama; nor by the aid even of scenery and a tragedian thus transmuted.

Mr. Phelps declaimed in a very creditable manner; Miss Rose Leclercq, who has to repeat two or three lines as the *Spirit of Astarte*, threw into them all the mournfulness and feeling of which they were capable; and the rest of the characters sustained their parts very fairly, while the music was in part excellent, though Mr. Swift might have sung more in tune. The scenery included a fine view of the Alps by Telbin, including the Jungfrau and Wetterhorn, tolerably authentic, and an enlarged copy of Martin's picture of Satan sitting in council; which some wicked wag once described as a gentleman in black sitting on a large marble in the middle of a crowded Opera House, and which on the present occasion represented the 'Hall of Arimanes.'

A new *petite* drama, called 'Miriam's Crime,' by Mr. Craven, has been produced at the Strand for the purpose of affording Miss Kate Saville an opportunity of introducing herself to Strand audiences. It turns on the somewhat stale and stagey incident of the burning of a will; but on this occasion, emulating *Asa Trenchard* in 'Our American Cousin,' the lady commits the statutable offence to enrich her lover, and then discovers, to her horror, that she has been to some extent suicidal in her designs, and that another person will inherit the fortune she destined for her intended. Happily, however, with a proper respect for dramatic exigencies, there is another will—as Charles Mathews would say, 'Of course there is another will'—which has been concealed by *Biles*, a dishonest and intriguing lawyer's clerk, which *Miriam*, holding that the end justifies the means, purloins from his strong-box. Thus the drama terminates happily, not with the triumph of virtue, but by *Miriam's* crime being forgiven and condoned. Miss Kate Saville plays with her usual delicacy of feeling; but the part in her hands a little lacks light and shade. On the other hand, the emotional passages are rendered with considerable energy and power. Mr. G. Honey, as *Biles*, is in part eminently grotesque; but he seems incapable of discriminating between buffoonery and acting, or where the line dividing them begins or ends. Some of his comedy was of the most amusing kind, but parts of it were little above the level of a clown at a country fair. Mr. Belford, as a returned convict, played a character part out of his ordinary rôle most creditably.

If attendance were in anywise a measure of excellence, or popularity any index of power, Miss Bateman's *Leah* at the Adelphi, which promises to run on till Christmas, would be entitled to be considered a fine performance. Like 'The Peep o' Day,' however, the qualities which attain recognition for this place are extrinsic, and are more or less independent of the acting. The choruses are effective, the business of the play stirring, and the interest is strongly human. The character of the heroine is sustained with tolerable



force and energy, and a certain coarse vigour and power, but is wholly wanting in artistic finish, culture, or even dramatic intelligence; these qualities—that is, the absence of them—being compensated with a miscellaneous public, not too critical in matters of taste, by a certain seeming earnestness and breadth of purpose. Mr. Billington accomplishes much that he has to perform with superior energy and finish, but disappoints in some of the serious passages by mistrusting his own emotion; on the whole, however, sustaining the arduous character of the hero of the piece effectively. And Mr. Arthur Stirling, as *Nathan of Prague*, sustains the ungrateful character of an apostate and malignant Jew with his usual care and artistic discrimination and zeal.

On Monday the 26th of the month Mr. Charles Mathews made his reappearance, after his French trip, on the Haymarket stage, selecting the English version of 'Un Anglais Timide,' 'Cool as a Cucumber,' for his *début*, as proof of his triumph, and as a sort of honourable trophy of his success; and 'The Golden Fleece'—in which the first Mrs. Mathews so successfully exerted herself—for the second Mrs. Mathews' introduction to the audience. Mr. Charles Mathews was as cool, as volatile, as indescribably impudent as ever, and arranged the chairs, poked his friends in the ribs, flourished his pocket-handkerchief, and pranced about the stage with as much active ardour as he did before the present race of playgoers was born. His rôle is limited, his artistic ability is next to nothing, but his manner is simply inimitable, and his own. Mrs. Mathews acted with the most thorough and absolute intelligence as *Medea*, and gave those who were sceptical of her serious power a pleasant surprise—in all, save her voice, completely sustaining the part.

In conclusion, Mr. Fechter's romantic drama of 'Bel Demonio' was produced too late in the month (on Saturday the 31st) to enable us to give a detailed notice of it. It may be described, however, as an Italian story, setting forth the quarrels of some of the feudal Italian lords, but as not being founded on Paul Feval's novel of 'Bel Demonio,' published in 1850. This last sets forth the adventures of a certain romantic chieftainess of robbers in the Abruzzi, who is attended by twelve Moors in turbans, and called *Bel Demonio*. The piece is likely to have a run as long as 'The Duke's Motto;' indeed Mr. Fechter seems to have mastered the *crux* of fashionable popularity, his theatre being admirably managed, and its present selection of pieces and spirited *mise en scène*, having completed a revolution in theatrical affairs in London.

With respect to the future, Mdlle. Duverger, a French comedienne of sparkling and attractive manners, is to make her *début* shortly in 'Romeo and Juliet,' which she has recently been playing at the Odeon. Miss Helen Faucit is also to appear at La Théâtre Français at Christmas in a new play, which is being written for her by Alexandre Dumas. The Mathews' appear in an English version of Scribe's 'Une Chaine,' by Mr. Leicester Buckingham. Dundreary returns to London at Christmas; and, wonder of wonders! has just made his appearance as the *Kinchin* in 'The Flowers of the Forest' (Mr. Paul Bedford's part)—rather a leap from *Dundreary*, and one of the most Dundrearyish acts ever attempted by this actor on or off the stage. Mr. Brough furnishes the Haymarket burlesque, and Mr. Byron, as usual, that for Covent Garden and the Strand, with possibly also that for the Adelphi.





— Hutchinson.

James G. Thompson.

J. Vincent

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT.

RIFE as are the annals of the Turf with instances of pluck and devotion to its pursuits, we question whether among its followers any of late years have displayed an equal amount of spirit as Lord St. Vincent, the winner of the last Doncaster St. Leger.

Viscount St. Vincent, whose motto ought certainly to have been *Nil desperandum*, was born on the 12th of August, 1825, at Teddington, and is the nephew of the celebrated Sir John Jervis, who, by the valour and discretion he displayed in the action with the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, in 1797, was raised to the peerage by the gift of an earldom with that title. And he subsequently filled, with the utmost credit to himself, the arduous post of First Lord of the Admiralty, at a time when its duties were most embarrassing, from the enormous extent of our armaments, and the party spirit that reigned in the Cabinet.

The subject of our sketch received his education at Eton; but instead of proceeding to either of the Universities, in charge of a tutor, he made the usual tour of Europe, and, on his return, settled down on the family estate, at Minton, in Staffordshire. As yet it was only in the hunting-field that his sporting propensities had developed themselves: and for some years he kept a good stud of hunters; and could only have been described as being well known with The Atherstone. Meeting, however, with a severe accident, the effects of which are still visible, Lord St. Vincent was obliged to retire from the Chase, and he soon after quitted Staffordshire, and took up his abode at Godmersham Park, near Canterbury. Although, from his love of horses, his Lordship always had a bet upon The Derby and The St. Leger, he never figured as an owner of racehorses until 1860, when, attending Canterbury Races, he purchased Emotion at the hammer for forty pounds, after winning a Selling Stake, and before the day's sport was over she paid for herself by carrying off the Welter Cup. Whether the name of his first purchase—a singularly appropriate one for a sportsman of his Lord-

ship's temperament—aroused a dormant passion to figure conspicuously on the Turf, we cannot say, but Clementi, Hidalgo, Claverly, and Draghound were soon added to Emotion, which filly had been consigned to the care of W. Goater, at Findon. But as yet his Lordship cannot be said to have got into his stride ; and it was not until the Friday before The Derby that he began to 'act,' which he did with that good, but unfortunate horse Klarikoff. And as many foolish and ill-natured stories were in circulation respecting his purchase of the half-share of him, we consider it to be only fair, both towards vendor and purchaser, to narrate the exact facts of the case. Klarikoff, bred by Mr. Bowes, was the property of Mr. Padwick, and had been backed by him and the members of Scott's stable to win an enormous stake for The Derby. In the Two Thousand he may be said to have run a dead heat with Kettledrum, for the Judge declared there was not the difference of a race-card between them ; and this feat he achieved, when, before starting, he came out like a mad horse, and giving every appearance of having been done—a fact not inconsistent, from the constant peppering he had received throughout the winter, both in London and Manchester. We are aware we shall have many dissentients to this view of the case ; but fortified as we are by the opinion of those juvenile judges, Captain White and John Osborne, senior, we must be excused for sticking to our text. Notwithstanding this untoward defeat, Klarikoff rallied again ; and although what the late Isaac Day would have styled by no means a prepossessing horse, and in his slow paces a most slovenly goer, never seeming to get his legs from under him, he so pleased his trainer, as well as the touts, by the way he stuck to Cape Flyaway, that The Derby was looked on at Whitewall as over. And the layers got out of him. Such was the state of [affairs when Lord St. Vincent dined at Mr. Padwick's house in Hill Street, with several well-known members of the Turf. As may be expected, at such a reunion of choice spirits, The Derby monopolized the chief part of the conversation, and Klarikoff was the hero of the hour. In the course of the dinner, our subject asked his host if he would sell Klarikoff, to which he replied, in a laughing manner, that it was impossible. 'But why not?' reiterated his Lordship. 'For many reasons,' said Mr. Padwick ; 'because, in the first place, I could never make a market of a horse at my own table ; in the second, because I really could not put a price upon him ; thirdly, because I could not remove him from John Scott's stable, as his friends were all on him ; and, fourthly, because I do not want to part with him.' Still these arguments did not prevail, and Lord St. Vincent seemed so bent upon having a Derby horse, that, after dinner, a calculation was made by a well-known Yorkshire sportsman of the value of Klarikoff's engagements, which looked so well on paper that Mr. Padwick's reluctance to part with him was still further increased. In the drawing-room, when Mr. Padwick again declined the proposal for a sale, his Lordship pressed him to let him have half of the horse, if he would not part with the whole. To this Mr. Pad-

wick said if he did accede he should ask him a very large sum, for he knew his chance for The Derby, and the value of his subsequent engagements, which included The St. Leger and a lot of other great stakes. And he said, he thought, under all the circumstances, if he asked him five thousand, and betted him forty hundred to two hundred, the price would not be out of the way. 'I will have it,' exclaimed his Lordship. 'I think it moderate, and imagined you 'would have asked twice as much.' 'But,' rejoined his host, 'you 'shall not buy this evening: sleep on your offer, and if you come to 'me to-morrow, and want to be off the bargain, you shall be in an 'instant.' Upon this understanding the engagement was entered into, and upon the following afternoon Lord St. Vincent, who, *à la Victorine*, had gone home and slept upon the proposal, called in Hill Street, told Mr. Padwick he had consulted Lady St. Vincent on the subject, and he had brought a draft for five thousand for his half share. Conduct like this is rare; and we wonder what old Mr. Tattersall, who called the Americans 'noble buyers' for giving 4000 guineas for Priam, would have termed it?—as it is, without exception, the largest price ever known in any country for a moiety of a racehorse. How Klarikoff got left behind by the late Mr. M'George, who, in his nervous anxiety at the start, confessed he did not see him, and how Fordham, irritated at being treated in such a manner, after being in such a good place in all the previous false starts, over-rode his horse, and was second at the top of the hill, and fifth in the finish, is too much a matter of history to need recording. And we are the more especially restrained from touching on so sore a point now; for at the time we are penning this sketch, he is just entering on his honeymoon, and should be left to its undisturbed enjoyment, after so arduous a campaign in the pigskin. Mortifying, no doubt, as was the defeat of Klarikoff, it yet brought out the fine points in Lord St. Vincent's character in bold relief. For upon Mr. Padwick's meeting him on the steps of the Stand directly after the race was run, and expressing to him his deep mortification at so unexpected a result, and explaining to him the evident cause of it, he replied, in the most cheery manner, that he perfectly understood it, did not repent his bargain in the least, and they were sure to win the St. Leger with him. If this did not prove him to be possessed of a portion, at least, of the spirit, which led the first of the St. Vincents never to regard the difference of odds, when an enemy's squadron was in sight, we are at a loss to imagine what further evidence would be required to illustrate the fact. And well might John Scott, in drawing a distinction between him and another well-known Sportsman, who shall be nameless now, have remarked, he was certain the former was in 'The Book,' for there was no hair about the hoof 'in' him. But Klarikoff's misfortunes had not yet reached their culminating point, for, as will be recollected, on returning from Epsom to Malton, on the Great Northern Railway, he was destroyed by the van taking fire from a spark from the engine, and neither of the owners have received any compensation for their loss.

This sad accident would have curbed the enthusiasm of most beginners ; but Lord St. Vincent, to use a cricketing phrase, was 'too game a colt' to be beaten in his first innings ; and during the Ascot week following, he gave 3000 guineas by telegraph for Ben Webster, the day before Coroner had beaten him at Manchester for The Queen's Plate. This purchase he made with a view of winning The Goodwood Cup, but he broke down a fortnight before the race came off ; and not only was he never able to run him for any event, but he had to pay forfeit in a Match for two thousand that he had made with Mr. George Fitzwilliam with Wallace. This was another high trial of his Lordship's endurance ; but he was equal to the occasion, and at Brighton we saw him giving 500 guineas to William Day for Schehallion, after he had beaten Lord Burleigh in The Two Year Old Plate. It was now surely time that his Lordship should win his second race ; and in a month afterwards he did so at Exeter, where, with his new purchase, he carried off The Mamhead Stakes, worth upwards of 300*l.*, beating Alchymist, who was a tremendous favourite, and several others. Eighteen hundred and sixty-two loomed better for the Lord of Godmersham ; for Edwin Parr, who had had the charge of his horses for three months, came out at The Epsom Spring Meeting, and won The Two Year Old Stakes for him with The Orphan, a filly purchased for a song. And had Hibberd only sat still on her the following day, she must have beaten Muezzin for The New Two Year Old Stake ; for she subsequently ran second to Lord Clifden for The Woodcote, and likewise won The Fernhill at Ascot, and The Eglinton at Doncaster.

We now come to another of those dashing ventures which have marked the brief career of Lord St. Vincent on the Turf, viz., the purchase of Lord Clifden, with whose name his memory will always be associated. To all who were behind the scenes on the Turf, the fact of Lord Clifden having been tried to be the best two-year old that had been seen for years was well known. In fact, he had done so much with Spicebox that only 20 to 1 was asked about him for The Derby before he came out for The Woodcote. Knowing, by The Orphan, how good the Newminster colt must be, his Lordship resolved to try again if The Derby and St. Leger were beyond his grasp, and entered into negotiations for him. His Minister Plenipotentiary was Mr. Holmes, an Irish gentleman endowed with all the requisite powers for such an undertaking, and an admitted good judge of a horse. He was accompanied by Edwin Parr ; and Ashton-under-Lyne, in Staffordshire, was the place fixed for the Congress with Mr. Hinde, who was a wine and spirit dealer in that town. At first there appeared so small a chance of the mission being successful—for the horse was in price to another gentleman—that Parr returned home to Telscombe. The Irish Ambassador, however, was not so easily shaken off, and after a considerable amount of finesse and diplomacy, he was enabled to telegraph to Lord St. Vincent to meet him with a blank cheque. At this con-

ference the sum demanded, viz., five thousand pounds down, and two thousand more if he won The Derby, was named; and as his Lordship had agreed so readily to give the same amount for half a three-year old, it was not likely to suppose he would squabble much at being asked the same sum for the whole of a two-year old; and, subject to the certificate of Mr. Mavor, the treaty was signed, sealed, and delivered, and Lord Clifden, in charge of the Irish Master of the Horse, arrived at Godmersham at half-past eleven at night. With his performances at Doncaster our readers must be too familiar to need our recapitulating them. Neither need we recur to the terrific finish he made in The Derby with Macaroni, in which the only difference between them was that Lord St. Vincent's horse's head was down and Mr. Naylor's up as they passed the post, for the struggle is on record. Before the race, from the betting on several occasions, Lord Clifden was supposed to have been amiss. But this was not the case; and the only reason which prevented Edwin Parr from being able to go on with him as he could have wished was that symptoms of lameness now and then displayed themselves, and which were attributed to a fall he had while at exercise, when he slipped up. For The St. Leger, however, there was no necessity for sparing him, and Edwin Parr having made a new course at Telscombe under the hill, which was unknown and inaccessible to the touts, he sent his horse along to that extent that he stumped up Zetland, Necromancer, and Charles Fox. It was at Doncaster that the good effects of this preparation were visible, and it bore its fruit in recording Lord St. Vincent the winner of The St. Leger in the third year of his career on the Turf. Rarely, if ever, was a victory better received by the public, who seldom make mistakes in their estimate of character; and the horse was emphatically 'the horse of the people,' and is likely to remain so while in the hands of Lord St. Vincent.

But, fortunate as his Lordship was at Doncaster with Lord Clifden, winning sufficient to enable him to say he got him for nothing, still with his other purchases he has met with disappointment enough to disgust him with the idea of adding to his string, inasmuch as neither Hidalgo or Dunena ever trained, and Lady Stafford, whom he bought of Mr. Hind for 2,000 guineas about the same time as he got Lord Clifden from him, never did anything. Bellman, also, whom he bought in Ireland for 750 guineas, never won a race for him; and as Zetland, for whom he gave John Osborne 3000 guineas, for the purpose of winning the Goodwood Cup, was beaten by Tim Whiffler, his own nomination, and The Orphan died from tetanus, he may be said to have borne his martyrdom with no ordinary fortitude, and to be deserving of the highest rewards that Fortune can bestow upon him.

Firm in his friendships, liberal in his disposition, a hater of all that low chicanery which is so much in vogue at the present time among those who, from their position, ought to set an example to



'the scum,' as they are pleased to term the small bookmakers, the colours of Lord St. Vincent are as little likely to be tarnished as those from whom he derives his right to sit in the Upper Chamber of the Nation. And in future ages his name will be as respected among racing men as that of his uncle is venerated at the Admiralty.

## THE RECREATIONS OF AN ENGLISH WATERING-PLACE.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

WE hardly know whether an apology be due to the readers of a sporting magazine for occasionally wandering out of the beaten track. We can scarcely flatter ourselves that sporting literature is of so high a class as to give universal and continuous entertainment, to the exclusion of all other subjects: or that our subscribers are so wedded to what we may call the staple commodity of our pages as to have neither eyes nor ears for anything but the 'to-ho' or the 'tally-ho' of light reading. The pleasantest description of a battue or a steeple-chase—the liveliest record of a run or a match—the cheeriest samples of yachting or cricket—Melton, Newmarket, Canterbury, or Cowes, will 'pale their ineffectual fires' before the test of constant repetition. The veriest glutton who has swallowed the substantial dishes of the late Mr. Apperley, the more delicate appetite of the epicure who has wandered amongst the dainties of Whyte Melville, has no great fancy for the *crambe repetita* of every month, and may forgive us an attempt to bring back the stomach to a healthy tone by a momentary repose. It should also be remembered that amongst sportsmen themselves a livelier interest is felt for extraneous matter than was formerly the case, and that we address a generation of educated gentlemen (may we add gentlewomen too?) in lieu of our glorious forefathers, whose education assimilated with their food, whose liveliest sense of humour was a jackpudding at a fair, and greatest feat of courage a bout at quarter-staff with the village blacksmith or a fight with a Charley. Men can be no more always reading of, than they can be participating in, the sports of the field; and as we are anticipating 'a regular knock-down o' talent' in that line on another page, and by a much-esteemed contributor, we will seek for matter of a milder form, and find, 'as sermons in stones,' some sport in everything.

Suppose we include in our net a goodly draught, we shall find many with a cheerful sense of rural pleasure, who, without being positively gun-shy, have a wholesome dread of three keepers, eight brace of savage pointers, solitary freedom, continuous red-deer venison, and twenty thousand acres of alternate granite and bog, with nothing but the chance of a pack or two of diseased grouse to shoot at—who can get through the early part of the season without risking their collar-bones over the blind ditches or still blinder wires, until

time and persuasion have opened the country. A man may have a very tolerable relish for the race-course without living upon it, and may be content to retire from the excitement of the Cambridgeshire, without an indulgence in Worcester or Shrewsbury. We hold Frail to be one of the greatest men of his day; but there are those who can resist even his appeal in favour of a few weeks of change.

There never is much difficulty in disposing of time, although a common notion abroad is that an English gentleman has always too much of it on his hands. Such is seldom the case, as it has been shrewdly remarked that the idlest people are generally the most busy. A certain portion of society, however, having nothing material to do when the London season is over, and the few country visits they have to pay are discharged, have invented a new pleasure, which is highly popular at this season of the year—we mean the sea-side. A century ago, we presume, the pleasures of the sea-side were distributed between the magnates who had country houses in the neighbourhood, or the overworked tradesman or professional who chose to rent one of the half-finished, badly-drained cottages which continue to infest certain parts of every bathing-place to this day. A month or six weeks of an air which was keener or softer, as the case might be, but of which the supply was plentiful, and the salt water which washed the impurities of large cities from the bodies of the young folks to the tune of slow music ('Polly put the Kettle 'on,' or some equally melancholy fragment of Dr. Watts, we presume), were the great inducements to Paterfamilias to be robbed in a minor degree by a rapacious cormorant called a lodging-house keeper. There was certainly no thought of fashion in such measures. There was, probably, some indefinite notions of extraordinary cleanliness in a daily bath before tubs and washing-houses were so attainable; and it might be imagined that a mixture of water, sodium, carbonate of lime, and magnesia, was more effective than the homely sponge and the filtrated river-water of the Chelsea Waterworks: at all events it was something new; and new brooms sweep clean. But nobody talked of fashion at the sea-side till towards the latter part of the last century the Prince Regent laid the foundation-stone of the mosques and minarets of the Pavilion and the future greatness of Brighton together.

It would puzzle a philosopher, unless he were well acquainted with the peculiarity of modern habits, to know where all the people were gone to who filled Bond Street, Regent Street, and Rotten Row from 5 to 7 P.M. during the months of June and July. Those heavy swells with the drooping moustaches and the weary eyes; those *petits maîtres* with the shining boots and the damaged reputations; those broad-waistcoated papas, with counting-house respectability and Three per Cents. engraved on their bob-tailed cobs and stolid countenances; those painters, and writers, and Foreign Office clerks, and professional knights of the Inner Temple, and overfed deans and underpaid curates, where are they all gone? They're not all in the Highlands, nor in Norfolk, nor at Melton; and the country-houses

of England might be as full as the Black Hole at Calcutta without containing above a third part of the missing population of the capital. Besides this a great majority of this mass are detrimental, not admissible to closer familiarity than one waltz at Almack's or the Guards' Ball, therefore nameless and houseless wanderers, except amongst elder brothers and sisters proverbially disagreeable. While, as we said before, the pigskin and the heather does not fall to the lot of everybody: we are not *all* there. Search for them at the sea-side.

We trust to be able to show in the course of this essay that the pleasures of recreation are almost identical with those of sport. Not, indeed, the sports of the field: but allowing to our language that very comprehensive form which it assumes under the authority of Lord William Lennox, and writers of that prolific school, we may venture to say with the gallant officer to pretty nearly everything we meet, 'Here's sport indeed!' We should very much like to see the soul so dead that should walk round a corner of the Marine Parade at Brighton on a windy day, and not exclaim, 'Here's sport indeed!' And permit us to state that if the presence of *legs* be any addition to the sport expected, Newmarket may hang out signals of distress at once. We back Brighton for numbers and quality.

The sea-side of an island is scarcely definite enough for the immediate discovery of a friend or an enemy: of the last fact the Horse-Guards and the Admiralty have been frequently reminded on the subject of invasion. Still, like them, we think we could nearly spot the gentleman who forgot the tenner on the late Cambridgeshire, or the friend who hangs out a dinner only to be surpassed by T——d H——y, or that excellent but rash individual who mounts us with the Brookside or the Southdown. We say nothing against the Welsh coast or the Bristol Channel. They have their uses, doubtless, as ladies with half a dozen children can testify, who think that dirt-pies are the most economical nutriment, and that they are to be best obtained at low-water on the coast of the Bristol Channel. But we should not look for him there. There are some charming spots on the Western coast famous for hats and under-garments of curious pattern and colour; but the fashionable absentee or the epicurean would be sought in vain at Torquay. Rhyl has lately become exceedingly *recherché* for invalid squires with primitive wives and dyspeptic mothers-in-law; but we should not trust it for our dinner-giving refugee. Eastbourne is a charming spot: everybody says so: healthy in spite of the seven doctors who have proclaimed it as under their especial patronage. We should look for none but a raving lunatic in such a neighbourhood. Bognor is tolerable during the Goodwood week, but it is because the following day's racing leaves a hope of absence from the dull monotony of its beach, and the supernatural quiet of its streets. One great wonder in any of these places is the motive which has induced that manifestly well-to-do party to have taken up his abode in any one of them. What is to become of his wife, his daughters, his son? Of

what earthly use are the bonnets they have not worn, and the crinolines they cannot wear? Was it for this we left our snug, if not cheerful, home in Great Coram Street? Where are the gay equipages of which we heard—the fashionable arrivals of which we have read—the clever charlatans who attach M.D. or D.M. to their name promiscuously, according as their degree is of Edinburgh or Newmarket—the frequented lounge, the popular preacher; where are those happy recreations which imagination has painted as inseparably connected with the sea-side? Nowhere. If dullness is the inseparable companion of respectability, then most of the sea-bathing places of England are indeed respectable.

But, as if to redeem the whole coast from universal censure on the score of stupidity, there are a few places which put forth claims to a superfluity of entertainment—places in which the gorgeous magnificence of the ladies vies not unsuccessfully with the eccentricity of costume of the gentlemen: where a vague *laissez aller* of the fast school is corrected by the *haut ton* of the exclusives: where the fun is as furious as the wind is boisterous, and where the sport is fitted to every possible circumstance of age or resources, from a shilling drive in a one-horse fly to a two-guinea gallop over a stiff vale; from the steady pace of an invalid-chair to the stimulating effects of a tumble-down hack; from the most pious of muffin-struggles to an elopement with a riding-master; or the most conventical-like evangelism to the most gorgeous mummeries of flower-worship and semi-twilight. We take our leave of the chaste beauties of Aberystwith and the West, and turn to the yachting, the water-fowl shooting, the riding, dancing, gambling, and dissipations of Scarborough, Folkestone, Ramsgate, Ryde, Brighton—Brighton, *halte-la*: the very place which embraces the leading features of the rest, where there are as many seasons as there are winds, and which will do well for a fair sample of the Civil Service in the months of October, November, and December; and the Bedford Hotel is the place where I should seek for my absentee debtor, my dinner-giving friend, or my rash Master of the Horse.

There must be some peculiarity, some air of fashion or fashion of the air, which has raised a Sussex village of 7,000 inhabitants to a magnificent town of 50,000 or more. Was it that mongrel pagoda and Turkish mosque sort of affair which left its mark after the tales by which it would be best remembered have almost passed away? Is it its railway communication, its exorbitant charges, its downs, its want of accommodation, its winds, its waves, or its drainage, which rivals that of Cologne, without its disinfectant water? In the palmy days of Charles Tyrwhitt Jones, Sir St. Vincent Cotton, Stephenson, or a former Marquis of Worcester, we could well have preferred to sit by their side down the road, and could have understood the fascination which has brought down thousands behind the teams that quickened the road to Brighton. But we have no choice of stokers, and, as long as the pace is equally good, have no weakness for one above another, unless it be, indeed, for the young

Duke of S——. We have a decided objection to Mr. W——m. Decidedly the facility of railway communication is not the prominent reason for such popularity. Men love good hotels from their paucity; but whether their partiality extends to their charges is another matter. We rather think not; and the unsparing nature of their voracity is in an inverse ratio to their excellence. The number of men who travel have caused a demand which almost exceeds the supply; and where this is the case accommodation must be procured either of an inferior quality or at an increased expense. We fear in most places of ready resort a peculiar class of sporting men have had something to do with this. Plenty of money, great readiness in spending it, and a want of discrimination in the requirements of a gentleman, have made landlords less particular in their service and less moderate in their demands. We see a structure rising on the West Cliff which, if height has any pretension to excellence, must be remarkably good. It is the production of a joint-stock company; and we beg that particular attention may be paid to the wine department. The present effect of light claret has been to introduce the stomachache at about half the previous cost of the headache: the old plan was the better of the two, as there was always the delusion that we were doing the right thing: it is now pure gain to the landlord. We shall still be satisfied with a good bottle of sherry, whenever we can get it. In speaking of the new hotel, ladies and gentlemen are to be wound up to the top of the towers, which, Italian in their character, present only greater facilities for the enjoyment of a high wind. This is fortunate, as the fetching a pair of gloves from your dressing-room, or changing your boots, during the day, involve the luxury of a walk to which the treadmill appears to be a joke: if ill-conceived economy prevented the purchase of more ground we should remind the proprietors of the fate which awaits lofty aspirations in a sou'-wester:—

‘Et celsæ graviore casu  
‘Decidunt turres.’—HOR. *Ode II. l.*

The guests will not be slow to cap one quotation by another—‘De gustibus non est disputandum,’ which may be translated for the benefit of the victims of what is called the ‘modern system’—‘There’s no mistake about the wind.’

The Downs, with the exception, perhaps, of Brill, is the greatest institution of the place. Our first impression in connection with them is, as everywhere else, high wind: our next the race-course and the Volunteers. The Meeting, which takes place immediately after the Goodwood week, is brilliant as it should be: the transition from Bognor to Brighton as natural as that of the grub to the butterfly; only we regard it the other way. The purity of the air is probably emblematic of the intentions of the Company, and illustrative of a highly professional proverb that ‘It’s an ill wind that blows nobody good.’ The Volunteers have on two occasions shed a lustre over the town and its environs by their dauntless courage in facing the

hills, which were evidently intended for nothing but the Brookside Harriers and their hardy followers. We know nothing so calculated as the run up from Rottendean to try the wind of a stout major of infantry; and think the greatest compliment that can be paid to the place is its eminent popularity, notwithstanding its hardships: like the Dutch toy which represents a round-stern'd Hollander deprived of his legs, put him as you will, he always rights himself by his ups and downs.

“Brill? who the deuce is Brill?” says old Major Pendennis, an old fellow who knew Brighton, sir, in the days of the Regency; when there was one melancholy little library at the corner of the Stein, with a solemn verandah, and a sixpenny lottery; when Kentfield was in arms; when a row of Jerusalem ponies, with white housings and a square sort of coal-box on their backs, invited the juvenile equestrians to tumble off, if possible—such as, indeed, still exists at the more primitive of our bathing establishments. “Who ‘is Brill?’” says the old gentleman. “Brill,” we reply, “is every-thing. Brill is to Brighton what Benazet is to Baden Baden. Independently of which, we have pleasure in recording that Brill is ‘himself a sportsman, whilst M. Benazet is satisfied with promoting ‘the taste in others, without any personal participation.’” Mr. Brill is the proprietor of a very large-bathing-establishment, hotel, reading-room, and irreproachable temper for both sexes. Not that we wish it to be supposed that there is in this establishment the mutual accommodation system so peculiar to the French and Italian baths. Propriety reigns universally, and the separation of the ladies and gentlemen is as strict as in a union workhouse. In Genoa, indeed, a water-party may be made upon quite another footing. Your ingenuity may be exercised, first of all, in the selection of a becoming costume, and, afterwards, in the selection of a suitable companion: a charming swim with a princess is as common an occurrence as a ride in Rotten Row; and an esteemed acquaintance of ours nearly met with a watery grave last year from having selected a lady of such dolphin-like proportions and properties that she very nearly drowned her companion. He was, however, supported to shore by the ladies of the party, who exhibited, on the occasion, quite as much sympathy as contempt. A young gentleman who has the misfortune to be regarded in the light of a *mauvais parti*, has been forbidden, or is rather debarred from those ordinary opportunities of familiarity on shore which might lead to a declaration; but he is permitted to accompany the young lady and her family on their bathing expeditions, and to promenade (that’s not the right word) with his inamorata through the water without comment, it being regarded as improbable that any one should have wind for making love and making way at the same time. The absurdity of the position strikes one immensely; a dampness upon ardour, or a coolness between friends, though we hardly know whether the Genoese family in question had been so tickled with the humorous as ourselves. Perhaps they are not aware that, some years ago, in the Pytchley country, two gentle-

men, who had a little unpleasantness about their horses, made a match for two hundred while standing up to their necks in the middle of a brook: an argument that only goes to show that hatred is stronger than love, or that match-making in the water is not so impossible as the Italian *chaperons* imagine. Be that as it may, Brighton propriety has never been offended by too close a proximity of bathing-machines, and the ladies have scrupulously kept their assignations outside the doors.

A Parade, not strictly military, but with much of that element belonging to it, is a feature in every watering-place. It implies a love of a hat, an elaborately-striped petticoat, lots of shopping, Balmoral boots, accidental assignations, and an appetizing breeze. At Brighton, then, may be added, a crowd of equipages of every class, from the humblest fly to the neatest ponies, the best-appointed phaëton, or the most somniferous-looking carriage; equestrians of both sexes, and of every degree of excellence, from the distinguished foreigner to the ex-master of a pack of foxhounds; from the most amazing amazonian talent of the *demi-monde* to the timidity and inexperience of the respectability of Russell Square (that some of them are not blown bodily into the sea seems to us a great mercy, or become, under the influence of the continuous hurricane which always rages on either cliff, a thing of shreds and patches; the more so when we reflect that not a few of the performers are to the full as frail as they are fair); and a capability of sighing for everything, and of getting it, from the most simple and inexpensive photograph to the most costly antique from Silvani. All this occupies a couple of hours, from three to five, when the inclemencies of the situation, or the love of that mysterious cup of tea, drives to their homes all that makes the Parade endurable.

We have often wondered whether Brighton has, properly speaking, any resident inhabitants. Of course, where there's property there must be proprietors; and we should be sorry to imagine that the whole of a magnificent city could be parcelled out among the lodging-house keepers, those harpies in brown fronts and bombazeen dresses, who disappear at certain seasons of the year, when other persons take possession, or lead, perchance, a mysterious life, superintending domestic operations in some regions below stairs. No place could exist for long on the broad basis of nothing but miserable old women and the tradesmen of the town. There must be society when society is absent: there must be whist, and muffins, and *thé dansantes*, and private theatricals, and turtle dinners at some time or other; for is there not a mayor, and a corporation, and a couple of members for the borough? And whom should they represent? Are there not fish markets, and charities, and schools supported by voluntary contributions, and physicians and lawyers? And on whom should they batten, if not upon the dwellers in Mesopotamia?—and—yes, thank goodness—there are some hounds.

We did not intend to have gone in for 'sport' of this class, but find ourselves unable to overlook so great and interesting a feature in

life at an English spa. It does, unfortunately, happen that the coast is not to be recommended as a hunting country. Cheltenham and Leamington combine the pleasures of the chase with the more temperate pleasures of mineral-water drinking; but Sussex and Kent present difficulties to the aspirant to venatorial fame. We have had a day or two, now and then, and can scarcely do better than record our experiences for the benefit of those whose good sense leads them to take what they can get in preference to sighing for what they cannot. The pack of hounds properly belonging to Brighton, and appropriated to the visitors from the month of November to March, is called the Brighton Harriers, *par excellence*. They are neither as 'level as a die,' nor as 'handsome as paint;' and old Jorrocks himself would find some difficulty in satisfying his conscience by unqualified praise, notwithstanding his elastic directions on that subject to 'ingenuous spooney.' Nevertheless, we commend these harriers to the notice of amateur sportsmen, and can assure them they are capable of holding their own in their own country. That country develops some peculiarities worth mentioning; and if the *facilis descensus* of the one side is peculiarly calculated to encourage a runaway horse, it must be remembered that the ascent on the other is equally suggestive of stopping him altogether. Weather has a great effect upon the character of the meet. A clear, fine day, with a bright sun, when every probability is opposed to sport, collects a heterogeneous crowd of men, women, and children, of flies, hacks, hunters, and ponies; but it is a fortunate circumstance that, excepting in the case of a distinguished foreigner or two, discretion is the better part of valour, and the hounds are not interfered with. It requires good nerve, as well as fine shoulders, to ride down the Devil's Dyke; and the majority, even of women and wheels, prefer to keep on the hills. These hounds, like the charitable institutions, which seem to prove the existence of regular inhabitants, are supported by voluntary contributions—that is to say, after the Irish fashion, of 'no compulsion, only you must.' They have a master, whose only possible use can be to blow up the field: whatever hunting is to be done with harriers had better be done by the hounds. He is, however, a kindly old gentleman, with knee-gaiters to preserve his tops when clean, or to hide them when dirty: and his rebuke seldom exceeds 'Now then, what are you making a noise 'about?' or, 'Where are you agoing to?' addressed to some too zealous excursionist, who has invested what should have been his railway fare in the 'ire' of a 'ack.' The attendant, also a most respectable gentleman, acts toll-keeper, and collects the half-crowns which are to be turned into dogs'-meat, alive or dead. We are scarcely inclined to dignify his calling with the name of 'whip.' This toll is not only desirable, but requisite; for as these hounds only hunt twice a week, and then do not get the proceeds, to turn them out fasting would make the enjoyment a little too keen. Half-a-crown is no great tax, but we think, at all times, that if a county member is good for a mastership of foxhounds, which he ought to be, a



member for the borough should stand a pack of harriers for his constituents at least. At all events, duty should point out to the tradespeople of Brighton, or to the mysterious old lodging-house keepers above-mentioned, that the tax upon travellers which they collect over and above remunerative prices, might well be employed in giving additional pleasure to their guests. Having paid half-a-crown per diem for the use of the dogs, as they are called, we claim a prescriptive right to ride over them when we can catch them; and it's but a poor concern that can't afford to stand a hound or two a day. Joking apart, the conduct of the Brighton muggers is unexceptionable, except when they are run away with, and would afford a valuable example to a Quorn or a Pytchley field. By-the-by, we particularly object to the puppyism which insists upon grumbling because Sussex is not Leicestershire: which is always chattering about the doings of some unattainable pack; or regretting the loss of those excitements which the speaker has most probably never experienced, and of the absence of which he has no reason to complain. 'Take the goods the gods provide you,' and be happy in the consideration that you can break your neck and be ridden over by one hundred and fifty of the most extraordinary duffers alive, without travelling one hundred and fifty miles from London for the opportunity. If there's no sport on the Downs, there's a great deal of fun; and the head-dresses alone, of both men and women, are worth all the trouble. When the wind is troublesome, which it is not unfrequently in those regions (as they call the Swiss mountains), there is always a haystack in the valley behind which to smoke a cigar; and by very judicious tacking, you may manage to do a good deal in sinking the wind, though it is beyond the power of anybody but an Irishman to have it always at his back. To any one who means riding, the downs present a fine opportunity for a display of horsemanship: but so alarming are the little pitches to unpractised performers, that an Italian friend of ours at once produced a card-case, and distributed his address to several gentlemen, in the event, as he naïvely informed them, of coming to 'griefs.' He was well up in the language of the field, if not in its exercises.

Having seen the performances on the hills and done the haystack pretty considerably in one day, we went to the Southdown Meet on the next. Here we saw a really beautiful pack of hounds. They have been for several seasons in the hands of our friend Mr. Donovan; but that gentleman having taken his turn of duty, and having attained all a Master of Hounds is ever likely to attain, and more popularity than comes to most, has retired into private life, and allows a committee to manage a Brighton Field. The Southdown are small, compact hounds, exceedingly level, and remarkably well calculated for the more open part of the country, steaming away at a great pace over the uplands, and leaving all but the very best men in hopeless difficulties. We happened to see them to particular advantage to themselves and none to us; and if being left behind induces an appreciation of pace, as to impartial minds it ought, we can

speaking highly of their racing qualifications. After a quarter of an hour's stiff fencing in a partial bog intersected by stiff and blind doubles, in which we were playing a part, not interfered with by the majority of the field, who viewed our performance from the side of a neighbouring mountain, the little beauties began to ascend: when half way up the very steepest part of the hill, where a practised horseman has some difficulty not to slip over the tail, they put down their heads, and, like flies on the side of a pot of treacle, or squirrels on a tree within reach of a bagful of nuts, away they went to as merry a tune as my Lord Wilton ever heard from an organ-grinder. The gentlemen who had remained at the top of the precipice had the best of it, no doubt, for a few minutes; but as we arrived in time to see them rattle down another precipice at a pace which defied anything like pursuit by any known means of locomotion in this country, we congratulated ourselves upon having had an equal participation in the sport with the best of them. The fact is that the difficulties of riding fairly to hounds there, are sufficient to beat the field, and to give the hounds what they do not always get in the Shires—a chance to themselves; and what with ups and downs, and dykes, and rabbit-holes, the Brighton sportsmen over the Downs run more risks than the stiffest part of the Harborough country presents to a good horseman on a good horse. Happily, of these gentlemen some are ignorant of their danger, and the rest so fully alive to it as not to incur any; so that, on the whole, few hunting-fields enjoy a greater share of happiness and security than those of the Southdown country. We do not mean that there are no men who ride to these hounds; far from it: we might instance the late Master himself. But it requires good hands, nerve, and shoulders, with short legs and a knowledge of country; and you are still liable to be beat at any time by the nature of the ground.

We have said nothing of the Brookside; but if the most beautiful pack of harriers that have ever been seen, under the Mastership of a true old-fashioned sportsman, Mr. Saxby, can give additional value to the social fascinations of a fashionable watering-place, we ought not to omit all mention of them. They are supported by subscription, or supposed to be so; and the man who goes down for a month or two to wash off the impurities of the final week of a Newmarket Meeting, or to rid himself of the dust and toil of a London life, will do worse with his ten-pound notes than to send them to the Brookside Harriers.

As we premised, we have no intention of making a hunting article of this, leaving the subject in abler hands; but we pity the man who can find no sport in the recreations of an English watering-place, and nothing healthy in the follies of Fashion.

## THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

## CHAPTER III.

LEAVING the embryo Sir Goldsworthy of world-wide renown and her Majesty's Attorney-General to discuss these interesting points of science over a mutton chop, with home-brewed addenda à *discretion*, let us hasten away in time to meet the harriers of Mr. Templer, of Lindridge, at the race-course on Haldon Heath, eight miles from Exeter. We were in excellent time, and found Mr. Templer accompanied by his nephew, the well-known George Templer, of Stover, remarkable in an unusual degree as a sportsman, a scholar, and a gentleman. But what a varied prospect of beauty does Haldon Hill unravel to the delighted eye! 'Earth, 'ocean, air,' the beloved brotherhood of Shelley, combine to embellish this region of the west with hues as lucent, with features as nobly radiant, and air as balmy as in the more sunny clime of the suave Ausonia. The sharp outline of the neighbouring forest of Dartmoor; the moorland streams that leap from the craggy Tors with a succession of falls until lost amidst the wooded valleys; the fair and fruitful plains; the Norman towers of the episcopal city where still clash out the commanding chimes of the *couvre-feu*; and the ample river that bears itself proudly to a sea blue and silvered as that of Capri—form a scene not less impressive than that which drew forth from the disconsolate lover of Laura de Sade in the solitude of Vaucluse, the della Cruscan lines:—

'Qui non palazzi, non teatro o loggia,  
Ma'n loro vece un' abete, un faggio, un pino,  
Tra l'erba verde, e'l bel monte vicino  
Levan di terra al ciel nostr' intelletto.'

It is a pity that Tiraboschi should have damaged a sentiment so purely expressed by remarking thereon, 'Pétrarque n'avait jamais 'oublié sa première passion, quoique à cette heure-là il fût entouré 'de bâtards.'

The panorama of Haldon Hill, over and above its external grace of landscape, affords internal instruction at once ethical and historical. From the shores of these prolific waters the Phœnicians brought away the univalve mollusc, whose *purpura* had been made patent by the hungry hound of Herculeius Tyrius,\* together with the stream tin mentioned by Herodotus. In the wastes of Dartmoor the wanderers of Israel—repudiating the saying of Tully on Britain, 'Ne micam quidem auri vel argenti'—delted for and found that golden mineral which has elevated the descendants of Meyer Anselm of the Red Shield, of Frankfort, to the level of princes—

\* It is related that the dog of Herculeius of Tyre—one of a pack of foxhounds—*quien sabe?*—having been fed on some shell-fish—*murex*—his lips became tinged with purple, and this chance occurrence led to the discovery of the Tyrian purple.

ay, still lordlier in crumena sovereignty than the kings of Europe. On the rock yonder at Rippon Tor were perpetrated the horrors of the Druidic holocaust; there at Heytor the accused was judged by the ordeal of fire; and in the higher valley of the Teign, in the pool under Becky Fall, the victim underwent the not less fatal probation of water, unless the metallic medium of innocence was ready for the venerable Druids. Nor let it be supposed that in the search for the holy mistletoe amidst the dark oak-woods of Holne Chase, now no more, the Druidesses failed in the devotional and mystic rites whereby the race of the Vates was perpetuated. Superstition, cruelty, and lust have ever been, in all ages and in all places, the agents of an esoteric sacerdotalism that traffics carnally under the sanctimonious garb of holiness. The mistletoe of the Druid operated miracles as true and real as those of the black virgin of Loretto, or of the bronze toe of St. Peter—late Jupiter—in the Vatican; but the *demi-monde* Druidesses of Holne Chase, like those of Baden-Baden, reproved by ‘The Gentleman in Black,’ would have been horrified at the infantine skeletons discovered in the gardens of Roman nunneries.

In an after age the echoes of the ancient forest resounded to a livelier tune than Druidic chants when the hardy Cornishmen rose in a mass, and marched towards London in defence of the Protestant Bishop, Jonathan Trelawny, then confined in the Tower of London, shouting and singing:—

‘ And shall Trelawny die?  
There are twenty thousand Cornishmen  
Will know the reason why.’

Near those cathedral towers was born Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, *infelicitis patris infelix proles*, daughter of the not too faithful consort of the unfortunate Charles, whatever Miss Strickland may say; and the penniless queen was cared and provided for during that period of her exigency at the cost of the gallant Tremayne of Sydenham. Alas! that it should be said that for such loyal courtesy he was not even thanked by her son when restored to his country and to his throne, although having been himself the recipient of repeated hospitalities in the baronial halls of Sydenham.

To the north, under that far-crested knoll near unto the romantic scenery of Fingal Bridge, is the domain of that Fulford of the olden time, whose bravery in Palestine saved the life of Cœur de Lion from the attack of a huge bear; and the head of that animal is portrayed and borne to this day on the ancestral escutcheon of that ancient race in commemoration of the heroic deed.

From yon battlemented terrace of the ivied castle of Biri Pome-  
rai, far, far in the distance—

‘ Where the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout the ruins gray;’

one of the last of the Norman possessors of that high name, armed  
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*cap à pié*, and on horseback, precipitated himself headlong rather than confide in the tender mercies of the truculent miser Henry VII., whose jealous morosity had been excited by the aid that Pomerai had given to the noble stranger whom history designates by the chance name of Perkin Warbeck. The rich possessions passed by favour of the crown to that Duke of Somerset called the Protector, who condemned his brother to the block; and the fratricide, in his turn, followed him to the scaffold in fulfilment of a righteous judgment for the deed of iniquity. His descendant, 'the proud Duke,' reprimanded his Duchess for presuming to bestow on him, unsolicited, a conjugal endearment; and the inheritor of that fatuous arrogance, true to the familiar vice, at this hour ejects his rebellious vassals from their houses and homes in the ancient burg of Totnes for having dared to exercise the right of private judgment without the sanction and against the wish of him their lord and burgomaster.

But nobler attributes, higher distinctions of lineage and of deed, immemorial alike of virtue and misfortune, cling to the grey turrets of Powderham Castle, on the banks of the Exe in the gorgeous vale beneath. It is the last retreat of a race that, in the annals of bygone ages, rightfully possessed the supreme titles of sovereign Counts of Namur, Princes Palatine of Edessa, Emperors of Constantinople, and Princes of the Blood Royal of France. The scaffolds of Fowton and of Salisbury, the field of Tewkesbury, and the confiscation of their vast possessions, attested their loyalty to the sovereigns of their fealty; but if they were stripped of their wealth, the righteousness of their name remained to them in unsullied purity. *Ubi lapsus, quid feci?* was the querulous device adopted in adversity by the handsome and accomplished Edward Courtenay, the last Earl of Devon of the elder line, the accepted suitor of Queen Mary, and the secret lover of the Princess Elizabeth. His own conscience might have prompted the quick answer, since faithless to each woman, he fled from the relentless vengeance of wounded pride, and the burning resentment of outraged affection, and pining in unavailing regret, ended his days in an inglorious exile. Nobler he of that princely race who, not unmindful of past glories, has added to their value the ampler heritage of present honour, and happier that, after having merited and secured the priceless meed of virtue, he has found a sterling exchange for nominal and imperial distinction in the realized esteem of an applauding generation, and in the exalted quietude of an approving conscience.

Pause, ye of little faith that deem the follower of the chase to be only moved by the grosser instincts of venery; that for him nature possesses no charm beyond the whin and the grass ground, the stubble and the race-course; that his ear is deaf to all melody save the cry of the hound and the horn of the huntsman; that tradition garners not for him the store of mythical attraction; that history presents to his vacant mind nothing more than a train of accidental events; and that erudition closes, at his approach, the vast tomes of her immortal archives. Charity—that most excellent gift which we

have perfectly shown to be located immediately under the line of the diaphragm—should have counselled a wiser judgment, even if its pulse responded not to a finer and holier sensation; for sooner or later, oh! ye curmudgeons of little faith, but of much vain cryptology! the measure that ye have meted out unto others wherewithal shall be meted out to you again until the uttermost farthing be paid. And connected with the ancient Forest of Dartmoor there is a hunting tale of ‘a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time,’ who paid a heavy penalty for his allegiance to sylvan pastimes.

Somewhere about the end of the reign of Edward III., or the beginning of that of Richard II., there resided in the castellated manor-house of Plymstock one of the right sort, the brave and stalwart Sir Amyas Childe. Fuller states him to have been ‘a gentleman, the last of his family, and of ancient extraction and great possessions.’ His usual hour of breakfast was that when fast Melton men go to their roost, after sundry rubbers of whist, and then put on, with their Havannahs, a fiery nightcap known by the name of a ‘hot stopper.’ He dined two hours before the Quorn and Mr. Tailby meet, and went to bed much about the time that the ‘Dinde farcie à la Pologne,’ and the ‘Fricandeau de petit ‘Russell piqué,’ are usually being placed upon the dinner-table of Whissendine Lodge. In fact, he took for his regulation maxim—

‘Lever à cinque, diner à neuf,  
Souper à cinque, coucher à neuf,  
Fait vivre d’ans nonante et neuf.’

The worthies of that day, according to Matthew of Paris and Froissart, had discarded, in a degree, the meade, ale, and mighty bovine substantialities of their Saxon ancestors for the lighter repasts of intromeats, now called ‘entremêts,’ which in Strutt’s ‘Horda ‘Angel Cynnan’ are said to have been so excessively seasoned ‘with ginger, grain de Paris, cloves, and liquorice,’ as to have merited his description of ‘burning with liquid fire.’ These inflammable dainties, we are told by Fortescue, in his work ‘De Laudibus Leg. ‘Angl.,’ were washed down with hippocras, pigment, and claret; and the said worthies topped up with a hot tankard of ‘sherris-sack’ and cider, to which the bobbing apples and nutmeg-toast gave an additional relish. ‘Not a headache in a hogshead,’ said Sir Childe; and, in the event of a casual nightmare, the tankard hot, on awaking in the morning, was sure to bid it vanish. Nothing like ‘un brin du poil du chien’ for a thorough restorative.

A jovial fellow and a right hearty was Sir Childe: good and true to his people, the chase, and the table. Of him it was written in the Devonian ditty—

‘Full well he sang the roundel chevey,  
Entuned in hys nose full swetely;  
And French he spake full faire and netely,  
After the schoole of Stratford atte Bow,  
For French of Paris was to hym unknow.’

This quiet poke in the ribs about Bow French is suggestive of the case of the Lord Mayor's daughter belonging to the boarding-school at Camberwell Green (now called the Park), who wrote from Paris to her august parent of the Mansion House that the rapidity of verbiage and affected accentuation of the Parisians were totally opposed and unknown to the graceful purity of Camberwell diction. It was a popular saying in those days, 'Jack would be a gentleman if he 'could speak French.' Even now the Supreme of the Turf have their 'Jenny Cotton' (Jarnicoton) and 'Filder' filly (Fille d'Air) pronunciation; and doubtless they will quickly learn that of 'Gamin' and 'Filou' when the day comes.

Sir Childe was the last of his family; neither had he any near relative to whom he could bequeath his ample hereditaments. Perchance, in the pure vernacular of Plymstock, he might have been 'sarved coosely' in his early day, and had discovered, to his cost, that the tender and true bit of stuff is 'on earth unseen, or only 'found to warm the turtle's nest.' However that might have been, he had not—Edwin-like—taken to 'spurn the sex,' but had a little turtle of his own, *toute particulière*, in a small tower of the old manor-house overlooking the moat—an Angelina, whom he fed with a *pièce de résistance*, something more palatable than 'herbs and fruit,' and water from the spring.' She overlooked his household, sewed buttons on his shirt, darned his hose when worn at the heels, and performed sundry other trifling services to smoothe the daily path; for

'Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.'

Little Rosabelle was a clipper. From her slender foot the graceful limb, springing from the arched instep, first delicately fine and gently rounded, rose upwards in a symmetrical flow and undulating line of fairest mould, a line of faultless beauty, until lost in one voluptuous maze of circling swell. The 'corset d'Ippolite' of the Boulevard des Italiens was unknown to her, and the glowing form, that disowned the serried thralldom of a zone, was crowned by a full, fair bust, supporting a graceful neck and a head and brow of Ionian elegance; and when Sir Childe brought home from the neighbouring burgh of Plymouth as a *pegno d'amore* a short hood and 'liripipe' trimmings, or, according to Knyghton, a girle of gold with a richly-ornamented dague—a dangerous knick-knack for a jealous dame—or else one of the French clocks mentioned in the 'Roman de la 'Rose,'

'Et puis fais sonner ses orloges,  
Par ses salles et par ses loges,'

then how joyously and gratefully from eye and lip, in a consenting expression of sweetness, would beam forth, in honied thanks, the very soul of this fairest, youngest 'priestess of the faith,'—of what faith?—of that faith, oh bonnie reader of 'Baily,' appertaining to the natural articles 39, in endless numbers of multipli-

cation, and which drew forth from the enraptured Endymion a holy confession of faith—a veritable ‘Credo’—thus marvellously well said or sung :—

‘O known Unknown ! from whom my being sips  
Such darling essence, wherefore may I not  
Be ever in these arms ?—in this sweet spot  
Pillow my chin for ever ?—ever press  
These toying hands, and kiss their smooth excess ?  
Why not for ever and for ever feel  
That breath about my eyes ? Ah ! thou wilt steal  
Away from me again, indeed, indeed—  
Thou wilt be gone away, and will not heed  
My lonely madness. Speak, my kindest fair !  
Is—is it to be so ? No ! Who will dare  
To pluck thee from me ? And, of thine own will,  
Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me. Still  
Let me entwine thee, surer—surer. Now  
How can we part ?’

That’s the ticket ! Ask Tennyson. Keats *did* know what he was about ; and that vagabond of the ‘Quarterly’ who maligned him did *not* know his part. He, the glazier’s son of Ashburton, Byron’s friend, who deserted leman and child, and left them to starve, whilst in his gilded infamy he fawned upon the great and spat upon his betters. We have held in our own hands, in a magisterial capacity, the register of his pauper birth, and the order of affiliation, and have preserved as a relic, from out the den of an attorney’s office, the rough draft of a criminal indictment which would have hurled him with ignominy from the high tribunal of his election, from whence he purposely did violence to taste, dishonoured truth, and blasted the poverty of his own blood. They died—mother and child—and the ‘Crown’s quest’ will sit and deliver its verdict in another world.

And she could sing, the pretty nightingale, for it is written—

‘The lady, that was so faire and bright,  
Upon her bed she sate down ryght ;  
She harped notes swete and fine.  
(Her mayds filled a piece of wine) (e viva).  
And Sir Childe he sate him downe  
For to hear the harpes sowne.’

Not in the tatterdemalion style of Solomon’s Egyptian Queen, ‘I am black, but comely, oh ye daughters of Jerusalem!’—we should doubt that same with thee, oh Colenso !—but with the stertorous anhelation—let us say at once snoring—of Sir Childe, after a hard day’s hunting on the moor, by way of accompaniment, she trilled sweetly the following roundel—

‘Sumer is icumen in,  
Lhoude sings cuccu :  
Groweth sede,  
And bloweth mede,  
And springeth the wode n.i.  
Sing Cuccu.



‘Ewe bleteth after lomb,  
 Lhoueth after calve cu :  
 Bulluk starteth,  
 Bucke uerteth,  
 Marrie—sing Cuccu.  
 Cuccu—Cuccu.

‘Well sings the cuccu,  
 Ne swiker birde was nauer nu.  
 Sing Cuccu nu : Sing Cuccu.  
 Sing Cuccu : Sing Cuccu nu.’

There, Messrs. Cock and Hutchings, there’s a song for you, all of the olden time, with a mouthful of consonants to suit the *bocca chiusa* of the English school. Get Eölen to set it to music. However, ‘cuckoo’ ends with the Italian vowel for the *bocca aperta* of the Conservatorio of Naples all the world over; and from the repeated refrain there must have been a goodly crop of those birds at that time in fair Devon. Even in these degenerate days there is many a lively one that can drop its egg in the hedge-sparrow’s nest. Little Rosabelle was a clipper, and so deemed Sir Childe, for he called his favourite mare by her name.

The hunting apparel of the fourteenth century had been shorn of much of the heavy accoutrement of the Normans. The steel cap was replaced by what Chaucer terms ‘a Flaundrish beaver hat,’ decorated with a single feather, and the cumbersome mail was discarded for the ‘cote hardie,’ a close-fitting garment buttoned down the front and confined over the hips by a splendid girdle, into which was thrust on the one side a straight hanger, and on the other a short dagger or hunting-knife. The ‘cote hardie’ was thickly padded, and, from the style of ornament was called ‘pourpoint,’ or ‘counter-point.’ Some also wore underneath the cote, as a prudential measure, a light shirt of chain-mail, fitting closely, and yielding to the movements of the body. The ‘cuisses,’ or thigh pieces, made of buckram, were covered with pourpointed work, and ‘jambeaux,’ or jамbs of ‘cuir bouly,’ a preparation of leather, which in its after-fashion became the parent of the jack-boot, the precursor again of the Melton white top, were substituted for the greaves and heavy foot-gear of the Norman baron. The necessary spur was shortened, and the solitary spike, which ran so cruelly into the prostrate steed of the gallant in the Bayeux tapestry, who has got a regular cropper in his charge over Pevensey Brook, was exchanged for a rowel of a still merciless power of mutilation. A short mantle of broad-cloth was thrown over the shoulders, and the long hunting-horn, carved and richly ornamented, was suspended from the neck. It is thus and in this guise that the hunters of the fourteenth century are portrayed in the illuminated manuscripts of the Royal and Harleian Libraries.

‘Bright Chanticleer proclaimed the morn,’ and Sir Childe met by peep of day, at a wood not far from Lea Mill Bridge, where the scouts had slotted in a stag of ten, and where they affirmed him to be safely harboured. The morning seemed doubtful, for the distant

Tors held their caps of gray, and the wind died away—not a good omen—and Sir Childe memoried the Dartmoor saw—

‘The weste wynde bryngeth moult foule weather,  
The este wynde foule and wette together;  
The southe wynde bryngeth allways raine,  
The north wynde bloweth it back againe.’

and then, in cheerful addition—

‘If the sonne in redde shuld sette,  
The nexte day surelie will be wette.  
If the sonne shuld sette in gray,  
The nexte will be a rainy day.’

A deliciously pluviose climate is that of Dartmoor and its adjuncts.

It was a popular fixture. There might have been seen Coplestone of Warleigh, Crøcker of Lyneham, Alan de Budeokshed of Budeokshed, Faithful Fortescue of Fallapit and Wynstone, De la Hele of Hele, Walter Raleigh of Fardel, Trelawny of Alternun, Paul Trebigh of Trebigh, John de la Pomerai of Berri Pomerai, Humphrey Guislebert or Gilbert of Compton Castle, Almeric Fitzwarene of Toteley, Arthur Plantagenet Hayne of Hayne, Esse Trecarrell of Trecarrell, Adam de Strode of Newnham, Nicholas Slanning of Ley and Marystowe, John Bagge of Little Saltram, Le Bâtard of Efford, Stonehouse of Stonehouse, Julius Franke Glanville of Halwel, Robert Foliot of Tamerton Foliot, John Ford of Fitzford, Martin Ferrers of Beer Ferrers, Arthur Champernowne of Modbury, Guy Brian of Tor Brian, Roger de Valetort, Gawen Carew of Weston Peverel and Mamhead, Reginald Mohun of Tor Mohun and Dunstar, Hugh Courtenaye of Okehampton Castle and Powderham, Ranulph le Arcedeckne of Hacombe, Martin of Lindridge, and many others. The hounds of that remote period are difficult of description. From the specimens that are represented in the Bayeux tapestry, and in the Royal and Harleian MSS., they must have been high on leg, rather crooked in the ankles, out at elbows, long and weak in the loin, with a wonderful continuation of curly stern, round and round like a cur, and altogether of a slack appearance, according to modern notions; but good ones to go, no doubt, as we shall see. They found gallantly and uproariously, with a ‘Tara-la, tara-la, tantivy!’ that might have been heard at the Western Beacon. Every man blew his horn until his cheeks cracked, and the footers and dependents screeched *ad libitum*. Away and away, ‘Fleet Towler leads the cry!’ through wood, vale, and dingle to Stoford Cleaves. It might have been truly said—

‘An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered a hundred steeds along;  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
An hundred voices joined the shout.  
With hark, and whoop, and wild halloo,  
No rest old “Dartmoor’s forest” knew.’

What a contrast to the first-flight man and mute hounds racing over Skeffington Lordship!

Leaving the hanging copse wood, the stag skirted the moorland ground on to Ugborough Beacon, and then, going northward, faced the wild waste by the upland vale of Coryndon Ball, Three Barrows, crossing the Red Brook to Stony Bottom, Ryder's Plain, Peter's Cross, Buckland Ford, and, leaving Puppers to the right, gained the drear morasses above Ermehead. The horsemen had flagged at Ivybridge; at Ugborough Beacon and Coryndon Ball but few remained;

‘ And when the Ryder's Plain was won,  
The foremost horseman rode alone.’

It was Sir Childe. The weather had become to the last degree inclement. The wind roared amidst the distant Tors, and the fogs descending heavily from the primeval masses of granite enveloped the moor in a murky darkness, bringing with them a blinding storm of snow that fell full and thick, and which obliterated the veriest vestiges of the nearest objects. Sir Childe knew every path of the forest. He got back to the Abbot's Way, a roughly-paved track that crossed the vast mires from Buckfastleigh Abbey to that of Tavistock, and sheltered himself on the ‘loo’ side of Peter's Cross. His two favourite hounds Mercury and Daphne, of ‘black St. Hubert's breed,’ were the only ones that held on and accompanied him. They tailed wonderfully in those days, and were badly whipped in. Rosabelle had carried him bravely, but the piercing snow with which she was covered had penetrated her system and utterly paralyzed her. She could hardly drag one leg after the other, and stumbling over a broken fragment of the cross, she fell, never more to rise. The Childe was a brave man; brute courage, however, in a case of this sort, was of no avail, and the moral only could give strength to sustain with equanimity the prospect of a sudden death. Still it was a duty to preserve life by every means that ingenuity might devise. With his hunting-knife he disembowelled his dead mare, and thrust his frozen arms in the hot bowels. Then, after a time, he traced with a bloody finger his last wishes and directions on the holy cross, and having removed the entrails from out the body of Rosabelle, he entered into the warm interior as into a cell, alas! to no purpose. A frigid numbness gradually mastered his limbs, a drowsy insensibility stole over and subdued his spirit, and his earthly visions flitting less palpably before him, indistinctly faded from his mind. Yet the last lingering memories winged their way back to the narrow tower of the old manor-house at Plymstock, and the latest thought of consciousness was faintly embodied in a fond regret and in the unavailing plaint—

‘ Forse un dì, la voce amata,  
Alzerà per me preghiera,  
E verrà pietosa à sera  
Sul mio Sasso a lagrimar.’

‘E cosi morì.’ Let quaint old Fuller give his version :—

‘It happened that he, Childe, hunting in Dartmore, lost both his company and his way in a bitter snow. Having killed his horse, he crept into his hot bowels for warmth, and wrote this with his blood :—

“He that findes and bringes me to my toombe,  
The land of Plymstoke shall be hys doome.”

‘That night he was frozen to death.’ That’s precis writing, plain and curt : just what we have taken pages and pages to describe. Fuller continues. ‘The Childe being first found by the monkes of Tavystoke, they with all possible speed hasted to interre him in their own abby. His own parishioners of Plymstoke, hearing thereof, stode at the forde of the river to take his bodye from them. But they must rise early, yea, not sleep at all, who would overreache monkes in matters of profit.’ Of course, there is Antonelli, got by a brigand chief out of an Apennine lorette, ready and capable of anything from forgery to rape and murder. ‘For the Tavystoke monks cast a slight bridge over the river, whereby they carried over the corps and interred it. In avowance whereof, the bridge’ (a more premeditated structure, I believe, in the place of the former extempore passage) ‘is called Guilsbridge to this day. And now, reader, all in the vicinage will be highly offended with such who either deny or doubt the credit of this common tradition. And sure it is that the Abbot of Tavystoke got that rich manor into his possession.’—FULLER’S *Worthies*.

The tomb of Childe is said, according to the clever authoress of ‘The Tavy and the Tamar,’ to be that arched vault half buried in the churchyard of Tavistock, opposite to the Bedford Hotel. The bones of his steed whitened on the moor, and sank in that deep morass which is still known in the forest by Childe’s name. And that other fair and gentle Rosabelle, of whom tradition has preserved only a phantasmal reminiscence—what became of her? Was she—the other self of Childe—coveted also by the lustful abbot like unto Antonelli, who demanded the possession of the beautiful Marchesa F—— as the price of her husband’s life?

‘Twelve days and nights she withered thus ; at last,  
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show  
A parting pang, the spirit from her past :  
And they who watch’d her nearest could not know  
The very instant, till the change that cast  
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,  
Glazed o’er her eyes—the beautiful, the black !  
Oh, to possess such lustre, and then lack !’

She merited a sepulchral remembrance more sweet than that of Fair Rosamond :—

‘HIC JACET IN TUMULO ROSA MUNDI, NON ROSA MUNDA,  
NON REDOLET SED OLET QUÆ REDOLERE SOLET.’

The harriers were going merrily with a rejoicing pœan, and, bring-

ing their hare from the low ground, forced her up over the open heath of Haldon. In the distance a man appeared trudging along the Chudleigh road, with a sack on his back, and George Templer, on the well-known Deceiver, stopped his horse, and turned towards the coming footer. This trifling occurrence would be hardly deserving of notice if it did not serve to distinguish the difference betwixt hare and fox hunting. To have pulled up when well placed in a run with fox-hounds, with all your shoes on, or the two fore ones, at any rate, on any pretence whatsoever, would be a folly that nothing but insanity could excuse and hardly justify. With every pulse throbbing under the eager anxiety of gratified excitement; with the entirety of being centered in the leading couples that stream away with an occasional lift of the head, and flinging the faintest of shrill notes, that speaks volumes, however, in denoting an increasing proximity to the beaten fox; with the eye ranging everything forward at a glance in that searching ken for the lowest outlet in the fresh-plashed fence ahead—yoick over! and the charming fly that generates the soft sensation of a swing, when the body meets and rushes through the brisk air; and then the elastic bound which a well-bred one gives as, bringing up his quarters well under him, he literally and truly lights in the next field. Never mind the chance of the *per contra* header which the dearest friend on earth may undergo in following on your line; no snob prince of guineadom calculates in his ledger on the wreck of his argosy; we are over and on, holding him with a firm yet easy hand, and then away for the brilliant finish. Could any one stop, then and there, dead short, to hail a fellow with a sack on his back? Yet hare-hunting is a pleasant pastime enough for a man with one leg, whose white sergeant at home has peremptorily enjoined a punctual appearance at the early dinner-table in order to be in becoming time for a village tea-fight. Then and in that case the currant-jelly dogs answer a distinct and praiseworthy purpose. It is all the difference betwixt Palmerston and Russell.

‘What have you got, Will?’ asked Templer.

‘Oh! a couple of beauties, surelie, and not harmed, nayther, but ‘wild as ‘awks, one’s a bit me right through to my back,’ answered the kennel-man of Stover, Will Taylor, showing at the same time the noses of a couple of three-parts grown foxes, with bright eyes and red, healthy fur. ‘Squire Willcox’s man he calls hisself a ‘kipper, and he arn’t got no gun nor nort but a big stick, with a ‘come-by-chance taryer, bull-like, and a greyhound; and he says ‘as his master is obligated for to have a sight of game, and no mistake, betimes Lord Teignton comes down; and there’s to be a ‘batty, which they tell is a furrineering sort of a sport, and they all ‘eat all the game they’ve a killed. A sight of brave stuff there ‘must be to wash ‘em all down.’ And Will smacked his lips as if he would not have cried to make one of that fancy party.

There is no keeper more trusty and reliable on the outskirts of an extensive shooting-ground than a retired tradesman, if he be properly

tickled. Failing that said tickling, he exhibits the compound of cur, crocodile, and jackass. He commences the 'grand Seigneur' at once. Perhaps his Royalty, as he calls it, may reach two hundred acres, and he has bailiff, hind, and herdsman, upper and under gardener, and a couple of keepers, with two or three coveys of partridges and a lot of tame pheasants abounding in the shrubberies and hedgerows adjacent. Squire Willcox fed my 'lord's pheasants more than his own; yet he believed the large number of volunteers from the Teignton coverts that paid domiciliary visits at the feeding-time in his shrubbery to have been bred on his own two hundred acres' domain. So the velvetene rogue declared, and so Willcox, true to his third component, verily believed. All these advantages were secured to Lord Teignton by invitations to state dinners, and by giving Willcox a place in his *battues*. It was a fair barter of low-bred servility on the one hand, and insincerity bordering on knavery on the other. *Arcades ambo*. Willcox voted for the Radical county member, to show his independence, and was a Vulpecide, bitter and unrelenting, in proof of territorial consequence, and of the rights of a bold Briton. The keeper—having a great regard for Templer, whom he denominated 'a rale gentleman and nothing 'but,' inferring thereby an ungenerous doubt on that point in regard to his master—always gave notice to Will Taylor when a fox was trapped in the shrubbery or cabbage coverts.

'Well, Will,' said Templer, 'take them home, put them in the 'yard with Lazarus, Æsop, Harlequin, and Boney, and feed them 'together. Be gentle with them, and make no noise. We shall 'have a jolly pack soon.'

'How a jolly pack?' we observed.

'Why, between hunting-days,' replied Templer, 'I often take 'these foxes into the park, and course and hunt rabbit and hare 'with them. It is great fun. You have never seen it? Then 'come and breakfast at Stover on Thursday, and we'll make a 'merry day of it.'

Will Taylor went on his way homeward. He was a hale man, active and wiry like all moormen, and slept with an eye open, as the saying goes. He had never been known to be ill, except on the day when his master gave him a dose of champagne, which nauseous compound he ever after eschewed. His attachment to Templer bordered on idolatry. He was not quite cleanly, notwithstanding the kennel pump was always at hand; and he had the failing of never using the flesh-fork in dealing with the carcasses of horses. He took the carrion in his arms as it were a nursling, and wherever he went the sweets of the kennel 'would hang round him still.' One day, when Will presented himself in the dining-room at Stover for orders, Templer was more irritated than usual at the ungenial odour that was wafted into the room upon the opening of the door. He rated him sharply, but Will merely observed:—

'Lor', yer honner, 'tis somethink else; sure tain't me. I don't 'think that I smell no how, no, fakes,' lifting his carrion arm to his

190 DARTMOOR DAYS ; OR, SCENES IN THE FOREST. [December, nose. 'It may be just a crim\* out o' door stable like ; but the meat ' was quite fresh killed this very morning. Ah !' sniffing again at the putrid sleeve, 'tis odd—'tis very odd ; well, somehow'—a last sniff of verification—'well, I'm darned ; but I mind 'ur do stink, 'ur do.'

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## DARTMOOR DAYS ; OR, SCENES IN THE FOREST.†

### A REVIEW.

WE have read with true pleasure the little book which has been forwarded to us for notice. It exhibits a sincere feeling for sport and everything connected with it ; and although it is too much to say that it will rank very high as a poem, there is an unaffected elegance and scholarship about it, which will give it weight with those who will probably be its readers. There is, however, another reason why we value and recommend the perusal of this little volume. The author is a type of the sportsmanship of an age passing away. We do not mean this in reference to the age of the author, but to the characteristics of a generation which have but few representatives in the present day. In the literature of Whyte Melville we have a charming picture of the fashionable horseman, the man calculated to shine from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. over Leicestershire, and from 7.30 to 11 P.M. in the salons of the aristocracy. If that gentleman be anything like his books he should be a quick and elegant rider to hounds, a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, with a taste for good authors, capital at a battue or a déjeuner at Twickenham, and at home everywhere from a German spa to the Queen's ball. But Mr. Davies is of a totally different class, to our thinking. He is a judicious pioneer through a woodland country, and patient and persevering in the difficulties of his favourite science : he is more at home in the wilds of Dartmoor, than at Ashby Pastures, and can probably see as much pleasure in the wiles and shifts of a dodging fox as in the uncompromising determination of a straight flyer from Thorpe Trussells. He has made his knowledge of gunnery and his skill as a shot subservient to his love of natural history, and his powers of observation. All this peeps out in every page of his book. Where Whyte Melville quotes Horace, Mr. Davies would give us Somerville or Bewick. There is scarcely a flower that escapes him, and if the beauties of nature add charms to the spirit of the chase we can scarcely imagine a mind more capable of full enjoyment than that of the Rev. E. W. L. Davies.

The volume in itself—for we have hitherto dealt rather with the glimpses it gives of the author's mind—is an 'In Memoriam' to the sports and pastimes of his favourite county, Devon, enjoyed in years gone by. It describes the peculiarities of moorland hunting, fish-

\* A Devonshire word derived from *crumb*—meaning a small particle.

† By the Rev. E. W. L. Davies.

spearing, birds, lichens, and the social life of Dartmoor. It is unfortunate for an extended perusal, that it is so singularly local ; but it cannot be denied that if there be one county above another remarkable for its appreciation of true and legitimate sport, it is Devonshire. There is a true western smack about every line of this volume ; and the names of Deacon, Trelawney, old Paul Treby, Fortescue, Bulteel, and Russell, will recommend it to every man who has an ounce of Cornish or Devonian blood in his veins. To the general reader this may be an objection ; but no man who understands sport, and has patience to consider his hunting, his shooting, or his fishing, in its concomitant circumstances, will lose his time in reading these ‘Dartmoor Days ; or Scenes in the Forest.’ It belongs to a province of sportsmen who still hunt the wild stag and the otter, and who can boast of the greatest number of hounds of any county in England.

We have said that Mr. Davies must content himself with a rank lower as a poet than a sportsman. He need not, however, fear comparison in this respect with those who have trodden the same path of late years. For although a taste for Walter Scott will not make a Byron, nor a love of nature a Wordsworth, we are happy to concede to Mr. Davies, what does not belong to modern genius, perspicuity, carefulness, and sense. There is a lengthened description of a run from the time that

‘A soft west wind dispels the cloud  
That wrapped the moor in dismal shroud,’

to the breaking up a tough Dartmoor fox, which is in many points good and spirited, and leaves far behind the ordinary nonsense which was so much in vogue with the sporting old gentlemen of a former time, who always imagined that there was more poetry in the ‘Billesden Coplow’ than in the ‘Essay on Man ;’ and that the poet’s corner of the county paper far exceeded the beauties of ‘Paradise Lost.’ There are occasional expressions which require revision, and a homely triteness about some of the passages which belong as much to the subject as to the writer. In places they remind us of Gay ; but it should be remembered that pure fable will bear a handling which reality requires to be modified.

‘Pray, gentlemen, restrain your pace ;  
Do give my hounds a little space,  
Just room to turn ; pray, check your rein,  
Then catch them if you can again,’

reminds us so forcibly of ‘Now then, gentlemen, hold hard ; where the devil are you going to ? do you think you can catch the fox yourself ?’ that we would rather not meet with it, true in colouring as it is, in the midst of a picture having some pretensions to poetry. Mr. Davies has our best wishes for the success he deserves, and we should be glad to see so thorough a sportsman, and so good a scholar, in another dress.



## WHAT THE PRESENT GENERATION ARE MADE OF.

BY AN OLD MAN.

It strikes me that in my young days, namely, some half-century ago, Englishmen made more use of the muscles and limbs given them by the Almighty than they do at the present day. We drive now where we used to ride. Perhaps this may be the fault of cheaper wheeled vehicles and better roads. Stage-coaches took their time; and when I was in a hurry I thought nothing of a forty miles' ride, or a meet seventeen miles across country, with the chance of being left at the finish as many more away. Talking of finishing far away from 'one's ain fireside' puts me in mind of an adventure in these same youthful days of mine. I had accepted an invitation to spend a week or two in Northumberland, and upon a certain Friday morning in the year 1821 trotted a tidy little brown mare of my friend's sixteen good miles to the meet at Trewitt, near Rothbury. Harry Taylor was the Master of the Hounds, and a right good one he was, too, with a temper placid enough for his post, a steady hand, and a sharp sight. His hounds were fine-looking fellows, rather leggy for beauty, but game to the backbone, and with a quiet, docile look about the face that, to my fancy, proclaims a stanch nature as much in the canine as the human race. It was my first day with the Christon Bank pack, and, as far as wind and weather went, bade fair to show me what they were made of. The meet was well attended, most of the regular goers, and a sprinkling of strangers, who might be known by the curious way in which they looked about them, eyeing the green hills and crags with no very loving glance. But there was not much time for observation. The 'Gone away!' rang clear as a bell upon the morning air, followed by the crash of the dogs as they topped a dry rotten whin fence; and then, oh, ye gods!—it makes one's hand shake, even at threescore years and ten—then the clear, sharp key-note thrown by a trusty old leader, caught up in a glorious burst of harmony as the pack swept across a fallow field, flashing upon the hot scent, without the semblance of a doubt; and with heads up and sterns down away they went, the pace soon getting too fast for giving tongue, though from time to time the clarion rang forth again, getting fainter and fainter to many a poor wight, who, having seen the find, saw his last of them for that day, which, as luck would have it, was one of the best things they had had for more than one season.

Crossing a great rough tract of moor called Burnside, we passed the old Priory of Brinkburn, on at a killing pace to Swarland, where, after a check, just giving one time to draw a long breath, away he dashed for Felton; swam the Coquet River; then on to Morwick; to Broom Hill, where, being headed by a 'bagman,' he faced about to Widdrington; and finally, gave up the game upon the banks of the Coquet near Warkworth, a distance, from find to finish, of not less

than sixty miles, and at a killing pace the whole way. Of course the field was select long before the 'Whoo-whoop!' was knelled, 'Bellows to mend' being the popular melody of the day, a tune I was unhappily obliged to join 'in, my horse getting a nasty splinter near his hock just after we passed a little fishing village called Hauxley, by which misfortune I was prevented being in at 'the death,' and, moreover, was let in for a whole chapter of accidents and adventures, ending in an instance of Northern hospitality which helped to impress the day's adventure in my memory.

After getting my horse as right as I could, and washing the wound clear of any rotten bark, I made the best of my way forward (not a very speedy process with a horse on three legs), hoping to fall in with some workmen, from whom I might extract information as to the route I ought to take. After a length of time I was lucky enough to meet a lad, who, in a very prolix and unintelligible manner, seemed to direct me to keep straight on, by doing which I eventually reached a great wood, and seeing a tolerable road leading into it, made a bold stroke for the right road. The road soon proved a delusion and a snare. Paths and tracks meeting and crossing in every direction soon completely bamboozled me; and, to make better of it, 'the shades of night' were gathering fast. My poor horse grew stiffer every minute, and dragged heavily at the bridle, rubbing his nose against my shoulder with a pitiful expression of equine sympathy as I stumbled and toiled on, cursing my ill luck and the wood.

Night fell, dark, drizzly, and pre-eminently disagreeable. I still wandered on, until by the dim light I made out that it was ten o'clock. I was well nigh desperate by this time, and would have hailed a cowshed with delight, when a turn brought me out upon an open heath, and not many hundred yards off the glimmer of light proclaimed a cottage window. To say I was rejoiced is nothing: I never felt such a sensation of relief in my life, a happiness apparently shared by my horse, who pricked up his ears, and made a faint attempt at a caper, nearly landing me in a deep ditch through the same.

Reaching the welcome cottage, I applied the head of my whip to the door, beating the devil's tattoo in the exhilaration of my heart. A loud barking, followed by a louder swearing, was the result, and a shrill voice shouted—

'Wha's that?'

While I was responding with a short and pathetic account of myself and misfortunes the door was opened, and a big, burly fellow, with his shirt on, and hauling up his nether garments, stood before me.

'Gude's sake, it's ane o' the hunters!' he exclaimed. 'Ye'er oot o' yeer road a'um thinkin.'

'How far am I from ——?' naming my friend's place.

The man stared. 'What's ye' wull?'

I repeated the question, giving the owner's name, and was answered by a loud, expressive whistle, which quite prepared me

for the information that I was 'better nor twenty miles fra' the 'place.' There was nothing for it but to negotiate for a lodging. Any place would do, I said; but the man resolutely denied having a spare bed, nor could I for the life of me make him comprehend that I would be thankful to sit at the fireside until daylight, if he could only get a roof over my poor horse, and a mouthful of hay or grass. He seemed to understand the latter request, and showed me the way to a cowshed, where we made the best of it; and then with a lighter heart I followed in the direction of the cottage.

The master again stopped on the threshold, and scratched his head vehemently, saying at last, 'Bide a wee,' and disappeared inside. Presently he reappeared, and touching his forehead, said—

'Wall, sir, ye maun jest slip in ben to the gudewife, an' aw'll lie 'i' the entry.'

Here was hospitality with a vengeance. I always quote Northumberland for that same good old virtue since the great day with Harry Taylor's stanch pack.

But I must hark back. I began my reminiscences by alluding to what I fancy is a want of energy in these present times; but memory is a fickle companion, and when roused is apt to carry us whither she willeth herself. Once awakened

'In an instant o'er the soul  
Winters of memory seem to roll.'

Dozens of old feats come up to life as I write. There was, almost on the same day as my day with Harry Taylor, John Wright's match to walk from York to Hull, and *back again*, in twenty-four hours, for three days' running, making altogether a distance of two hundred and twenty-four miles to be gone over in seventy-two hours, a match he won easily, and pocketed thereby four hundred guineas: no bad three days' work, and better than he could make at his trade of tailoring. Then, again, about eight months before—namely, upon the 20th of January, 1821—a man named Arnall, in Somersetshire, walked from Dorchester to Oxford, from thence to Nottingham, next to Doncaster, and back to Lincolnshire, making a distance of two hundred and sixty-four miles in eighty hours!

At the annual rural games we used to have a hot contest for every prize requiring athletic training, the squire and the ploughman—officer and private—competing on equal terms; and I cannot say I ever found anything but kindly feeling and good arising from such gatherings. To excel in athletic sports a man must exercise considerable control over his appetites, and, to say the least of it, live soberly and temperately; so that on the very face of it there seems to stand the strongest argument in favour of keeping up the good old sports of running and jumping, not forgetting boxing and singlestick, which every boy should learn with his Latin grammar.

Another exercise which seems to me a very needful and too often neglected one is swimming, a piece of training considered by the Romans so requisite that it was a common phrase to point one out

as badly educated and good for nothing by saying, 'Hæc literas didicit nec natæ.'

I was glad to read lately an account of a swimming race in the Thames. Long may such flourish and increase! We are all great wanderers both by sea and land in these locomotive days, and none of us know how soon or unexpectedly we may be called upon to help either ourselves or others in the extremity of life or death.

## ESSAY ON GAMBLING.

BY C. C.

THIS is the universal passion. It pervades all people, nations, and languages. Hot, cold, old, young, rich, or poor: whether in the colds of Siberia, where there's no money, or in the South Pacific Islands, where there are beads in abundance—all are moved by this one universal passion. The earliest exhibition of anything like a dominant feeling is speculation. Its universality almost makes it a virtue. We do not mean to say that this spirit of speculation necessarily exhibits itself in blind hookey, lansquenet, odd man, rouge et noir, or those hundred and one inducements to risk a certain number of sovereigns on the turn of a card. Many a man who never touched one, and who declaims with uplifted hands and eyes against it, who pronounces it to be the curse of nations, the bane of individuals, is in heart and practice neither more nor less than a gambler. There is not an action of his life which is not the result of some unadmitted speculation. That respectable sugar-boiler, or tea and coffee salesman, ex-Lord Mayor and Common Councilman of the City of London, whose name is a tower of strength to the Evangelical party, has just staked some thousands upon a suburban property. He calls it an investment. It is just so far an investment as the calculation of what he can get for his bargain, and how soon, will allow it to be. He has not even the purchase-money in his pocket, and has added the interest on the debtor side of the account, before he decided upon the stake to put down. His neighbour has given his name to a newly-raised gas company; and the reputable vendor of wholesale grease, who is an elder of the Free Kirk, and the most substantial of burgesses, has put two-thirds of his wife's money into the Salem Chapel, which is expected to pay twelve per cent., from the attractions of the Rev. Jonas Bellow. The good man has disinherited his nephew for having taken 7 poneys to 1 about a Leger horse, but sees nothing extraordinary in having backed the powers of the Rev. Jonas against the extortions of the builders and the natural depravity of man. As to an alderman's taste for gambling, such a thing has not been heard of yet, and never can be, under that name. The clerical division is particularly strong in this line. We do not expect to meet the Reverend S—— on Newmarket Heath, unless he proposes to convert the Admiral, or to find him

punting at Homburg; but he only plays the same sort of game when he backs his powers of impudence against the gullibility of the public, and wins. To a certain extent the more ordinary undertakings are but speculations; and but for this innate and universal spirit of gambling there would be neither building, nor commerce, not even the great Tabernacle itself. Man—English, French, Russian, German—is a gambler: though some have such a childish regard for what they call reputation that they prefer to legalize their vice. Morally speaking, there's very little difference between us all.

Yes! there is by-the-way. Call it business, it becomes at once honourable, legitimate, respectable. That's why a man may not gamble at Newmarket or Spa, but may *do* anybody or anything on the Stock Exchange. When a man plays in the world and loses they call it a failure. Perhaps he goes through the court, and comes out cleansed by a certificate. If a man plays with dice and loses he's a fool and a gamester. So he is. We bow to the decision of the world, which is always wise, and sometimes just in its generation.

Englishmen have always been accused of a love of play. Justly, perhaps. They have a cold temperament, with great power, and it requires some excitement to set it going. They are rather gamesters than gamblers, going in with their eyes open, and not with that blind confidence in luck which distinguishes Southern people. The Russian and the South American are both gamblers. The first uses it as a cause to promote circulation; in the latter a warm temperament leads naturally to this as a result. All men play—the steady and reflective a steady and legitimate game: the bold and thoughtless seek a shorter and a bolder step to wealth or poverty. There is but little avarice in gambling. A speculator may be careful of money, selfish, or even miserly. Gambling is compatible with luxury and boundless liberality. Our acquaintance with the subject is extensive; and gamblers are usually spendthrifts. We were going to add idlers too; but there are some great examples to the contrary. Charles Fox was an inveterate gambler; but he had a large heart, an unbounded spirit of liberality, and unbroken energy in a good cause.

There are only two classes who ought to gamble—the very rich or the very poor. A very rich man cannot want more, but he may want distraction; and when he plays he probably does so at a disadvantage, for he does so with substantial means—against nothing. However, he can afford the luxury. A very poor man may play, because he has nothing to lose and everything to gain. He always plays at an advantage, and sets his poverty against the thousands of his opponents. A moderately wealthy man, or he who has a sufficiency, can have no excuse for putting himself into a false position. He need not want to win, and he cannot afford to lose.

The Legislature has taken great care of our morals of late years: and very right too. We wanted looking after. However, the

torrent was not to be stemmed, and now flows into other channels. The Turf receives the outpouring of the Quadrant, St. James' Street, and Piccadilly. Old women will punt still; respectable parsons are to be found with a heap of florins at Homburg or Baden Baden; but as their parishioners don't see them they do no great harm, and contribute to the charities of the place. You may see them any day; and very much shocked would they be if you proposed five sovereigns on the Cæsarewitch: for they have a horror of betting, and are only gambling because—they have nothing else to do. Idleness is the root of all evil.

We have no doubt that the origin of gambling was *ennui*. It has never taken a vigorous turn among the industrial classes—they only speculate. If a man goes to a spa he must do something; and play is so like the circulation of money, which is a great political desideratum, that he naturally falls into it. Then he couldn't be always winning or losing to the same man; and when one had lost all, what was to be done? Hence a public table. It looks vicious, certainly—very vicious. The miserable old dowagers who surround it, with their painted faces and brilliant jewellery—the palsy was invented for the exhibition of diamonds!—the haggard looks, the eager eyes, the cold, impassive demeanour of the *habitué*; the restless longing of the uninitiated, give it a demoniacal appearance. But there's no comparison between it and a private sitting. A public table has a beginning and an end, a private one has neither. If an ingenuous youth is unfortunate enough to make a beginning by winning two or three hundred guineas of a brother spooney, Spooney Number 2 always expects and must have his revenge. Under the circumstances it is not easy to see when the *parti* is to terminate. Night after night they go at it, and revenge, like love, becomes eternal. But if accident has led him to a table once in a way he may pocket his winnings (whether he will or not is another matter), and repentance may take the place of revenge in the morning. At private play all the world knows what you lose and what you win: you are a marked man; and admiration or pity follows the successful or unsuccessful *débutant*. In public, whether you leave a thousand francs or a thousand pounds the better or the worse, is the same thing; and as the croupier rakes in your Napoleon he neither knows nor cares whether it is the first of the thousand or the last.

Public gambling in England is now limited to the Turf. The men who gamble on it are the enthusiastic and inconsiderate. Your true Turfman is no gambler. He is a man of business: we have no pity for him, no sympathy with him. He sets to work systematically to get the better of any one who is willing to do business. Backing an opinion has nothing to do with making a book. Censure does not fall foul of these men as gamblers, but as bad citizens. When a man walks out of an honest livelihood to lay the odds, when he discards the stocking-loom, or the coal-cellar, or the tap, to become a Ring-man, he enters on no greater speculation than a

railway contractor or joint-stock jobber. The worst of it is he may become rich very quickly; and wealth is thrown away upon a man uneducated to the proper use of it. The gambler is the taker of the long odds, who backs a fancy, and who, like most gamblers, is pretty sure to come to grief in the end. Horses at 50 to 1, 30 to 1, or 20 to 1 win sometimes, but not often enough to cover a constant drain in an opposite direction. After all said and done, legitimate backing of horses, or the reverse, has less to do with real gambling than many people suppose. It is an useless spirit of speculation upon which men enter instead of into that useful competition which is properly honoured and followed as a system of commerce. A good citizen is a good speculator; but it is a subject-matter which benefits the world with himself. We have been educated under that old-fashioned system which deplored gambling as a vice, and long habit of thought has made us callous to its charms as sometimes painted by its advocates. We are manifestly in a minority. We were always being told that the gambler had no God but Fortune (who by-the-way is a goddess); that he had no heart, no sentiment, no notion of so universal a feeling as friendship; that he had no friend whom he would not ruin as he would himself. True philanthropist, indeed, who would only do unto others as he would they should do to him! We were taught that the persecution of this vice by government was among its most laudable exertions. We saw that its profession was made difficult, its instruments destroyed, and its localities forbidden. To be sure those who called out most loudly for the suppression of its open practices were among its strenuous supporters in secret, and appeared to think it was something after the fashion of those religious mysteries which are most unadvisable for the many, but singularly desirable to the few.

We said that its universality almost made it a national virtue. To defend it one wants a face of brass, but in quest of money there is scarcely anything a man will not do. These defenders of their irregularities will tell you of the stagnation of all other trades, but of their own unvarying briskness, and of constant circulation of money, which ought to be a sign of prosperity, like a river which waters a whole country in its course, though it all empties itself into one mighty receiver at last. If the diminution of overgrown resources be a virtue, the successful gamester has it in a high degree; and whilst the ordinary merchant and trader are apt by their pursuits to contract their ideas, there is a chance of every phase in the life of a gambler, from the depths of poverty to the highest pinnacle of fortune, which tends to expand and enlarge; and as his real pleasure centres only in his consciousness of wealth for the purpose of getting rid of it again, he will probably be free from those luxurious and degenerating vices which usually accompany a high state of civilization. The policy of treating with contempt the favourite of fortune may be doubted. And when we see him losing what he values so highly for itself with serenity, we

feel that we are in the presence of a true philosopher. There's a gravity of countenance occasionally which is very edifying, and as unlike the feverish anxiety which poets describe so graphically, as the facts of a Yankee victory are unlike the accounts received. When, too, it is remembered that it is a business in which the ladies of the family may assist us without degradation, there is more to be said in its favour than we had discovered, before the 'Morning Post' correspondent from Homburg published so elaborate a defence of it.

Since, then, speculation of some kind or other appears to be the occupation of mankind, and that all men are willing to be gamblers, if they can but evade the reputation of it, the critic should endeavour to let them down easily. Some men, be it from certain good qualities, or high station, or great wealth, can afford to be found out, others cannot; and, like the Israelitish bagman and his roast leg of pork, prefer to have it called mutton. Well! why not? It harms none of us that a roaring, though illicit trade should be driven, if he takes nothing from our heap; and if he does so, we have none to thank for it but ourselves. If he solicits us it is on equal terms, and we can at least refuse his offer. Compulsion may drive a man to the Jews. Old 'Sixty per schent' gets in the way, and you must find him; but choice leads a man to the gaming-table, and if he dislike the terms he can avoid the creditor. Old Burton—to be sure, no bad judge—does not speak highly of them; brings them all to grief, successful and unsuccessful; but he rather appears to describe a state of things foreign to our fashions, and mixes up gamblers, drunkards, gluttons, and intemperate persons of all kinds together, which gives no just idea of our modern speculator. Our own musty notions are somewhat after his; but we yield, in this enlightened age, to the fact that the most virtuous nation upon earth is the most speculative, and the people most universally susceptible of clenching an argument by a wager is the most socially creditable upon earth. We do not mean the Americans.

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## THE SIRES OF THE DAY.

### NO. II.—STOCKWELL AND RATAPLAN.

IN one of the many paddocks attached to the picturesque old ruins of Wothorpe Manor, near Stamford, and till last season (when she nursed to Ambrose), invariably attended by a racing-like foal, may at any time be seen by the passers-by a lengthy and somewhat plain bay mare, often in company with one scarcely less celebrated (the Flying Celia). That mare is Pocahontas, now advanced far in years, bred by old Theobald of Stockwell, and the dam of an illustrious 'band of Brothers'—Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, Knight of Kars, and Knight of St. Patrick.

Without being positively handsome, yet Pocahontas, no matter



what company she may be in, at once arrests the eye as a fine specimen of what is correct in the outline of a brood mare. Of a bright bay colour, and without white, standing scarcely 15 hands and an inch, and on very short legs, she has, at the same time, great length of frame. Her head is large and sensible, and well set on a strong neck, her shoulders are well laid back, and her loins and hind-quarters are indicative of great strength; nor are her shoulder-points so very heavy, as is the case with her sons. She is an instance that long, low mares often breed the largest horses, as all her progeny exceed 16 hands. Though a runner in the Oaks and many other races up to six years old, she never was inscribed a winner in the Calendar; but Theobald, who was an enthusiast, and no mean judge of horses, always held her in the highest estimation, and prophesied she would breed great winners.

But for the first few years her progeny was inferior; in fact, the cross with Camel and Muley Moloch never seemed to nick; and it was reserved for the cross with The Baron, and the fusion of the Birdcatcher and Economist blood (for Harkaway and Echidna, The Baron's dam, were both by Economist), to produce those horses which have given a new start to the racehorse, by producing a race of more powerful horses than any other of the day.

Doubtless the best of Pocahontas' produce were those allied to the Birdcatcher blood, though several of the others by other sires were horses of no mean ability, as Knight of Kars, by Nutwith, and Automaton, by Ambrose (the only horse who ever beat Macaroni). And I am inclined to think Automaton would have proved himself a good horse had he lived; for as a two-year old he was always subject to irritation of the bowels, and being a hard puller and fretful horse he was difficult both to train and ride.

Pocahontas must ever hold a place among the best brood mares of any period, and rank with Penelope, Prunella, Selim's dam, and Cobweb. It is much to be regretted that Lord Exeter never had her portrait painted; and I am not aware of any having been taken of her. The prices her stock have realized have, I think, never been equalled, as Stockwell sold for 4,500*l.*; Rataplan, 2,000*l.*; Knight of Kars, 2,000*l.*; Ayacanora, 500*l.*; Automaton, 900*l.*; Strood, by Chatham, 1,200*l.*

Having said so much of Stockwell's dam—for from the dam comes so much of a horse's excellence—I must go on to the subject of my present paper, Stockwell and Rataplan, as, from their respective performances on the Turf, and their great success at the Stud, they are first worthy of mention; and Stockwell is not only the eldest, but the best of 'the band of Brothers.'

In my last paper I drew a sketch of Newminster, as the best representative of one type of the modern racehorse sire. His is the least faulty shaped line from Touchstone, and his stock invariably show a particular refinement and elegance of frame.

But the hero of my present sketch and his family exhibit a totally different character, and if they fail in the smartness and quickness

of the Newminsters, they more than counterbalance any deficiency in that respect by their great power and size. Occasionally we see in breeding (both in the animal and vegetable world) a fresh variety start up—a sort of point at which we have arrived and got a fresh start; and from Pocahontas I consider a fresh start has been obtained, which bids fair for some time to come to elevate the thoroughbred horse and keep the standard of merit high, besides stopping a lately growing tendency to degeneracy and weediness.

Stockwell and all his brothers possess great size, which they transmit to their stock; and, considering we have so many sires light of bone and leggy, a great point is gained in preserving one family at least of acknowledged size and stoutness.

Stockwell and Rataplan trace their descent in six direct lines to Eclipse and in two direct lines to Herod. This may be seen at a glance through their grandsires:—

No. 1.—The Baron, Birdcatcher, Sir Hercules, Whalebone, Waxy, Pot803, Eclipse.

No. 2.—Economist, Whisker, Waxy, Pot803, Eclipse.

No. 3.—Glencoe, Sultan, Selim, Buzzard, Woodpecker, Herod.

No. 4.—Muley, Orville, Beningboro', King Fergus, Eclipse.

Through the grandams:—

No. 1.—Bob Booty, Chanticleer, Woodpecker, Herod.

No. 2.—Blacklock, Whitelock, Hambletonian, King Fergus, Eclipse.

No. 3.—Tramp, Dick Andrews, Joe Andrews, Eclipse.

No. 4.—Marmion, Whiskey, Saltram, Eclipse.

Stockwell, now in his fourteenth year, is a golden chesnut. In summer he has a coat shining like shot-satin, and is remarkable for being covered all over with spots like stars. This peculiarity extends to his half-brother Knight of Kars, who, though in winter a darkish brown, in summer becomes a shining bay covered with spots. This mark, I suspect, comes from Eclipse, from which horse the above pedigree shows them so often descended.

In height Stockwell exceeds 16 hands. He has a large Roman head, but a very expressive one, with a fine soft eye. His neck is extraordinary, more resembling in his height of crest the old pictures of the Godolphin Arabian. His shoulder is thick, and loaded at the point, but his back and hind-quarters are perfect. Take him altogether, he is a noble horse; nor was he anything but a first-class racer. Being a very large, loose-made colt, he was not successful as a two-year old, having started twice without winning; but as a three-year old he showed himself to be quite first-rate. After winning the Two Thousand Guineas easily he ran in the Derby, but was 'nowhere.' In that race he was forced on the rails, and terribly cut; but he was far superior to the winner, as he proved by winning the St. Leger in a trot, both Daniel O'Rourke and Songstress, the Oaks winner, being behind him.

He finished up that year by winning all before him, and in the following year ran a terrific race with Teddington for the Ascot Cup, being only beat in the last stride; and had his jockey been able to hold him (always a very hard puller) the result might have been different. As a two-year old he ran twice unsuccessfully; at three he ran 14 times and won 11 races; at four he ran second for the Ascot Cup, but going lame afterwards he was thrown up for that year, and came out once as a five-year old, when he won.

His brother Rataplan has much the same character. He is a dark chesnut 16 hands high, faulty about his shoulder-points, and he throws out his toes. But he has many good qualities; an excellent constitution; fine temper and stoutness in his racing career, which has passed into a proverb; and if he cannot number the many illustrious sons which Stockwell can, as yet he has beat him for the 'Blue Riband' with his handsome son Kettledrum. Rataplan was not a fit horse to run at two years old, being one of the most shambling, awkward colts ever seen, but out of the three times he ran he won once. At three years old he ran 6 times and won 3, running third in that year's Derby. But it was at four and five years old that he showed his extraordinary powers not only of staying but of running week after week; in fact, like Fisherman, he lived on the railway. At four he ran 29 times and won 18 races, and at five he ran 33 times and won 20. Total 71 races, and 42 winning ones. A reference to the Calendar will show, too, what good company he generally met. Nor should it be forgotten that after all this hammering about he left the Turf a sound horse. When put up for sale at Tattersall's, Mr. Foljambe and Lord Scarborough determined to keep so good and honest an animal in the country, and he became their property for 2,000*l*. He has always stood at Tickhill, and if he has not quite come up to the public expectation as a sire, still he has got many sound and staying horses, and if judiciously crossed with smart, speedy mares, will doubtless repay the breeders who continue to patronize him.

In addition to Kettledrum, some of his chief winners have been Knutsford, Parasite, Corona, Patriot, Sycophant, Tonio, Plumper, Tattoo, Cœur de Lion, Drummer Boy, Rapparee (one of the strongest horses in England, and winner at high weights of the Ascot Stakes and many races), Ratcatcher, &c.

By the following list the reader may see what proportion of winners he has accredited, and what the number of his foals.

In 1857 his foals were—

	Foals.	Winners.	Two Year old Winners.
In 1858 . . .	9	—	—
„ 1859 . . .	24	—	—
„ 1860 . . .	27	1	1
„ 1861 . . .	16	7	5
„ 1862 . . .	25	13	2
„ 1862 . . .	26	13	3

So much for Rataplan.

Return we now to Stockwell, who, it must be admitted, has had far higher chances of success at the Stud than his brother, for in quality of the mares sent to him never had any horse a finer selection or a greater variety.

In 1856 he began his stud career at Burleigh, yet, strange to say, in the cross with Lord Exeter's fine mares he was most unsuccessful, as in that year the number of foals returned by him was 20, and none of them did any good. He was on sale then at 2,000*l.* or 2,500*l.*; and several foreigners came to see him, and declined him, luckily, having an idea he was hurt in the back. Eventually Lord Londesborough bought him, and he stood with West Australian at Grimston Park, near Tadcaster. From this time his success became every day greater, and his stock commanded higher prices at the hammer than any others of the day.

The following table will show the number of his foals, winners, and two-year old winners, from his start up to the present time :—

	Foals.	Winners.	Two Year old Winners.
1856 . .	20	—	—
1857 . .	29	—	—
1858 . .	37	2	2
1859 . .	42	12	10
1860 . .	19	22	10
1861 . .	21	31	13
1862 . .	37	34	3
1863 . .	35	30	4

In 1862 his stock won 90 races, value 34,125*l.*; and in 1863 70 races, including the One Thousand Guineas and the Chester Cup.

At the sale of the Grimston Stud, Stockwell fell to the bid of Mr. Naylor for 4,500*l.*, and after standing a season at Rawcliffe was removed this year to his owner's stud-farm at Hooton, where he is allowed twenty mares, besides his owner's, at 100*l.* a mare.

His present owner, having a large number of Touchstone mares, selected purposely to cross with him, is naturally desirous to keep him fresh and unimpaired, and consequently has considerably diminished his number of the public mares, finding that of all crosses the nick with the Touchstone has invariably turned out so well; for out of the three winners of the St. Leger by Stockwell, two—St. Albans and The Marquis—are out of mares, the one, Bribery, who is out of own sister to Touchstone, the other, Cinizelli, by Touchstone; and both have Pantaloon blood besides. Asteroid, again (whose great merits none can deny), is exactly the same cross. So also are Camerino, Audrey (the Cæsarewitch winner), Lady Augusta, Citadel, Emily, Caterer, Doncaster, and Laughing Stock. But it would take up too much space to go into a minute history of the many powerful horses by Stockwell. The best specimens in addition to those I have above named (many of them, too, most promising horses as sires) are Comforter, Thunderbolt, Loiterer, Balham, The Drake, Knowsley, Suburban, Carisbrook, Ace of Clubs, Aurelian, Prince

Imperial, Argonaut, and St. Alexis. Nor must we forget such mares as Caller Ou, Stockade, Vesta, Lady Ripon, Bertha, Bathilde, &c., who will add no little reputation to the studs they happen to fall into.

The foals of 1863 by Stockwell have great promise, especially the colts out of Glengowrie, Paradigm, Equation, and Flax. That we may hope to see a fine lot of foals in 1864 by him can hardly be questioned, as he had at his haras this season among other good mares Kettledrum's and Dundee's dams, Gaiety, Bassishaw (the dam of Ben Webster and Isoline), Selina (Caterer's dam), Paradigm, Patriot's dam, Meancee, Stamp, Equation, Nina, Sylphine, Countess of Burlington, Nutbush's dam, Hesse Homburg, Governess (the Oaks winner), and her sister Preceptress, Glengowrie, Weatherbound, Orlanda, Lady Kingston, Lady Vernon, Prairie Bird, Summerside, and Artless, all of them either great winners or the dams of great winners.

Of equal merit to these two brothers comes next their half-brother King Tom, of whom I will speak in a future paper.

But, ere I wind up, I wish to say a word in favour of the two younger brothers, the two Knights of Kars and St. Patrick. It would be difficult to find two finer horses. The former is by Nutwith (a St. Leger winner), the latter by the Knight of St. George (also a St. Leger winner). Both were good runners, and three of the Knight of Kars' two-year olds have appeared in public, two as winners.

Knight of Kars has always been located at Stanton, and his owner, a most sporting yeoman, fully appreciates his horse, and has some fine foals of 1863 by him.

Knight of St. Patrick is a magnificent horse; if he has a weak point it may be that his hind legs stand rather away, but his fore legs and shoulders are first-rate, and in this respect superior to any of his brothers. Had he not become a roarer from a bad influenza caught as a yearling, he would, no doubt, have been the best horse of his year. A glance back at the Calendar will show how great a race he ran at Goodwood, running third at the highest weight in the Stewards' Cup. If he is not destined, with average chances, to be the sire of superior racers, there is no trust in shape and family. The Knight of St. Patrick has been at Burleigh since he was taken out of training, and the foals there by him of the present year are strong and of good quality, but owing to the high price (30 gs.) put on him, an untried stallion, only his owner's mares have as yet, with one exception, been put to him. He was remarkable, during his training career at Malton, for never being ill or ever having a swelled leg, though the amount of work he was put through was very great.

The first-class horses of the Birdcatcher line are become very scarce. The best are Chanticleer, Warlock, and a very neat chestnut horse, Oxford, who ought to be tried.

Birdcatcher did incalculable benefit to our breed of horses, not only for racing purposes, but more especially for the chase and the road.

Womersley, like Saunterer, was a great loss to us, as all his stock run well, and can stay likewise.

Daniel O'Rourke, too, considering the non-racing mares of Sir Tatton's, got some very neat, sound horses, and I hold him a loss rather than otherwise.

Foigh-a-Ballagh was lost to us ere his full merit was understood. And it is probable that Fille de l'Air is the best two-year old of 1863.

Nothing could be better than any line from Sir Hercules, himself the perfection of beauty and lengthy shape. Two sons of his, Lifeboat and Gunboat, promise well, but they are a different type to their sire.

#### NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

P.S. In page 129 of the November number an error of print crept in, which made part of Newminster's pedigree read like nonsense. It should have read—'This through Touchstone,' and 'on Beeswing's' side the lines run up by Dr. Syntax to Pagnator, Trumpator,' &c.; and again, 'through Lady Eliza, granddam of Beeswing.'

It should also have been—'Through Ardrossan the line runs into 'a stout family.' X.Y.Z. was intended to have been omitted.

#### CRICKET.

##### THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AVERAGES FOR 1863.

THE Rugby Averages came to hand too late for insertion in the November number of 'Baily,' by giving them a place in the present number we complete the series of Public School Averages for 1863, but should have preferred their appearance with the others in our last number. Mr. Case hit very hard and very well last season, scoring the extraordinary number of 951 runs. His 170 (run out) was obtained against 'The Anomalies,' who were soundly thrashed in one innings, 'The School' scoring 402 runs. The following are

##### THE RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES (1863).

	Number of Matches.	Number of Innings.	Times not Out.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Total Runs Scored.	Average per Innings. Over.
T. Case . . . . .	19	31	1	170	170	951	30—21
R. Cotton . . . . .	15	23	1	71	73	466	20—6
G. A. Vander-Meulin . . .	21	35	1	62	102	665	19—0
G. E. Willes . . . . .	16	26	0	75	75	465	17—23
R. Murray . . . . .	16	26	2	57	74	456	17—14
E. W. M. Lloyd . . . . .	21	34	2	97	100	569	16—25
G. J. Prince . . . . .	12	15	4	46	53	193	12—13
A. Lee . . . . .	19	27	5	58	69	331	12—7
L. J. Maton . . . . .	16	22	5	25	36	231	10—11
H. V. Ellis . . . . .	16	27	1	34	49	255	9—12
R. G. Venables . . . . .	15	17	7	27	28	89	5—4

Captain, Mr. H. V. Ellis.

Professional, A. Diver.

## MR. E. M. GRACE.

Of the many shining lights that have shed their lustre on the cricket field for the past few seasons, none have attained to greater celebrity than Mr. E. M. Grace. Scientific critics have carped at his play, enthusiastic critics have cracked him up. One judge of the game, in answering a correspondent, put him down as a 'one season man;' another says 'he does not play straight;' and another that 'he hits for the rise before he sees what that rise will be;' whilst in answer to all this his numerous admirers triumphantly point to the fact that all over the country, against all description of bowling Mr. Grace obtains runs and makes scores as no cricketer—living or dead—ever did before. 'Oh!' sings the anti-Graces, 'see what luck he has!' 'Ah!' retorts the Graces, 'and where's the batsman that ever scored largely in great matches without some luck?' And then his admirers generally clinch the matter with 'It evidences something more than luck for a cricketer not yet twenty-two years old to score, as Mr. Grace has, 8,384 runs in four consecutive seasons; and to make, as Mr. Grace did, in those four seasons such innings as 150—114, not out; 183, not out; 118—102, not out; 121—100, not out; 119, not out; 118—208, not out; 192, not out; 241, 135, 163, 108, 132, 129, 145, and 112: or 2,690 runs in 19 innings (7 not out).' All these innings were played by Mr. Grace in the seasons 1860-61-62-63. But the great argument of those who *will not* have Mr. Grace a great cricketer is 'that he obtains his big scores in second or third class matches;' and hence his great average of 39, &c. Now let us glance down his doings in the undoubted first-class matches Mr. Grace has played in the past season, and see if this argument is borne out or not. Early in May on the Old Trafford Ground at Manchester he formed one of the South Eleven in the North v. South match; he was c and b by Tinley for 2 in the first innings, but in the second he scored 42 against the bowling of Tinley, Jackson, Hodgson, and Atkinson, and was eventually had in the slip. His next great match was at Bath, where he formed one of the 22 of Lansdown Club v. The All England Eleven, and there, against the bowling of Tinley, Jackson, Tarrant, Willsher, and Hayward, Mr. Grace played—to use the words of one of the A. E. E.—'a splendid innings' of 73 in the first innings, but scored 9 only in the second—caught out in both innings. Passing by the two matches Lansdown v. South Wilts, in which Mr. Grace scored two innings of 24 and 163, we get to Manchester again, whereat he formed one of The All England Eleven that played against 16 of Manchester and 2 bowlers, and there he scored 12 and 97 not out, the last a great innings to make against eighteen such cricketers as the Rowleys, Bousfield, the Pereras, Reynolds, and others of the celebrated Manchester school in the field. His next match of import was that of The Gentlemen v. The Players at Lord's, wherein he had two innings of luck—of the wrong sort—being 'bowled' in both for 7 and 5 only; but in the similar match at the Oval he made 13 and 31, thus averaging 14 per innings in these two A 1 matches. At Lord's Mr. Grace was one of The Eleven of England against Thirteen of Kent, and, despite the bowling of Willsher, Mr. Traill, Sewell, Bennett, and Mr. Lipscombe, he played an innings of 52, when the new bowler got him l b w. He then played four or five matches in his own locality, and on the 16th of July at Basingstoke commenced such a fortnight's hitting as never before was hit by mortal cricketer, for from that date up to August 1st—both inclusive—he played in 8 matches, had 13 innings, and scored 840 runs, giving an average of upwards of 60 runs per

innings! The match at Basingstoke that Mr. Grace played in was for The All England Eleven *v.* 22 of Hackwood Park, wherein he scored an innings of 77 against the bowling of young James Lillywhite, Holmes, Bell, and others. At Lord's Mr. Grace formed one of The South Eleven *v.* The North. With Tom Hearn he commenced the Southerners' first innings, and so finely and freely did these two hit the bowling of Jackson, Tarrant, Wootton; and Grundy, that in one hour they scored 93 runs, when Hearn was settled, Mr. Grace going fifth down, with the score at 147, he having finely scored 73 of these runs. In his second innings he was very finely snapped at the wicket by Biddulph the first ball bowled to him; and in the South Wales *v.* M. C. C. match Nixon bowled him for 13; but in the South Wales *v.* Gentlemen of Kent contest he scored 49 and 129. Up at Lord's he once more did battle for South Wales, that time against I Zingari, scoring two innings of 22 and 80. When playing his foot he was run out by the wicket-keeper, being the only time he was 'run out' throughout the past season, in which he played 93 innings. At Canterbury, in the Kent *v.* England return, Sewell found the way to his wicket when he had scored 15, and he made 7 runs only in his second innings; but in the M. C. C. *v.* Gentlemen of Kent match Mr. Grace scored 75 and 9. At the Oval he was one of the All England Eleven that played against Surrey, and the wonderful form that—with one hand—he at very short slip settled Griffith and Mr. F. Burbidge ought to have convinced the most sceptical of his great fielding capabilities; his scoring in this match was 5 and 39 not out. In the North *v.* South match at Liverpool he scored 17 and 0, being caught at the wicket in the first and l b w in the second innings. As one of the 22 of Bristol against the All England Eleven he played a fine innings of 37, Jackson again getting rid of him l b w; and as one of the 16 of Godalming (?) against The United Eleven he stood at the wickets near upon three hours for 44 runs, showing a fine defence against the superb bowling of Grundy at one wicket, and Caffyn's, Griffiths' (fast and slow), and Silcock's trundling at the other; here again was he l b w; and was caught at point for 3 in the second innings. At Rexford, against the bowling of Jackson (who played *against* the A. E. E. in this match) and Hodgson, Mr. Grace ran up an innings of 32, in which were 14 singles. And at Leeds, in the last match played by the A. E. E.—against the bowling of Slinn and Greenwood—he scored 26 in the first innings (caught out at slip), brought his bat out in the second for 34, and finished up his season at Southampton in the Gentlemen *v.* Players of the South match, wherein he played that fine free hitting, but exceedingly lucky, innings of 112 runs.

In the above twenty matches—all first-class affairs—Mr. Grace averages 40—3 per innings. In the two Gentlemen *v.* Players' matches he averaged 14; in the three North *v.* South matches he averaged 33—3; in the four matches that he played at Lord's his average was 31—4; in the two matches on the Oval his average was 36. In all matches against odds his average is 31—11; in *all* Eleven aside matches he averages 40—48; and his general average for all matches he played last season is 39—32. Now we maintain that the man that makes these averages against the best bowling and fielding in the country *must* be a great batsman, be his style what it may; and if there is not very much grace in his batting, there is an immensity of vigour and effect. 'I never saw such free hitting,' exclaimed Caffyn, just before he had Mr. Grace at long off for his 112 at Southampton; and it is this 'free hitting,' combined with great judgment, that is the secret of Mr. Grace's success; daring to do where other men doubt and delay, he makes runs off balls that



others leave alone, and hence his great scores. Few men block straighter, and his 'hitting across' is more apparent than real, and mostly noticeable when playing slow bowling. The finest innings we fancy Mr. Grace has played was his 73 in the North v. South match at Lord's, an innings that brought from Grundy the exclamation of 'Well, the man that plays such an innings as that 'is a great cricketer!' And, although we do not hold his bowling in such high estimation as some do, there can be no doubt of its being a very effective change. As to fielding, place him where you will Mr. Grace is at home. Acting on the Micawber principle of always expecting 'something to turn up,' he is ever on the watch, and the way that at times 'he gets to a catch' is wonderful. (We know of but one cricketer that surpasses him at this, and that is Mr. V. E. Walker, the grandest fieldsmen that ever flannelled.) 'If,' said Wisden once, 'if a player has a favourite cut or leg hit, I would as soon 'put Mr. Grace there to field him as any other man.' And, to conclude, we freely endorse the opinion of George Parr, who in our hearing, before he left England, said he thought that one of the best 'all round' cricketers in England was Mr. E. M. Grace.

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Cricket Gossip is (very properly) very scant these dark and dreary days; but County Committees are already turning their attention to the campaign of 1864. The Notts Committee have met and energetically vetoed interference with the jurisdiction of the Marylebone Club in matters relative to the laws of Cricket; and as their funds are at present excellently well conditioned, they have very properly decided to 'play 'an extra' out and home County match next season. Good this; and better still if they decide on playing Surrey, whose Committee have also met, promised us a 'galaseason' on the Oval next year, chivalrously shouldered all the cricket deeds of their indefatigable Hon. Sec., and announced that their County Eleven will contend in no less than eighteen matches in 1864.

Yorkshire gentlemen have at last formed something like a County Cricket Club, and we have every hope of seeing their unrivalled bowling and formidable 'all round' Eleven play both at Lord's and the Oval in the coming season. Warwickshire has now its County Club, and Gloucestershire is up and stirring; and 'Baily' trusts that Norfolk will also form a County Club, with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at its head.

'Our Twelve,' we trust, are still on the deep, hearty and well, and fast nearing the end of their little voyage. And from their future scene of (we hope) many victories the last mail brought the interesting intelligence that the Committee of the Melbourne Club (the leading Club in Australia) had unanimously recommended that—'*The interpretation put upon Rule X. of the 'Laws of Cricket relative to high bowling by the Marylebone Club be adopted by this 'Club, and strictly adhered to during the coming season.'*' And highly to be commended for that resolution are the Committee of the Australian M. C. C.

The fourth volume of Lillywhite's 'Scores and Biographies' is just out: the contents we have not seen. 'The Guide' is on the stocks, and so, we believe, are other little works on the game. In fact, look where we will, on every side we perceive signs of—weather permitting—a glorious cricket season for 1864.

## 'OUR VAN.

INVOICE.—November Notabilities.—Racing Records and Rumours.—The Russell Rout.—Jockey Jottings.—The Argus Argument.—Sporting Strays and Statistics.—Monthly Mortality.

NOVEMBER this year, we are glad to state, has not been so dull as usual, either in respect of weather or incident; and during its continuance the sensation pens have been kept going at the highest steam-pressure. In the provinces, the racing, which commenced on the Pitchcroft of Worcester and finished on the Lammas of Warwick, has been a great boon to those who had a bad Houghton, and many a little man was enabled to get his coals in for the winter. All powerful as is the influence of the Lord of Croome in the Faithful City, as the reporters love to designate Worcester, it was unable to stop the waters of the Severn; and although his Lordship, like Canute at Southampton, bid the waves retire, they heeded him not, and one or two races had to be postponed, and the courses of the others altered. What Mr. Fechter has been to the Lyceum, our friend Mr. Webb is to the Grand Stand; and so great have been his alterations and improvements, that we can no longer recommend him, as we have done on more than one occasion, to put up placards announcing, in the language of the theatres, that 'the inclosure was full, and standing-room could only be obtainable on the roof.' The ground, as might be imagined from the rain, was clayey enough to make china for the million; and Summerside, who went in it as well as a Circus horse in sawdust, won the Handicap, as she was bound to do, in a canter. At Worcester, let the Flat Racing be what it may, we are always certain of a good Steeple-chase, and the present one was no exception to the general rule; and, strange to say, as in the Handicap, the United States supplied the winner. Taking the North-Western route, we reach the cheerless plains of Aintree, sacred to Greyhounds and Steeple-chasers. Here, we are glad to state, there was a decided improvement on the *inglorious* days of July; and the arrival-list on the tissue of Mr. Wright would have borne a fair comparison with that of Epsom, Doncaster, or Goodwood. Croxteth supplied the Patricians, and London, Manchester, Sheffield and Birmingham the Plebeians. Lord Sefton's drags have been done so often, and form so staple a portion of the annual reports, that we will not inflict a repetition of them on our readers, who must know them by this time as well as their noble owner. In the Autumn Cup, the good luck of Mr. Topham served him well, and he never made a better Handicap in his life if three heads be any criterion. The winner's starting was very dubious until the night before; and as Golden Pledge was reported to have trained to nothing, a good deal of money came into the market on behalf of Fairwater and Balham. The latter disappointed his friends a good deal, for he ought to have stayed longer; but that those who had 'taken The Pledge' ought to have benefited by it, there cannot be the slightest doubt, for he raced with everything, and then Blithfield only got home a head in front of him. To Mr. Barber the Aintree Course is generally a fortunate one; and when he 'cut away' with a couple of stakes, it looked like a revival of olden times. Next year, we are glad to learn, we are only to have two days in the summer; and with the increased experience and restored popularity of the lessee, it will be a matter of astonishment if the company will not cry content with the salmon-coloured cards in their hands. How to deal with Shrewsbury is a task almost beyond our limits, for our lens

has operated upon its manager so often, that it may be said to be almost used up. Nevertheless, he must give us another sitting, be the result what it may. When first 'The Golden Fleece' was brought out at the Haymarket, Mr. Planché, in his amusing bill, announced that by particular desire Mr. Bland would be twice the king he usually was at other times; and Mr. Frail, acting on his example, assured 'the Upper Ten,' as well as the Ring, he would be 'frailer' than usual during the week. Nothing more was wanted to insure a gathering that should eclipse all others in Shropshire annals. At his bidding, Conservative Peers entertained Conservative parties. The hotel-keepers, irrespective of politics, gave up their houses to him for billets for his friends; and in this capacity no Quarter-Master-General in the Peninsula or Crimea ever gave greater satisfaction, or the union of that office with that of Paymaster-General attended with happier results. Shrewsbury, in fact, was at his entire disposal; his bills, as long as a roll of stair-carpeting, covered the Railway Station and the principal buildings, and for subscribers he had got half the names out of 'The Peerage' and 'Who's Who.' Red tape and routine were abolished at one fell swoop; and with a special detective at the scales, and a coroner in readiness for accidents for the Steeple-chases and Hurdle Races, the Shrewsbury games commenced. As usual they were announced for four days, but then came the Committee of Delegates for a fifth. At first our favourite lessee rather threw cold water on the proposal; but after listening for a time to the argumentum ad hominem, he gradually yielded, as the ice gives way under the influence of the sun; and the deputation retired, highly pleased with the reception they experienced. Fortunately the weather throughout was fine; so there were none of those curious meteorological telegrams published *de die in diem*, which used to create such sensation in Albemarle Street and Burlington House, and set professors by the ears. The handicapping, like the racing, was quite of a Newmarket character; and its purity may be estimated when, out of a hundred and fifty horses that ran during the week, only one 'corpse' was discovered, and no one could have read the funeral service over it better than Mr. Frail, who immediately recorded its name in his black book—a warning as terrible as the photograph of a pick-pocket in Coldbath Fields. On the whole, the worthy lessee may with truth be said never to have been seen to greater advantage; and if Mons. Esquiros, in his next visit to this country, does not include the Shrewsbury Autumn Meeting among his excursions, he will miss one of the best exemplifications of 'y<sup>e</sup> manners and customs of y<sup>e</sup> Sporting English in y<sup>e</sup> nineteenth century' that he could have beheld.

The settlement on the Cambridgeshire would, if it had happened on the Stock Exchange, have given plenty of opportunity to City correspondents to enlarge on the dangers of over-trading. But at the Corner it was patched up by clever Commissioners, who know how to handle an account as well as an Old Jewry accountant does a bankrupt's estate. The retreat of Russell with his Ten Thousand did not cause more grief to some of the Catch-'em-Alive party than that of Xenophon with his Ten in days of old. Of course he formed the legitimate excuse for numbers shunting the day of payment; for every one who was bad against Catch-'em always made out they covered themselves with Russell. The first suspicions of the state of affairs arose from the shutters in Bird Street not being taken down the following morning. Some good-natured friends suggested such a strange occurrence might arise from his having a corpse in the house; but he was met by the remark of an ascetic individual of the Douglas Jerrold stamp, that to his certain knowledge more than one

'corpse' had been in that office for several weeks without any such mark of attention being paid to it. And in truth he was right, for numbers of horses were given him to lay against, which led him on that slippery track that caused him to trip up his heels. In this respect he differed from Davis, whom he professed to imitate, for the latter invariably refused to lay against any horse for an owner, for he said he was a public bettor, and it would not be fair to rob his best customers; although, if an owner had backed a horse with him, and he knew him intimately, he would not mind hedging his money for him on the morning of the race. So, after all, the place of the great bettor is not filled, neither can we discern, in the under-crop of bookmakers that is coming on, any likely successor to him. In what direction the hero of Bird Street has winged his flight we cannot say; but we have heard that the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, where he had purchased some property, would be the most likely cover to beat for him: and if one or two of his creditors we could name could 'catch him alive,' we have a strong idea they would teach him the value of the old maxim of honesty being the best policy.

The Babbages of the Sporting Weeklies having given us the statistics of the winning jockeys, we are enabled to give a sketch of their performances, and offer a running commentary upon them. Fordham, as usual, heads the list, and his friends seem to think it strange he has never yet scored a Derby or a St. Leger. This, we suppose, is owing to the go-a-head age in which we live, for in the time of Buckle and Chifney a lad never had a chance of being put on a horse for either of these races until after he had been out several years. But now a light weight is expected, after getting through a few Handicaps, to win Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger all at once. Certainly Fordham has been as unfortunate in the big races as he has been lucky in the minor ones; and as increase of age brings with it generally a corresponding amount of patience, we have no fear of the future for him in respect to the rich prizes of Epsom and Doncaster. The Brothers Grimshaw are naturally next on the poll, for there is scarcely a race run in which one or both do not figure. Both are good jockeys; but we cannot quite subscribe to the overwhelming admiration for Jemmy which some of his followers entertain for him, as he is careless at times and forgets his instructions, as we saw both in the Goodwood Stakes with Anfield, and in the Cambridgeshire with Summerside, both of which races he ought to have been credited with if he had ridden to his orders. Henry Grimshaw has improved of late very much, as his fondness for corporal punishment has diminished, and he is certain to do well. Aldcroft's score, considering his weight, is a good one, and his winning the Oaks on Queen Bertha was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the season. Sam Rogers needs no praise from us, as good wine needs no bush; and time does not seem to shake his nerve or diminish his strength. That his connection with Lord Stamford did not last longer is a matter of regret, for it would have given us more opportunities of seeing him to advantage, as the best ridden race of the season at Newmarket was that which he won for his Lordship on Oscar in the Craven Meeting. Custance has quite fulfilled our predictions of him two years back; and by the patronage of Mr. Bryan, and others of the swell division, his accountant will be able to present him with a good balance-sheet. Jem Goater holds his own; and the Grand Prize of Paris, the York Biennial, and the Great Yorkshire, are mounts of which he may well be proud. Lord Clifden at Doncaster brought Johnny Osborne back into favour; and the manner in which he rode the St. Leger winner at once silenced criticism, and caused many an owner to regret he had not put him up, in preference to a lot of the 'postboys'

who are now in such practice. Challoner, the type of the past age—honest, quiet, unassuming, and respectable, uniting the patience of a Chifney with the boldness of a Scott—has had a great year as far as great races are concerned, and a duplicate of him would command any money. Edwards has been extremely fortunate for Lord Stamford and Mr. Merry, and to the latter he may well be grateful for the steerage of Buckstone in the Ascot Cup. Of the light weights, Tom French and Sam Adams have achieved the highest honours, and Lord Falmouth is fortunate in having retained the former for next year. Favourable mention should also be made of Loates or Loâtes, as some of the classic Bookmakers will persist in calling him. The services of Whiteley and Midgeley have been in great demand; and, generally speaking, they have properly discharged their duties to their employers; but not having come out in bold relief from their compeers, we need not dwell upon them further. Turning from the jockeys to the scales is only a natural process, and therefore we may as well remark that the publication of a reward of fifty pounds for the 'miscreant' (we purposely employ the fashionable phrase of the day) who attached the weight to the scales for The Cambridgeshire, has not resulted in the discovery of the offender, although he is as well known as an Irish murderer in a Ribbon district. Had the reward been offered immediately after the race—and surely the Stewards could have secured the passing of an Indemnity Bill for so small a sum—some good might have been derived from it. Moreover, it was questionable policy to state that the sum would be cut up into proportions, as if it was a stake, with so much for second and third; as a witness inclined to give evidence would have little temptation to 'come it,' as it is called, for so small a sum. As it is, therefore, we fear the criminal will remain in obscurity as long as Mr. Hill's anonymous two-year-old backer of Tolorno for the Derby. But, as the Duke of Cambridge remarked on the Heath at the time of the occurrence, 'they manage things very queerly at 'Newmarket.'

What the 'Alexandra' case was to the mercantile community, the 'Argus' one was to the newspaper fraternity; and it was singular they should have been running off at the same time. Good lawyers as sporting-men are generally admitted to be, they had no taste for demurrers, and, save Mr. Henry Hill, not a racing gentleman was present. The second of the plaintiffs was Mr. Weatherby, who, with a devotion worthy of a better cause, sat through the previous afternoon an argument of the driest character relative to an insurance policy on a ship that was lost, so that by this time he must be well up in the law of salvage. The Club retained Mr. Mellish, the best man they could get, while the Defendant put up Mr. Quain, a kind of legal George Thompson. Of course the former made the running, and soon had his opponent in trouble; but his jockey, notwithstanding several 'cannons' with Blackburn, and 'crosses' with Wightman, to which no objection could be taken, for it would not have been allowed, struggled on to the last, getting every ounce he could out of his mount, and was beaten cleverly but not easily. During this first heat many regretted that the Chief Justice and his learned brothers had not the assistance of Mr. Justice Clarke and Mr. Justice Johnson,

who would have made them more familiar with the dates of the Newmarket Meeting, and the manners and customs of the Heath. But as the former was engaged on the Midland Circuit at Shrewsbury, and the latter sitting in Banco on the Northern one at York, they were of necessity prevented taking part in the consideration of the argument. As this was only the first heat of the great race between two such powerful bodies, we refrain from offering any opinion upon it; but after the final verdict is given, and the question set at rest, we shall deal with the matter *in extenso*, both calmly and firmly, and without fear or affection for either side.

The progress of the New Tattersall's at Knightsbridge Green, we are happy to state, is proceeding more rapidly than the generality of similar establishments in the metropolis, where the workmen seem to emulate Sir Edwin Landseer in their torpidity and slowness. When completed, which it will be in the course of next year, it will be a model of its kind. The entrance is striking and imposing, and on one side are the offices of the firm, where the Herries and Farquhar cheques are signed in such abundance, a room for the sole use of the Committee, and a house for Carter. Opposite is the Subscription Room, which is 60 feet in length and 30 in width, the advantage of which will be felt in those crowded settlements, when stress of weather drives the members into port. From the room there is an entrance into a courtyard, where commissions, either of a laying or a backing nature, can be given, and any private dispute adjusted. The repository is, of course, at the end of the entrance, and consists of ninety-seven stalls, constructed after the latest fashion, with the latest improvements, and each lighted with a dome. The carriages will be ranged on a floor above, to which they will be raised by an ascending platform. The whole will be covered with glass as a protection against the weather, and the ventilation will be so perfect that the Judges and Members of Parliament would like to hold their sittings in it. For the comfort of Thomas, the architect has made especial provision, in the hope that the next time the 'London Reviewer' criticises Tattersall's he may be described in more flattering terms than he was a few weeks back, when he was designated a surly janitor. On our sympathising with him on such a false and disagreeable epithet being applied, he replied, Had he such a set to deal with he would be much more savage. That the writer in question must have been somewhat atrabilious is proved by his styling the present room a species of Wesleyan meeting-house, protected by a surly sexton. So we can only suppose the author went to draw some one, who could or would not part, and getting a glance at the state of affairs from Thomas, not, perhaps, that day in the most amiable of humours, went home and vented his bile against him in the paper to which we have alluded, and which, in some respects, is rather amusing, from the Dickens-like minuteness with which the crowd outside and in the passages is hit off.

By the accounts from Constantinople, it would seem that the Meeting which had been got up at the express desire and at the sole expense of the Sultan, went off in the most brilliant manner, in brilliant weather, and before a brilliant company. The Father of the Faithful was present each day, accom-

panied by his harem and suite, and remained from the first race to the last, which was a kind of Consolation Scramble, got up for the Ottoman John Osbornes. The starting was excellent, as might be supposed to be the case in a country where bowstrings are cheap, plentiful, and always at hand; and not a single Arab was strangled. For the accommodation of the Press, the Sultan was especially anxious, so the end of the sick man is not so near at hand as is fancied at St. Petersburg; and from the free and candid manner in which the report of the meeting is written, it is apparent no pressure was put upon the Fourth Estate. Whether a Prophet has been established at Constantinople, we cannot say; but in such a city there would be surely room for one, and in such case we would suggest to any one of that class emigrating from the Strand and Fleet Street the policy of adopting the *nom de plume* of Mahomet for their letters, as the surest way of arresting attention to their contributions. On the whole, nothing could have been more delightful than the scene, and we only regret that the Shrewsbury Lessee was not present to give it the finishing touch, and help it with his Handicaps; for then the Sultan, in return for the increased sport that was afforded, could have done nothing less than created him a Bey on the spot, and presented him with an imperial portrait of himself, set in diamonds on a snuff-box. Thus armed, he would be more irresistible than ever as a canvasser in this country; and even now we throw out the hint to him as being worthy of adoption on the next anniversary of the Constantinople Race. We had almost forgotten to add, that the English horses made short work of the Arabs that were brought out against them, and a thoroughbred screw, called Phoenix, carried all before him; so much so that some of the Sultan's nephews expressed a desire to import some English racers, expressly for the purpose of winning some of the stakes next year. In China the demand for thoroughbred stock still continues, and it is to be hoped the merchant princes of Hong Kong will be more fortunate in their imports of stallions than they have been hitherto, otherwise so good a mart might be closed to our breeders. At Newmarket, the removal of Lord Stamford's horses from Joseph Dawson in such a peculiar manner is still the topic of the season, and will last throughout the winter. To interfere between employer and the employed is always a delicate matter, and we would gladly pass it over in silence but for the publicity that has been given to it. That Lord Stamford had great reason to be annoyed at the successive defeats he sustained whenever his animals were favourites there is no denying. But at the same time we have the best reasons for knowing the circumstance caused equal pain to Dawson, who professed himself unable to explain the cause of such a state of things; therefore, an amicable separation would not have been unnatural, and perhaps beneficial, for both parties. But the sudden removal while at exercise would indicate that Lord Stamford had received information of circumstances justifying the adoption of such a step; and if this be the case for the sake of both himself and his Trainer, he will break through the reticence he has hitherto observed, and make known the facts of the case. Then we might come to some proper conclusion on the subject; but at present we are in the dark, and can only observe that the establishment had outgrown

itself to an extent that rendered proper surveillance beyond the power of the Manager. In the North there have been many reports in circulation relative to the sale of Apennine, and a monstrous deal of unnecessary fuss made about it. One week one newspaper announces, upon the best authority, he is sold to Mr. Robinson, who is a West Australian; and the following week a pompous contradiction appears in another newspaper, stating there was not the slightest foundation for the statement. That Mr. Robinson did treat for him there is no doubt, and thought he had him; but at the last moment, it is said, Wintringham altered his mind and refused to let him go: and now, as we are writing, we are assured he has changed hands, and one report assigns a nobleman in John Scott's stable to be the purchaser. Stud news is not very plentiful at present, but next month we hope to have a budget for the new year worth acceptance. At Rawcliffe the subscription to Young Melbourne is fast filling, and to those who wish to patronise him we would say, to be in time you must go early. Mr. Blenkiron would seem to have tired of Neasham, Horror, Amsterdam, and High Treason, as they are all advertised to be sold or let. The fondness of the Prussians and the Germans for the Voltigeur blood is again exemplified by the purchase of Napoleon. Sugarplum, Malacca, Ben Webster, Hospodar (by Hetman Platoff) are on the sale list. Of Stockwell full particulars will be found elsewhere, and Lord Burleigh cannot fail to do good to Prime Minister, who appears to us to be by no means so appreciated as he deserves. At Dean's Hill, The Chevalier is looking up, and he has fifteen names thus early in his book, including six mares of John Osborne, who says he will have another dip into his favourite Priam blood, which cannot be beaten. Mr. Sharpe also intends renewing acquaintance with his famous Butterfly strain, as she was a granddaughter of Arachne, as is The Chevalier the grandson, by forwarding South a couple of mares to him, so there will be no excuse for him now. Trumpeter is wisely kept at his old price, and consequently is filling fast. A few of the Mamhead mares will be distributed, and two of them go to Stockwell. From Hampton Court a clean bill of health is reported of Orlando, St. Albans, Mentmore, and last, but not least, the ever-green Ransom.

The Hunting Season has commenced well, and with every prospect of continuing so. The opening day with The Quorn was quiet in comparison with prior anniversaries, for there were few arrivals at Melton; but now the Hunting metropolis is full, and Mr. Clowes has got into full swing, giving as much satisfaction as is possible for a successor to Lord Stamford. The Pytchley have unfortunately been deprived of Charles Payne by a severe accident he met with near Lywell, by his horse crossing his legs and falling on him on a field road, breaking his collar-bone and injuring him severely. The Hon. George Fitzwilliam and the Hon. Robert Grimshaw have likewise been put *hors de combat* thus early from similar causes, but we are glad to learn are doing as well as could be expected. The Cotswold have had a magnificent run from Northwick House of upwards of three hours, in which the Duc d'Aumale and Lord Redesdale shone conspicuously. In Hampshire the dastardly attempt to injure Mr. Arthur Whieldon of The Vine, by one whom we suppose 'coveted



'his vineyard,' has created an extraordinary sensation by its utter falseness, and it is only by emigration that the mischief-maker will escape with a whole skin on his body. Mr. Whieldon's answer to the charge was so explicit and manly that there is no occasion for our holding a brief or going to a jury for him. Up to the present time, with George Southwell's aid, he has had capital sport, and among his best things have been one of an hour and ten minutes from Fro Park, over a very stiff country, and on the same day another sharp run of ten miles straight, but unfortunately the hounds changed just as they were killing. On the 19th they had a first-rate thing from Wolverton of fifty-six minutes straight, and raced into their fix in the open. That it was no ordinary gallop may be presumed from the fact of the field having said they had had enough shortly after one o'clock. In the Hambleton they have not had such a November for many years; and from Captain Powlett giving them six days a week he may be said to be almost a second edition of the Tidworth Squire. With the Hunsley, we regret to hear Mr. Standish has had serious difficulties to contend with in the shape of trapping and other annoyances; and as he does the thing so well, he is deserving of being better supported. One good run from No Man's Land is all he can boast of; but we trust, ere our next, we shall receive better bulletins. Over the H. H., Mr. Deacon continues to rule as pleasantly as ever; and Pike, the new huntsman from the Essex and Suffolk, gives every satisfaction. The Craven, with their new Master, Mr. Cox, have begun well, and last week met by desire, for the first time this season, at Littlecote, where they were entertained at a magnificent breakfast by Mr. Padwick, who has rented it for some months past of Mr. Popham. Upwards of two hundred were present, for the mansion was thrown open to all comers, and when the health of the worthy host and hostess was proposed and drunk, the heartiest cheers rang through the vaulted roof of the old hall, which for its quaintness and originality has few equals in the South.

In Norfolk, Mr. Villebois has been entertaining the Prince of Wales, who has promised his patronage to the West Norfolk, and likewise contributed to their support. The wire fence controversy is still being carried on in the Shires, and we are glad to find that several good men and true have armed themselves with knives with small saws to them to cut the obnoxious wire when it comes in their way; and as the difficulty of detection would be so great, if not altogether impossible, the measure may have the effect of putting an end to the controversy far quicker than by letter-writing.

The mortality of the month has been chiefly confined to the outsiders.





*J. C. Mayall*

*James Simon*

*Kneller*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. C. C. GREVILLE.

LAST month we presented our readers with the Portrait and Memoir of one of the youngest and most conspicuous supporters of the Turf. And now by way of contrast, as a New Year's Offering, we submit the picture and sketch of the racing career of one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club—Mr. Greville. In dealing with one who has occupied so prominent a position in the Sporting World, we are placed in rather a perplexing situation, inasmuch as many of the best anecdotes that are in circulation respecting him, and which would best illustrate his character, are so associated with passages in the lives of the Aristocracy, that it would be unfair to reproduce them. We feel therefore we shall best discharge our duties to our readers, and consult the wishes of the subject of our Memoir, if we confine ourselves to a simple narrative of his racing career as deduced from the most correct sources at our disposal.

Mr. Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville is the eldest son of Mr. Charles Greville, and grandson of Mr. Fulke Greville, of Wilberry, Wilts. His mother was Lady Charlotte Bentinck, daughter of William, third Duke of Portland. Mr. Greville was born in 1794, and was educated at Eton, and subsequently transferred to Oxford; and at the expiration of his residence there he was named by his grandfather, who was President of the Council, for the office of Clerk of the Council when it fell in on the death of Lord Chetwynd. He had also the reversion granted him of a Patent Office in Jamaica. Though the Warwick family have long been identified with the Sports of the Field, it is fair to assume that Mr. Greville's love for the Turf came from his mother's side, as the Portlands, especially the late Duke, have always been among the strongest supporters of the national sport, and raced, as became their position in society. That Mr. Greville took to racing early may be imagined when we state he saw his first Derby in 1809, when the Duke of Grafton's Pope won it beating five others. At that period he was barely fifteen years of age, and the impression the sight of the race made upon him

at the time was very great, and it was rekindled more strongly, when in 1816, travelling with his father and mother to Ickworth, the seat of the Marquis of Bristol, he stopped at Newmarket and saw Invalid and Deceiver run a match on the Heath ; and, subsequently, he saw a great sweepstakes come off between Spaniard, Britannia, and Pope, which the latter won. Four years elapse, and as a proof that the lad we have described had kept pace with the times, we find him selected to manage the racing establishment of the late Duke of York, on the death of Mr. Warwick Lake. The first step taken by Mr. Greville on being installed in office, was to weed the useless ones and the ragged lot ; and with the aid of Butler (father of the late Frank and the present William Butler) he managed so well that in his second year he won the Derby for him with Moses. As the Duke's affairs at that time were in anything but a flourishing condition, Mr. Greville did not persuade him to back his horse for much money. Still his Royal Highness won a fair stake, and was not a little pleased at the result. He likewise carried off the Claret with him the following year. With Banker, who was a very useful horse at all distances, he won for him many good races ; and by a reference to the Calendars of the day it will be seen the Duke won in his turn, if he did not carry all before him. To reproduce the names of his horses now would not be worth while, as from the effluxion of time the interest in them has ceased. The first animal in the shape of a racehorse that Mr. Greville ever possessed was a filly by Sir Harry Dimsdale, which he trained in the Duke's stable, with a few others of no great standing.

Circumstances with which the world are familiar rendering the retirement of the Duke of York requisite, his stud came to the hammer, and Mr. Greville came to the assistance of his uncle, the Duke of Portland, who trained with Prince. With the Duke Mr. Greville remained some little time, and afterwards became confederate with Lord Chesterfield, who was at that time coming out, and was in great force with his Zinganee, Priam, Carew, Glaucus, and other crack horses. During this time he had few horses of any great account of his own, although his confederate had nothing to complain of in the shape of luck. At the termination of this confederacy Mr. Greville entered upon another with his cousin Lord George Bentinck, who, from his father's hostility to his racing, was unable to run horses in his own name. The extent of this stud was so great that we are unable to deal with it at the same time with the horses of the subject of our Memoir, who can scarcely be said to have come across a really smashing good mare until he met with Preserve, with whom in 1834 he won The Clearwell and Criterion, and in the following year The One Thousand Guineas, besides running second for The Oaks to Queen of Trumps. A difference of opinion as to the propriety of starting Preserve for The Goodwood Stakes led to their separation, and for a time they were on very bad terms, but by the aid of mutual friends a reconciliation was effected. From what Preserve did for him Mr. Greville was induced to dip more freely into the blood, or, as old John Day

would have said, to take to the family, and accordingly he bought Mango, her own brother, of Mr. Thornhill, who bred him. Mango only ran once as a two-year old, when, being a big, raw colt, he was not quick enough on his legs for the speedy Garcia filly of Col. Peel, and John Day's Chapeau d'Espagne, and was easily beaten. In the spring Mango made so much improvement that Mr. Greville backed him for The Derby for a good stake; and had he been able to have continued his preparation at Newmarket, and been vanned to Epsom, as is the custom in the present day, there is little doubt he would have won; but having to walk all the way from Newmarket he could not afford to lose the days that were thus consumed, and although he ran forward he did not get a place. That this view of the case is not a sanguine one is proved by his beating Chapeau d'Espagne, the second for The Oaks, for The Ascot Derby, and within an hour afterwards bowling over Velure, the third in that race, for William the Fourth's Plate. On the Cup Day he likewise beat the Derby favourite Rat-trap over the Old Mile. At Stockbridge in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, with 13 subscribers, he frightened all the field away with the exception of Wisdom, whom he beat cleverly, and then he remained at Dilly's at Littleton, to be prepared for The St. Leger. Having stood his work well, John Day brought over The Drummer and Chapeau d'Espagne from Stockbridge to try him on Winchester Race-course. Both Mr. Greville and Lord George Bentinck had reason to be satisfied with what Mango did in his gallop on that morning, and the latter backed him very heavily for the race—much more so, indeed, than his owner. Mr. Greville was anxious to have put up John Day, but the Duke of Cleveland having claimed him for Henriade, he was obliged to substitute his son Sam, a very rising lad, with nerves of iron and the coolest of heads. The race was a memorable one, inasmuch as William Scott, who was on Epirus, the first favourite, fell into the ditch soon after starting, and Prime Warden running over him and striking him with his hind leg, he sustained a severe fracture of the collar-bone. Henriade also came down about a distance from home from a dog crossing the course. John Day, however, soon righted him, but the *contretemps* spoilt his chance. At the Stand there were but three in the struggle—The Doctor, Abraham Newland, and Mango. The two former seemed to be making a match of it, and it looked impossible for Mango to get up; but a slight opening presenting itself, which was not visible to the spectators, Sam Day, with a degree of resolution which justifies the attributes we have before ascribed to him, sent his horse through, with such a terrific rush, that his breeches were nearly torn off his boots, and won by a neck, verifying Vates' prophetic words in his Phosphorus prophecy,

‘That Mango a pickle would prove some odd day.’

After the race Lord George, who was a very heavy winner, gave Honest John five hundred pounds for his trial with The Drummer; the like sum to Sam Day for having ridden him better than he was

ridden in The Derby, and an equivalent proportion to Montgomery Dilly for preparing him better than Prince for the same race. Mango was afterwards sent to Newmarket for The St. Leger, and 'Craven,' who then edited the 'Sporting Magazine,' having asserted that Mr. Greville had caused it to be reported that Mango was lame, to get him back in the markets for that race, he called on him to apologize for the statement, which proving, by the volunteered testimony of Lord George Bentinck, Colonel Anson, and Admiral Rous to be wholly without foundation, the writer in question made Mr. Greville the fullest *amende honorable*. Mango only won once again as a four-year old, when he carried off a Sweepstakes of 300 sovereigns at Newmarket, beating Chapeau d'Espagne and Adrian. Having thus established himself with Dilly, owing to Mr. Payne, with whom he had become confederate, training at Littleton, Mr. Greville made no change until Dilly gave up, when he continued his confidence to his brother William Dilly, who succeeded him on his retirement from Lord Glasgow. It was some few years before Mr. Greville had another good horse, at least one that is worth dwelling upon, and Alarm must be considered the legitimate successor to Mango. This colt Mr. Greville purchased of his breeder, Captain George Delmé, and tried him good enough to win The Derby in 1845 in a canter, even in the face of such animals as Idas and The Libel. But just prior to starting, an accident occurred by which all Mr. Greville's hopes were destroyed: for The Libel flying at Alarm very savagely, he jumped the chains, threw Nat, who lay for a time insensible on the ground, and ran away. He was, however, soon caught, and remounted, and although much cut about, ran forward enough to justify the idea, that but for his accident he must have won, as no other animal could have got through The Cambridgeshire with 7 st. 10 lb. on him so easily as he did in a field of such quality as he met. In the following year Alarm made some amends for his Epsom failure, by winning The Ascot Cup, as well as The Orange Cup at Goodwood, the latter after a terrific race with Jericho. He also, at Newmarket in the autumn, won three great matches in succession, viz., with Oakley, the Bishop of Romford's Cob, and Sorella. Going through the Calendar, Cariboo is the next most noteworthy animal we come across, for it will be recollected he ran second to Canezou for The Goodwood Cup, having been lent to make running for her. But it is almost needless to add, that had Mr. Greville known him to be as good as he was, he would have been started on his own account, in which case The Cup in all probability would have gone to Bruton Street, instead of to Knowsley. Continuing our track through the Calendar, we light on a better year for Mr. Greville, in 1852, when he had two really good animals in Adine and Frantic. With the former, at York, he had perhaps the best week he ever had in his life, having won both the Yorkshire Oaks and Ebor Handicap with her, besides beating Daniel O'Rourke with Frantic, who two months before had carried off The Union Cup for him at Manchester. The following year Adine did a good thing

for him by winning The Goodwood Stakes, and two years afterwards he again won that race with Quince. Between Adine and Quince's years came Mr. Greville's last good horse Muscovite, whom he thought impossible to lose The Metropolitan, and backed him accordingly. He was much put out, however, by old John Day telling him he had no chance with his mare Virago. At first Mr. Greville was incredulous at what John told him, and made him acquainted with the form of Muscovite. This made not the slightest impression on the old man, who merely went on repeating Mr. Greville must back Virago for five hundred, and the value of the advice was proved by the mare beating the horse very easily. Muscovite's career for a time was a very unfortunate one, for when in Dockeray's stable he was so 'shinned,' that his chance for The Goodwood Stakes was completely out, and his trainer, who could not discover the offender, and who was terribly annoyed at the circumstance, begged he might be transferred to William Dilly's, at Littleton. While there, he was betted against for The Cæsarewitch in the same determined manner as he had been for his other races, and when he arrived at Newmarket, and stood in Nat's stables, which were perfectly impregnable, there was no cessation in the opposition to him, although his trainer told everybody that unless he was shot on the Heath, which he could not prevent, he would walk in. This he did, and the crash he produced is still fresh in the public recollection; but it is creditable to the book-maker who laid the most money against him to state, that out of 23,000*l.* which he lost, he paid 16,000*l.* down on the spot, an act which procured him time for the remainder. Since Muscovite, who is now at the stud at Newmarket, Mr. Greville has had no animal that has done a really good thing for him, though Anfield made another determined attempt at The Goodwood Stakes this year; and having at Lord Ribblesdale's sale of General Peel's horses, purchased Orlando, and added him to his establishment at Hampton Court, he has turned his attention perhaps more to breeding than racing? For some time his returns were very large, but of late, from the age of Orlando, and from getting some of his stock so small, they have diminished in amount, although the old horse looks as fresh as a four-year old, and preserves all that fine symmetry for which he was remarkable, both in and out of training. Latterly Mr. Greville, from being the confederate of Mr. Payne, has trained with Alec Taylor, at Fyfield; but with Godding he has generally two or three at Newmarket.

In turning to Mr. Greville in his private capacity we hardly know how to treat him, for his is a nature that shrinks from having his good deeds brought before the glare of the public eye. No man, ever so high or low, we believe, ever sought his advice and assistance in vain; and to no one individual, probably, have so many and such various difficulties been submitted. Neither can we remember a new trial or even an appeal demanded by those who had sought his counsel. Beloved by his friends, and feared by his opponents, Mr. Greville will ever be considered one of the most remarkable men that have lent lustre to the English Turf.



## THE MERRY BEAGLES.

BECKFORD, in his 'Thoughts upon Hunting,' has justly observed that it is a fault in a pack of harriers to be too fast. The reason is an obvious one—that you spoil your own sport by overmatching the animal you have to pursue.

This theory, however, does not chime in with modern notions. A pack of harriers of the present day consists of some twenty couple of highly-bred fox-hounds, who frequently course into their hare in the first field. If she reaches the fence, and they become unsighted, they dance about with their heads up in the air, as wild as so many hawks: some one of the field gets another view of the hare, and then commences course the second. In this way they mop up three or four hares a day, and they call it hunting!

How different from the old-fashioned sport of hunting the hare on foot with a pack of beagles, in which school so many of our best Masters of Fox-hounds passed their apprenticeship. Why do so few persons in a hunting field know whether a hound is upon a scent or not? Why do so few know that hounds are turning until they actually have turned? In short, why do so few know what hounds are doing? The answer is—They have never learned.

In order to enjoy the pure science, hunt the hare with a pack of beagles averaging 15 inches in height. It will be a fair match between them and the hare. Hunt them on foot, because you will, of necessity, not interfere with or press them over much; and it must be a bad scenting day indeed that they will not show you sport.

The late Earl Sefton had a clever pack of this description at his seat, Croxteth, near Liverpool; but the most celebrated pack—and deservedly so—was that of the Rev. Philip Honeywood, who hunted a country on the borders of Essex and Suffolk. This beautiful pack has been dispersed to the winds, but some of its blood has been preserved in the pack of Mr. John Tanqueray, of Hendon, Middlesex, who had Mr. Honeywood's large draft.

From seven to ten couple of hounds are quite sufficient to take out, but every nose should be at work: a hound that does you no good foils the ground and does you harm. Of course you would not for a moment keep a babbler or a skirter. A mute hound does almost as much harm, and muteness arises from the same cause as skirting; that is, jealousy.

It requires some decision, but you should get rid of a hound that always runs to head, however good he may be: he is spoiling all your other hounds. He is too good: draft him. But you should think twice before parting with those old line hunters who are almost invariably found at the tail of the pack. They are apt to tie upon the scent, but a crack of the whip and a cheering 'Forrard!' sets all to rights, and these are the hounds that bring you through many a difficulty.

Let us picture to ourselves a keen morning in October: the white frost of the previous night has slightly tinged the ground, and an occasional leaf fluttering from the trees slowly finds its way to the earth. Farmer Styles has told the sportsmen that he constantly sees a hare upon the fallow next his homestead, so they proceed to draw it closely, each individual taking a separate land. Before the field has been half gone over up jumps a hare. Comely first catches view of her, and proclaims the fact open-mouthed; her companions are not long in joining in the jovial cry. Puss, however, places a good fifty yards between herself and her pursuers before she reaches the fence; but the pack, being accustomed to be left alone, put their noses to the ground and settle to the scent:—

‘What sweeter music would ye hear,  
Than hounds and beagles crying?’

In little more than twenty minutes our hare has described a circle of some three miles, and here she comes, quietly slipping through the gate of the very field in which she was found, and stops for a moment to listen. The hounds are still some three fields behind her, but, it being a good hearing day, they appear much closer, and off she starts again at her best pace. Suddenly, seeing the foot people, she slips through a meuse in the fence. We have not long to wait for the hounds, who throw their tongues vigorously as they force their way through the bars of the gate. Joker, Jubilee, and Chorus come racing together along the hedge-side, and over-run the scent a dozen yards. The body of the pack, however, turn as short as the hare did herself. The impetuous ones have to retrace their steps, which they do with all haste, but they have to take their turn through the meuse after Comely and old Bellman, whilst the body of the pack is bowling merrily over the next field. The scent has hitherto been breast-high, but as the game gets more ahead it becomes gradually colder. The line lies across a field of turnips which has lately been fed off with sheep, and the ground is thoroughly poached and stained. The young hounds fling and dash right and left, but the old ones stick to the line, frequently trying back to the same spot to make sure, but gradually working on yard by yard. The scent, however, gets worse and worse, until Bellman alone is able to speak to it. At length even he is silent. The hounds cast themselves in every direction, but in vain. The huntsman then casts them in a larger circle, but they can make nothing of it.

The field look blank at what appears to be the sudden termination of their sport, which up to this time had been all serene. ‘I fear ‘she has beaten us,’ says a desponding one. ‘Let us try for a fresh ‘hare,’ says an impatient one. ‘Not just yet,’ says the Master; ‘she must have laid up somewhere here.’ The words are scarcely out of his mouth when up jumps the hare in the midst of the pack, who fling at her; but she is too nimble for them; and away they bowl again with renewed energy.

The hare has become aware that speed alone will not save her, and she has recourse to other expedients : she contracts the circuit which she has hitherto been running, and begins to dodge about. The hounds are brought to their noses. 'Yo-oi, Jubilee! good bitch!' shouts the delighted Master, as a favourite young hound makes a hit. The scent appears to improve as the hounds carry a good head up a furrow for a couple of hundred yards, but all of a sudden they throw up. Bellman hunts the scent back again, and goes off at right angles. The hare has run her foil. Some wiseacres talk of cutting the Gordian knot, and a pretty mess they would make of the difficulty, which the sagacity of the hound unravels. We next take a turn along Honeypot Lane, where only a few of the stanchest hounds can acknowledge the scent. Upon regaining the open country the hare runs shorter than ever, but the pack follow her every step that she takes. Hark! there is a halloo. Never mind it, huntsman; leave them alone, and do not get their noses up; they are hunting her beautifully! There is a chain attached from the hare's scent to the hound's nose, which, if you once unhook, it is very difficult to link it again.

The hounds hunt it out, and Giles 'Can't say surelie where she 'went.' She, however, has waited for them again, and the scent improves.

Hitherto but little has been seen in the chase of old Nemesis: she has been doing her duty steadily and patiently in the body of the pack, holding the line. Instinct tells the old bitch that the hare is sinking, and she strains every nerve to the utmost. See her now, leading the pack, with her hackles up, throwing her deep-toned melodious note at every stroke. Depend upon it, this hare is as dead as Julius Cæsar.

The old bitch proves right. In the very next field she pushes up poor Puss out of a cart-rut. How wobegone she looks, stiff and dragged, with the dirt sticking to her pads! How high she goes, too! For a moment she appears as if she would again go away from the pack, but it is only for a moment. Her strength fails her. She ceases to gain ground; she rapidly loses ground; the hounds race into her in a body. Whoo-whoop!

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## THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

### CHAPTER IV.

'UBI bene ibi patria' were the pretentious words inscribed above the portal of Bolingbroke's French château, when smarting under his discomfiture by the weak and inferior Shrewsbury. If, at his exit from the bedroom of the dying Queen he had possessed the nerve of his coadjutor, Bishop Atterbury, or the dashing energy of the present Prime Minister, the Hanoverian accession might have experienced a rude assault, from which it would have been difficult to have reco-

vered. A common-looking man, of middle age, in a snuff-coloured suit of ditto, with a couple of mistresses, both ugly—one singularly lean, and the other as offensively corpulent, to whom the scrubbing-brush had never been administered since the scarce-remembered days of their teens, if even then—could not be expected to find much favour with the English people. The least that a prince could do, after having locked up his handsome consort in a fortress, would have been to have selected a decent substitute from amidst the odalisques of the electoral palace, of which the supply always answered to the demand, instead of palming upon the English court, and providing out of the English funds for such ‘*brutta roba*’ as Mesdames De Schulemberg and De Platen. ‘We be come to shave ‘you, mine Engleesh vriends,’ said the former to the enraged mob that surrounded her carriage—and the operation was successful. But the ‘sour krauts’ of Herrenhausen, remarkable in their inherited affection for wrinkles, were not fortunate either in themselves, their ancestors, or descendants, of whom it has been well said of certain males of that race in an earlier number of this work, that they were ‘an unprincipled set of blackguards, in whom selfishness was rarely redeemed by good nature.’ As a contrast to them all, the females, from the Queen of Bohemia to the old Electress Sophia, were distinguished for ability and character, and their talents and virtues have culminated in the best of sovereigns and of women.

The device of Bolingbroke might have been pertinently stereotyped on the baggage of the English of 1815, in that general exodus which took place in search of novelty and of the picturesque; yet not one out of twenty of the Bob Fudges and Biddy O’Connors were familiar with or even cognizant of the manifold examples which their own country afforded of the sublime and beautiful. They might have discovered home-scenes in the far west, that for quiet beauty and warm tones would have been well worthy of the pencil of Claude, and which have been placed on many a canvas of Turner, with all the truth of that nature of which he was said, by the grey and frigid in taste and spirit, to be the extravagant libeller.

The ‘*libro della verità*’—kind nature—is ever before us. Those pages never change—never can change; but the fire of art that vivified the pictures of a former day, and the glow of imagination which was wont to flash through the inspired strains of a livelong song have been quenched, and superseded by a slavish worship of utility, wherein an examination of the properties of material forces, and the application of them to processes of convenience and lucre, are held to be the subjects most proper for the occupation of exalted genius. The profession of utilitarianism offensively disparages every other. It is the very soul of its creed. It need not so to be, neither should it be, yet so it is. The painter of artistic nature and the pilgrim poet of eternity have performed their high offices in vain; for the recognition of the modern beautiful is elicited by that only which can immediately contribute to a selfish purpose—

by the means whereby a shilling can be converted into a guinea. 'Rem quoumque modo, sed rem.' It is accounted to be the progress of civilization, of which the Siamese democrats of the platform—senior wranglers in mendacity—are the established heroes.

The road from Teignmouth to Newton Abbott forms for a long way a kind of causeway on the banks of the river Teign. The stream, pent up and confined by the high and narrow bar at the mouth, flows back with the tide, and swells into a broad expanse of water four or five miles in length, with bays and inlets, not unlike the Rhine above the Bingen Loch, where the 'exulting and abounding river' suns itself

'Between the banks that bear the vine.'

The apple-tree of Devon is a modest exchange, in a free-trade sense, for the 'ceps' of the Rheingau. In the gorgeousness of its spring-tide beauty the orchard far overmatches the vineyard; neither are we disinclined to the amber-coloured cider from the lands of Crediton—but commend us to the flask of Steinberger or of the Hinterhausen of Rudesheim to soothe the mind into a state of philosophic quiescence. That village spire of Ringmore, with its white walls, brings to the recollection the little hamlet of Asmanhausen, nestling under the Niederwald, the extensive hunting coverts of the mighty Charlemagne. He was the first master of hounds on record, and it was to him that Europe was indebted at that time for the improved breed of horses, the establishment of kennelled hounds, and for the racier vintages of the Rhenish wines—a triple claim to a respectful consideration, which the sportsman will not fail to acknowledge. But of this hereafter.

If nature has been prodigal of her largess in the valley of the Teign, she has not been indisposed to ally herself with art, in that concourse of palatial edifices on the other side of yonder hill to the south. Go to Savona, Castellamare, and Sorrento, to the geranium gardens of Cintra, the orange groves of Malaga and of the eastern coast of Spain, and follow the Mediterranean to Palermo, ay, on to the Ægean, through the Cyclades to the Sea of Marmora, and you will find nothing more softly brilliant or more glittering in beauty than the famed Torquay of the western coast. It is a succession of graceful villas clustering round the gentle hills; and the gradual ascents varying in their character at each step, and interspersed with shrubberies and gardens, are arranged with all the adventitious accessories that art can lavish upon that which is in itself incomparable. It is Vicenza, the city of Palladio, translated to the paler waters of a northern coast. Yet there are those who seek to depreciate a place which, if it were situate in a southern hemisphere, would be extolled in the language of a lavish extravagance. Alas! that the crab in the neighbouring orchard should be always gifted with a greater flavour than the golden pippin of the home garden.

Newton Abbott is placed on the confines of the plain of Bovey

Heathfield, and a short mile from thence is the lodge leading to Stover, the seat of the late George Templer. Looking at the surrounding country of hill and dale, it is difficult to believe that fox-hounds could show a run, or that any one could live with hounds, and preserve a place so as to get a glimpse of them in chase. However, it has been done, is doing at the present hour, and will be done again, since it would be difficult to find a parallel for the inveteracy with which the sport is followed in this far shire. Many a long mile have we ridden since that day to covert, the longest distance being eighty-seven miles there and back, for a run of an hour and a half with Mr. Russell, in the north of Devon. This, however, was the first time that we ever sallied forth by appointment to meet a pack of foxes for the purpose of hunting with, and making use of them as instruments and auxiliaries of chase. Perhaps there may not be another relation published of the strange occurrence—of this most original description of chase. It is within one year only of the half-century that, when an Eton boy, we went to witness that which to many may appear an improbable, if not an impossible performance. Memory cannot be treacherous respecting an incident of such an unusual character; and although the facts are still vivid on the retina of the mind as if they were the work of yesterday, yet, not allowing self to be the sole interpreter, the essential minutiae now retailed have been gleaned from George Templer himself, and again collected from the only two living persons who were a part and parcel of that memorable establishment of hunting-foxes.

In those social and phantasmal edifices that caprice and fashion construct upon an unsubstantial basis, a master of hounds may possibly be allotted an equivocal and distasteful location. Prejudice, that insular and stern, if not malignant ruler of Anglo-Saxon opinion, is loth, generally, to dis sever the honours of the silver hunting-horn from the crassitude of proletarianism. The hereditary kennels attached to patrician houses—the *magnates terræ* of the Parliament roll—stand alone in the pride of their ancestral reputation. It is not of them that we speak; it is of the lesser constellations that we would treat, and defend from the injury of an unjust verdict, which derives its finding from the past, and not from the present. The olden saying of ‘*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur ab illis*,’ could never be more fitly applied than in reference to the modern system appertaining to the hunting field. Sir Childe, *miserande puer*, passed to his long home in a conglaciated state; and Squire Western, in due season, followed him to the happy hunting grounds in a beery condition, with dirty boots and greasy leather breeches; whilst the inheritors of their pastimes, but not of their manners, emerging from the barbarism of a bygone age, seek, by the predominant attributes of education, to mollify the crudities of the pursuit, without subtracting from the wild impulse that generates the taste. You might almost declare the social status of the Master by the appearance of the hounds and their attendants. The exceptional cases, the ‘*stare super vias anti-quas*,’ are rarer than might be imagined; and the *ecce signum* of

this regeneration, which a swincherd of the platform would typify by another word—the incarnated proof of subdued ferocity, and of the triumphant humanities of the hunting field, may be fairly said to consist in that gentler presence at the covert-side, which tames the roughest of natures by a subtle meekness, implying subjection, whilst the demure little Syren goes on her path revelling and rejoicing even in the very strength of her weakness. It is in vain that a mediatised maid may ejaculate in an alto soprano of three sharps against the bright representation of joy, youth, and beauty amidst strong men in the hour of their pride and pleasure. An emollient to the rude asperities in the natural disposition of man must always be accounted an advantage. The jewelled setting of the iron crown of Italian valour pales not the renown of its mightiness, but adds a grace that is honourable even to the eye of the most unflinching patriot. And you, young tyro in the art of pleasing—for there's a science even in that, let me tell you—destitute also of the hirsute mark that proclaims the mature virginal, open to the highest bidder, positively and honourably, WITHOUT RESERVE—don't look like a fool under the hedge, 'dangling your bonnet and plume,' and crying out, 'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples.' Never mind if the growling Ladon with the hundred heads and mahogany tops should guard the front portal of the Hesperideian garden; heed him not, young bacchanal of boldness, for there is a weak place in the other side of the bullfinch, and at it like a man.

A nobler specimen of the transition state from the proletarian to the patrician amongst provincial masters of hounds could not have been afforded than in the person of the celebrated George Templer, of Stover. Nature had been prodigal of her gifts, personal and intellectual; and the ready smile, coming straight from the heart, was as prompt and bright at the call of friendship as when educed by the warmer and more seductive blandishments of Circean provocatives. These real advantages, together with a benevolence of disposition and suavity of demeanour that won the regard of every one, combined to place him at the head of his contemporaries in his own county. Poet, wit, and scholar, and excelling in each province, he was not less an apt proficient in the ruder pursuit to which he devoted himself with a zeal that had its reward. To arrive at eminence in anything there must be a *furor d'affetto* that is urgent in difficulty, and not quiescent even in success. The maxim of 'Rest and be thankful' in practice acts as a narcotic to manly exertion, and has at all times a tendency to deteriorate in the busier works of life. It is a heresy to say 'kismet' either in the kennel or the State Office, and whenever uttered a rattling clank of the whip with a loud rate would be of service in either place.

The establishment of which Templer was the presiding genius furnished many a proof of his characteristic handiwork, and not the least was the state of kennel discipline to which he had reduced his pack of foxes. He possessed that peculiar and special property of subduing the nature of and training wild animals to perfect domes-

ticity; and it appeared to be an attribute of the family; for the late Colonel H. Templer, of the 10th Hussars, one of the early companions of George IV., was well known for his power of breaking horses, and teaching them to perform feats, with a success equal to that of Rarey, and the speciality descended to his son, a brilliant rider, the present Major Lyne Templer. There is a kind of sympathy, if it may be so termed, which wild animals entertain for particular persons that renders their education to those persons facile; and yet these very animals probably have resisted with temper any approach to familiarity by others, howsoever kind and mild they may have been in their mode of treatment. 'Lor, 'tis the kind natur of 'un that makes them foxes volly arter him so,' was the version given by Will Taylor of the meaning of 'plus fait douceur que violence,' and for want of a better let it stand.

The pack was somewhat of a short one, consisting of two couples and a half, and the two recruits from Squire Willcox completed the list. They had their appropriate lodging-houses, and at night were chained separately; for although quiet and contented with the terriers when loose during the day in the large kennel, at night they would fight amongst themselves savagely. They were all dogs, with the exception of one vixen, and followed Will Taylor and Tom Lake with the other terriers in and out about the kennel purlieus. There was a marked difference, however, in their bearing towards Templer. Handy and obedient as they were with the men, yet there was always a quick restlessness of eye and a short, nervous action, as if apprehensive of attack; but the moment Templer spoke to them the eye lost its sharp glance, the action became free and playful, and they came to him confidently, with every mark of affection. Their wild instincts had been thoroughly quelled by kindness and starvation. These terms may appear anomalous, yet they perfectly explain the means whereby the shyness and natural tendencies of the *fera natura* can be controlled and subjugated. The first point in taming a fox is to handle him and make him used to the odour of humanity, and this is done by leading him about day after day until he becomes divested of fear. Then keep him well empty, and feed him sparingly with sops, always standing by whilst he laps up his mess. This is the most difficult point to attain. No wild animal will feed willingly in the presence of man, and however quiet he may become by lengthened tuition and habit, yet the moment a bit of raw food is given him he will run away and conceal it. As a rule, he should be fed on cooked meat, for a frequency of the raw diet will bring back the remembrance of the wilderness, and make him riotous, according to the ancient dictum, 'Naturam expellas furcâ tamen 'usque recurret.'

Lazarus, when captured, was a full-grown fox. He had been found in an off covert, had given a sharp run with the small pack, and had been brought, dead beat, to a mill-lead, from whence he was taken out apparently lifeless. He was placed in a bag and carried home behind the saddle of Mr. John Templer, from whom



we have the anecdote. At that time Mr. George Templer was collecting skins wherewith to line a boat-cloak, or for some other purpose, and the foxes were not given to the hounds. On returning to the stable-yard the fox was laid on the ground and about to be scarified, when Templer casually examined him. He remarked something singular about the eyes, for although they were closed, on opening the lids with the finger they were found to be bright and dilated, and not in the least glazed. Yet there were no signs of animation; the body was perfectly motionless, and when held up by a leg the head drooped with every external symptom of being gone dead. Still Templer was suspicious, and to test the truth and sincerity of Charley he put couples on him and buckled him to a cart-wheel. Then the brothers went their way, and the yard was left perfectly quiet. Looking through a hole in the door they imagined that a slight motion could be detected in one of the ears. After waiting a short time longer, Templer at last stole quietly into the yard, and gave a loud and instantaneous crack with his hunting-whip, when the dead came suddenly to life, and Lazarus, without his grave-clothes, jumped up wide awake, and fit for anything.

Æsop, or Bobtail, was another case of resurrection. He had afforded a good run, was killed—or supposed to be so—and was brought home strapped behind the saddle of Dick Knight, son of the famous Dick Knight the huntsman. On reaching the kennel, Knight cut off the brush, and threw the carcass on the stable dung-heap. Some half-hour afterwards Templer asked for the fox, and when informed that it had been thrown away ordered Tom Lake, the kennel-man, to fetch it. No fox was to be found. It had disappeared. Some person must have taken it. The fox was clean gone, at any rate, although Knight declared that on that very heap he had flung the dead carcass. Three hounds were brought from the kennel and cast round the yard. They owned the line, and away they went at a pace to a brake half a mile distant, and a chevy ensued round and round, ending in the recapture of Bobtail, who was brought home in triumph, sorely to his confusion. Templer always showed this fox to the Sunday-school boys, assuring them that this was the identical animal in the fable of Æsop which they had read and learnt by heart at school. They believed, and held to their faith stoutly for their own honour and that of the Squire. Seeing is believing. Neither Dr. Temple of Rugby, nor Sham Gospeller Williams, nor a resuscitated Baden Powell could have shaken their belief in that which they had seen with their own eyes.

‘And didn’t the Squire hisself catch ’un? and arn’t us a-seed ’un down to kennel short of ’es tail? I tell ’ee ’tes the same blessed fellur as us have a-heerd tell of in the fable buke: I’m blamed if t’aint. How could there be tu of mun?’

Latitat was a clever little fellow, and did justice, if not honour, to his name. He was the most accomplished practitioner of them all; in fact, he had had a finished education—had been taught everything, with ‘the use of the globes’ to boot, had graduated in the

Stover kennel with the honours of a double first, and had become a Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Vulpine Chancery. He ran with the terriers when hunting, and assisted in the chase of his fellow, a false and traitorous act on his part, albeit true in obedience to his forensic calling. He incurred great risks in this career of fraternal treason, for the chawbacons often tally'd him when going a little wide of his friends, mistaking him for the real article. Sheep-dogs and curs would rarely touch him when they came up, for he possessed the odour of domestic sanctity, which they respected, and which the Bright 'Alumni' in America do not respect.

Harlequin, nearly seventeen inches on the shoulder, was a long, wiry Dartmoor fox, standing over a good deal of ground, and capable of extending himself, and going a great pace. He had been trained early, was the master of the fox-kennel, 'cock of the walk,' and had never been known to fail in his course of either hare or rabbit. He was a perfect specimen of what is termed a greyhound fox. It is very well to say that there is only one kind of these animals. With equal propriety it might be said that there is only one species of hound. The little short cur-fox has no immediate affinity with his larger brethren of the mountain and woodland. From the experience we have had, we should say that when turned out in the wilds the cur-fox gradually disappears, and his descendants partake of the large size and long leg of the moorland hero with whom he may cohabit. Never, however, can an instance be quoted of the large fox degenerating into the cur, or smaller breed of the home pastures. He always preserves his characteristics wherever he goes at the expense of the other.

Will Taylor and the keepers were in attendance at the hall-door with a couple of sacks full of rabbits that had been netted in the morning. Then forth came the pack 'in mixes,' as it is now termed—foxes and terriers in one gambolling mass, the terriers with vociferous jubilation at the forthcoming chevy, and the foxes mute, although not less expectant. The part of the park that had been selected for the coursing was a long and undulating piece of grass ground of considerable space, open and free from rabbit-holes, and ending in the far distance with a belt of fir plantation. A few bramble bushes and tufts of long grass were interspersed here and there midway between the plantation and the starting ground. Templer got his pack together, the foxes being by far the most obedient portion. The latter kept their eyes fixed steadily on him, with an occasional sharp and inquisitive glance at the sack. This was taken behind a tree, a fine-grown rabbit selected, and Will Taylor walked with him about ten yards in advance. 'Have a care—quiet now—be aisy, my jules,' cried Tom Lake, and then he was started, 'Loo! loo! loo!' and away, amidst shouts and cheers. The rabbit, startled by the noise, hesitated for a moment, but the yep of the terriers close on him soon made him understand the nature of the game he had to play, and he was off at score, distancing his pursuers as a matter of course. On he went at his best, in strange

ground, until he got sight of the high tufts of grass and rushes, when he ran short, dodging and turning. The terriers were at him, and brought him to some bramble bushes, where he stopped. Up to this point the terriers had been leading, with the foxes lying behind. Here there was a short check, and the foxes came up. Latitat, true and steady on the line, with the precision of a beagle dashed into the bush, and away again scudded the rabbit in full view. The nature and the mode of hunting was now changed. Hitherto the rabbit had turned short when the terriers were inconveniently close, and zigzagged his course with a perfect consciousness of the power of evading his pursuers. Now, however, it was different. The instant he found that the foxes were on his track he ran straight away in a line without turn or dodge; and, as Will Taylor said, 'It was a proper 'cuse, and 'ur had to gu for hes varra life.' Bobtail and Lazarus did their part nobly, straining after him with all their might, without gaining ground for some time. Then the rabbit began to fail, and at that critical moment Harlequin, perceiving his advantage, passed the others, and took up the running at the top of his speed. On—on—then a rush, and it was over. He was cantering away with the rabbit in his mouth, in order to bury it, when the keepers came up, and it was taken from him. Templer's voice was heard—a shrill whistle, and foxes and terriers one and all trotted back to him with the utmost obedience. The foxes were then coupled up, and the next rabbit was hunted by the terriers in the usual manner, twisting and turning, and never going straight for five seconds, then bobbing into a bush or squatting close to a tuft of long grass, and ending in a chop.

Now came the turn of the foxes without Harlequin. A stout rabbit was chosen and set going. The same peculiarity occurred—not a turn, nor a cessation of extreme pace, but away in a straight line without deviation, the rabbit having far the best of it in the burst, and going madly forward without making any point. At last the foxes crept up gradually, the rabbit was beaten, yet on he struggled, and then, with a spirt, Lazarus and Latitat turned him over. They fought for the costs of the action, but the devil's imp was too strong for the resurrectionist, and carried the rabbit away into the wood and buried him. This was the usual practice after a course, without any exception. At that time they were lost to all sense of subordination, and the wild nature prevailed for a few minutes, but after the ceremonies of forest sepulture had been duly performed they quietly returned by themselves without any trouble. They were always petted and made much of, without any reference to disobedience or contempt of court; nor were they ever rated at any time either by Templer or his men.

It was the time for Harlequin to have his course single-handed. Being a popular fellow—a clever one always is—all prepared to take their share in the fun. He was held by Templer, and stood up boldly at his side, as he patted him on the head and spoke to him in a caressing tone. When in his primitive state, or in ordinary con-

finement, a fox will never show his full height: he crouches in however small a degree, so that he appears a far smaller animal than he is in reality. See a grey Hector as he skurries away cunningly and fresh from his kennel covert in the morning, and then look at him at the end of a long run, when, gaunt and jaded, he staggers on at his full height, half blind, without the power of shrinking, and with all muscular contraction lost—he then appears as high again on the leg as he did in the morning.

Harlequin breasted his slip impatiently, and was eager for the coming fray. With a fair law, longer than that given to the others, the rabbit was loosed, and they were off and away. The fox appeared sensible of his disadvantage and of being unaided, for he came out at his full pace at once. The length of his stride was that of a greyhound, and he ran with a peculiar spring, as if he were bounding in the air, perfectly unlike the action of a dog. He held on firmly to the line, and it was a long course; but there could be no doubt as to the result. When running straight in this manner, it is well known that the speed of a rabbit is extreme, even for a considerable distance. After, however, that he has shot his bolt, and begins to fail, he shuts up quickly, and often stops. Harlequin had recovered the long start, and was coming up fast, amidst the cheers and halloas of his applauding friends, and then with one or two final bounds he had him. ‘Ar’s a got ’un, by Gur!’ shouted Will; and he disappeared with his prey, according to custom, in the plantation.

The mixed pack were then taken to another part of the park, where rabbits were plenty, and they had to find their own game. In this case the superiority of nose in the fox over the terrier was palpably perceptible, and his higher and natural intelligence led him straightway to the spot where the rabbit squatted. It was the difference betwixt the professor and the amateur. The fun and boisterous jollity of the latter could not compete with that acuteness which was a necessity in the serious labour and imperative toil for the daily food. The foxes hunted mute. At a later period, when rearing cubs to be turned out in the home coverts, we had the extensive and temporary summer grass yards subdivided by wood palings, with small apertures leading from one division to another, and then, in memory of this adventure of an olden day, rabbits were turned down, and the young foxes set going. When the rabbit ran through the hole to an inner yard, the cubs made their cast like hounds, and on recovering the line acknowledged it by a short yep. As they grew in size and experience they opened less, and at last, when they were full grown and about to be turned out, they hunted their game quite mute. It is the vixen that in the spring time,

‘Like a doe in the noontide with love’s sweet want,’

barks in the wood on the hill, and calls her mate from the far distance, whilst he, like another Chevalier de Faublas, comes well to time, and ‘sâche se gouter et se taire.’

In chronicling these events of an unprecedented chase, which to

some may appear to verge on the impossible, we might have hesitated, had we not been ourselves an eye-witness to the facts related, and were there not other living witnesses of all degrees, high and low, to corroborate this astonishing example of pupilage and discipline. That which can be performed by one, it may be fair to argue, may be effected by another. It shall not be gainsaid; yet there are certain idiosyncrasies which are absolute and proper, and are dependent upon a natural power, not revealed in an equal degree to another, and by which the one is singularly and individually characterized. Imitation may obey a stereotyped rule, and perform an office in exact conformity with precept; but the estype will be wanting in that subtle and creative faculty which bestows a freshness of originality that renders a certain action by a certain person particular and peculiar. We doubt whether any one desirous of reproducing a similar example of vulpine education would be successful in the same degree as was the subject of this brief memoir.

We visited the accustomed scene of bygone pleasure on a calm evening during last autumn. A stranger possessed the domain of our departed friend. In the well-remembered fir wood, planted under his care, lay a prostrate tree. It had never been removed. Ivy and the clustering parasites of wild flowers for which fair Devon is renowned grew luxuriantly over, and sepulchred the withered trunk and branches, whilst the uptorn roots were hid amidst rich masses of abundant honeysuckle. A gentle air came moaning from the far moor that he loved so well: it crept slowly down the valley of the Teign, crisped the still waters of the lake, and reached the stately trees in the park, where now

‘The forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer;’

and then, mournfully waving the garland of honeysuckle in memoriam, speeded onwards to lament with the voice of nature over his grave in the lonely churchyard beneath—

‘*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitis.*’

A luncheon and a glass of v. o. cherry brandy never come amiss to one whose conscience is in amicable relation with his digestive powers. Stover never lacked the ‘stirrup cup’ of old, and only eschewed that beverage of the crop-eared Puritan, that is said to cheer without the peril of inebriation. If, however, that puritanic ‘cheer’ begets a ‘lip amalgam of malice, hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness, and brings in its train, as in the American Elysium, battle, murder, and sudden death, we prefer the benevolence-begetting stimulant of the v. o. cherry brandy, accompanied by the anti-puritan wish of a merry Christmas and a happy new year to the readers of ‘Baily,’ ‘all round the Wrekin.’

‘Whence came the soubriquet of *Latitat*?’ we inquired of Templer.

‘Why, a young fellow of this ilk,’ he replied, ‘handy in looking

‘after the foxes in and about the Tors, came to grief, and he was wanted. He got away to the moor, and was safe amidst his relatives and acquaintance in that border region; for the most daring of process-servers would not have ventured to search for him amidst his known haunts among the Tors. When once in the labyrinth of caves, the exit would have been more disagreeable than the introit. But the clerk of “Tom Tick” was cute as his master. On one of our coursing days a stranger, unknown to any one, came to see the fun, and contrived, whilst the men were occupied with the foxes, or by a bribed deputy, to place a piece of paper beneath the collar of the fox in question. The moor man, thinking himself safe within the park, was present, and with him the stranger took occasion to gossip familiarly. After a time, drawing attention to the fox, he remarked, “Poor little chap, he has got something chafing him under his collar: you had better take it out.” The unsuspecting bucolic obeyed. “What is it?” said the stranger. Bumpkin unfolded it. “And here is the original, if you wish to see it,” said the clerk, and he galloped off. It was no use to cry out, the deed was done; but we hurled our little versicular bolt at him.’

‘Yes, we have heard of the philippic. Might we hear it?’

And filling a bumper toast to the sentiment contained in the penultimate stanza, George Templer, in his melodious voice, toned by an appropriate raciness of humour, recited the following diatribe:—

‘Friends! neighbours! countrymen!

I take  
The liberty to warn ye,  
Against that universal scourge,  
A rascally Attorney.

‘Pandora’s box of bitter pills  
That vex us on life’s journey,  
And all the thousand nameless ills  
Are centred in—Attorney.

‘The canker-worm of social bliss,  
The serpents that suborn us,  
From honour, honesty and truth,  
Are treacherous—Attorneys.

‘That wicked wretch in Paradise,  
For so the Scriptures learn ye,  
Who did deceive our mother Eve,  
Was he, the arch-Attorney?

‘Who tempted Judith to destroy  
The Captain Holofernes?  
Old Chabris, Chamris, and Ozias,  
I guess they were Attorneys.

‘And what’s the curse of magistrates?  
Go ask Sir Richard Birnie,  
When justice, law, and reason’s foiled  
’Tis done by an Attorney.

‘Each village that you travel through,  
The first thing you discover, is  
A plate of brass in letters large,  
Some “Rogue and Co.”—Attorneys.

‘In managing your matters there,  
The only thing to learn is,  
To keep in bounds, and keep yourself  
From villanous Attorneys.

‘No victim in the devil’s den  
I reckon so forlorn is,  
As is within the higher world  
The victim of Attorneys.

‘When debts and claims are plaguing  
him,  
The thought a constant thorn is,  
All others may be satisfied,  
But never the Attorneys.

‘Though late to rest and early rise,  
Yet all that he can earn is,  
Like stubble in the oven burnt,  
Devoured by Attorneys.

‘When lands are gone, and body bare,  
As every child’s unborn is,  
The wretch may call his soul his own,  
His skin is,—his Attorney’s.

'Unhappy wight!—when to the quick  
The law's keen shears have shorn  
thee,  
Disgusted with thy nakedness  
Walks off the sly Attorney.

'Yet still with base ingratitude,  
The heartless wretch will spurn thee,  
And thou shalt bless the poverty  
That shakes off the Attorney.

'From good men's hate I'll screen the  
wretch,  
Whose name my bitter curse is,  
To yield him to the deeper curse,  
The friendship of Attorneys.

'Oh! if I had a darling child,  
May flames of brimstone burn me,  
I'd rather cut its pretty throat  
Than breed him an Attorney.

'But if I had an imp from where  
The Latins call *Averni*,  
God give him grace to fill the place,  
I'd make him an Attorney.

'When bloody Mary's bigot zeal  
Made scores of bishops burn,—she  
Far better had the country served,  
By roasting one Attorney.

'Although compassionate and mild,  
As sentimental Sterne is,  
I still anathemas can find  
'Gainst that vile race—Attorneys.

'Of Heaven a Pandæmonium  
The only thing to form is,  
Take angels, saints, and cherubims,  
And make them all Attorneys.

'As there's in sin a grade;—and that  
Of lesser rogues, the scorn is  
The damnable monopoly  
Of dæmons and Attorneys.

'Oh! he will have a jubilee,  
And double-heat his furnace,  
When he of you a boiling gets,  
You double-damned Attorneys.

'The timber of the gallows tree,  
Most gladly would I furnish,  
And get a rope of crimson tape,  
To hang up all Attorneys.

'A gaol I'd build on purpose,  
And Hare should be the turnkey,  
With license and authority  
For burking each Attorney.'

'That subject for anatomy,  
No friends ye'd have to mourn ye,  
And all the world would deem it fair  
To cut up—an Attorney.

'When I awake from slumber,  
My first prayer in the morn is,  
Oh, help me from the devil, Lord,—  
And still more from Attorneys.

'And when at night I go to bed,  
It always my concern is,  
To finish with a bumper toast,  
Damnation to Attorneys.

'Then I will lead a pious life,  
And when to die my turn is,  
May my soul find a resting place  
Where there are no Attorneys.'

## THE LATE TRESPASS CASE.

EVERY rent which the tempest makes in the canvas impedes the progress of the vessel. So, when there is a schism in society, or discord overturns the foundations of a community, it is not the work of a day to temper the materials, so as to unite and rebuild them. The action for trespass brought by the Earl of Coventry, Admiral Rous, and Mr. Caledon Dupré Alexander, as Stewards of the Jockey Club, and which came on demurrer before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, and Justices Wightman, Blackburn, and Mellor, sitting in *Banco*, on Friday, November 20, 1863, is ostensibly against 'Argus,' the sporting correspondent of a fashionable and influential morning paper, but in effect it is levelled against every subject of Her Majesty's realms. With questionable wisdom the Jockey Club has taken the field against public opinion and the declared sentiments of a large and influential community, and, in the persecution of

'Argus,' a representative of the press, one of the many watchdogs placed by a people jealous of their rights and privileges to give the alarm and guard against the approach of any dangerous innovation, they have partly realized the stupendous idea of Caligula. An injury offered to an individual is interesting to the community; and though we may not be authorized to forgive the injuries of society, every member is called upon to assert his separate share in the public resentment. Precedent is piled upon precedent until the accumulation constitutes Law; examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures, and when they do not most exactly dovetail the defect is supplied by analogy.

What yesterday was simply a fact, to-day becomes doctrine. What is now the position of 'Argus' may be ours in any attempt to witness in 1864 the struggle for the Two Thousand Guineas. In such an emergency the most inveterate hostilities are supposed to cease; party men forget their principles, and hasten to pay an involuntary tribute of sympathy. It becomes a common cause in which each man claims his share of interest; and all ranks suddenly acknowledge that eternal truth which governs both the political and mystical body, *'that when one member suffers all the members suffer with it.'* But the injustice done to an individual is sometimes a signal service to the public, because facts are apt to alarm us more than the most dangerous principles; and the deduction is sound, that no body of men would be eager to possess themselves of the invidious power of inflicting punishment if they were not predetermined to make use of it. We approach the question as servants of the public under a stern sense of duty, with all party feeling absorbed by overwhelming regret, and with anxiety lest any appeal to a jury should deprive the Jockey Club of that wholesome power of which no respectable member of the community desires that it should be dispossessed. Englishmen by instinct acknowledge an amenable sovereignty, submit to the decision of committees and the control of directors, but rebel against any arbitrary exercise of the delegated power.

Influenced by considerations which pointed to a Turf allegiance, the racing community cheerfully consented to be governed by edicts, to submit without a murmur to the interpretation of laws propounded by chosen members of the Jockey Club, and confirmed by the entire body, and to repose unlimited confidence in their integrity.

A glance at the list of the Members was sufficient to satisfy a generous mind; and where birth and fortune appeared to be united to an eminent degree it was natural to expect the noble pride and independence of men of spirit. But how stands the case? Mr. Willes in his literary capacity made certain strictures upon the Tarragona investigation which were construed into a reflection upon the Jockey Club, individually and collectively. How far he was justified in his remarks it is neither our intention nor our province to determine; but to reform and not to chastise seems to us impossible; and to attack vices in the abstract without touching persons may indeed be safe fighting, but it is fighting with shadows. The arrows of calumny



and abuse wound not; the breast fraught with conscious worth feels not the shafts of envy. Honest men appeal to the understanding, or confide in the evidence of their conscience, whilst the culprit employs force instead of argument, imposes silence where he cannot convince, and seeks a miserable shelter behind the pitiful quibbles and quirks of the law.

The question is now seriously changed. It is not whether a sovereign body in the exercise of a public duty, and in the legitimate desire to purify, can eject from their territory a notorious scoundrel whose presence would be a scandal, but whether the Jockey Club, impelled by childish pique or influenced by unworthy motives, can expel from Newmarket Heath, or that portion which is admittedly under the jurisdiction of the Club as the owners of the fee simple, a passive spectator of a national pastime legalized by Acts of Parliament, and with a venue specifically declared?

The public in its collective wisdom does not measure the violation of law by the magnitude of the instance, but by the important consequences which flow directly from the principle; and they also know that there is no right without a remedy, nor any legal power without a legal course to carry it into effect. In their honest simplicity they despise the sophistries of Westminster Hall; they know that subtlety is often mistaken for wisdom and impunity for virtue; that novelties without warrant of precedents are not to be allowed—‘*Quicquid iudicis auctoritati subjicitur, novitati non subjicitur*’; and that it is an established rule that when the law is *special*, and the reason of it general, it is to be *generally* understood: that in no one instance are human affairs governed by strict positive right; that if change of circumstances were to have no weight in directing our conduct and opinions, the mutual intercourse of mankind would be nothing more than a contention between positive and equitable right; that society would be in a state of war, and law itself would become an injustice.

Without in the slightest degree desiring to anticipate any ulterior and final proceedings in this painful dispute, we will yet venture to predict that, although lawyers often tell us that whatever has been once done may be lawfully done again, it will be difficult to find a jury of twelve Englishmen friends to the doctrine of precedents exclusive of right. There are some men who rely upon authority, and are willing enough to take the law upon trust because they are too indolent to search for information; and conceiving that there is some mystery in the laws of their country which lawyers alone are qualified to explain, they distrust their judgment and voluntarily renounce the right of thinking. The laws of England have much greater regard to possession of a certain length than to any other title whatsoever, and this doctrine is most wisely the basis of our jurisprudence. Upon this question the public will join issue, and rely upon *prescriptive right*. Mr. Willes as a man of spirit does not measure the degree of injury by the mere positive damage he may have sustained; he considers the principle on which it is founded;

he resents the superiority asserted over him, and rejects with indignation the claim of right which the Jockey Club endeavours to establish and would force him to acknowledge. The coldest bodies warm with opposition; the hardest sparkle in collision. In this position he will be supported by public opinion and by the powerful influence of the press. Every Englishman knows that, however much we may be separated by rank or property, in the rights of freedom we are all equal; that the least considerable man among us has an interest equal to the proudest nobleman in the laws of the country as affecting long-cherished privileges, and is equally called upon to make a generous contribution in support of them.

But in what direction shall we look to find a landmark to guide us through the troubled sea of controversy? Mr. Justice Blackburn pointed to the quarter from whence a settlement of the question might reasonably be expected, in declaring as his opinion, '*that when once you establish there is a right of sporting, it follows there is also a right to go and look at others sporting.*' Exactly so! And if we find it enacted so far back as 1740, in the 13th year of the reign of George II., that 'no person or persons whatsoever shall start or run any match with or between any horse, mare, or gelding for any sum of money, plate, prize, or other thing whatsoever, unless such match shall be started or run at *Newmarket Heath* in the county of *Cambridge* and *Suffolk*, or *Black Hambleton*, in the county of *York*, or the said sum of money, plate, prize, or other thing be of the real and intrinsic value of fifty pounds or upwards: and in case any person or persons shall start or run any such match on any other place than *Newmarket Heath*, or *Black Hambleton* aforesaid, or for any plate, prize, sum of money, or other thing of less value than fifty pounds, every such person or persons shall forfeit and lose the sum of two hundred pounds;' it is fair to presume that the intention of the Legislature was to mark out two distinct racing venues, one for the South, and one for the North of England, where the favourite sport of a great people might find a legitimate arena; and, subject only to the above restrictions, be indulged in without 'let or hindrance.' To suppose for a moment that it was intended by the Act that only *Newmarket* horses should contend on the Heath, and that only the inhabitants of *Newmarket*, or the rustics dwelling within the confines of the parish to which the Heath belonged, could legally witness the contest for public plates and prizes, or that an enterprising breeder in the county of *York* could neither run a horse at *Newmarket* nor witness the prowess of his favourite, seems to our understanding simply absurd, and altogether opposed to the spirit of the enactment. And yet this is neither more nor less the bearing of the case '*Finch v. Rawlings*,' cited as a precedent, and which determined the decision of the Court. Paradoxes may astonish and sometimes amuse, but they do not convince unless supported by the strongest evidence. If a man purchase a field through which there is a public footway, he buys it subject to a *prescriptive right*. So, when the Jockey Club, in

1753, became possessed of that portion of the Heath known as *The Flat*, and which they claim as their territory, it passed to them subject to a certain public racing privilege, but with an area undefined and eccentric. This is the view which (right or wrong) the racing community has uniformly taken. They have ever considered the Jockey Club as bound by a legal as well as a moral obligation; and ostensible engagements with mental reservations, however well they might suit the *morale relâché* of the disciples of Loyola, as a principle, they should be scornfully rejected by a body of English Gentlemen. This unfortunate spirit of litigation has placed the Jockey Club in a very peculiar and awkward dilemma. Should they force 'Argus' to establish his point by an appeal to a jury, and that appeal prove successful, the greatest ruffians that ever trod the turf may defy their power and laugh them to scorn; pursue uninterruptedly their nefarious practices, tempt with the shining metal or the crisp note the trainer to desert the interests of his master, the rising jockey to barter his reputation, and the poor ignorant stable-boy to drug the very animal whose health and safety it was his sworn duty to provide for. If, on the contrary, they gain what they now seek—a mere victory over an individual—they will find themselves opposed by the collective body of the press, and will soon understand the philosophical distinction between simple *contact* and actual *collision*. Individual contact is as the action of flint and steel, which produces only sparks of fire; but collision, or an obstinate opposition to the sentiments of a powerful community, is the friction which produces the electrical powers.

We would willingly draw a veil over the proceedings, but we cannot but view with the deepest anxiety the issue of the struggle. It is impossible to conceal our concern that the voice of experience and wisdom did not prevail in the counsels of the Club, but that a majority, numerically insignificant, suffered themselves to be blinded by resentment, and to become totally indifferent to, or utterly unmindful of, that lofty sentiment which would imperatively demand the forgiveness of the author of anonymous contributions, not indeed as an act of mercy, but as one of contempt.

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## THE SIRES OF THE DAY.

### NO. III.—KING TOM, VOLTIGEUR, AND THE BLACKLOCK LINE.

IF in treating of the illustrious family of Pocahontas in my last paper I gave the *premier pas* to Stockwell and Rataplan, and left their half-brother King Tom to hold but third rank on the family escutcheon, it was not because I hold him to be a whit inferior to his aforementioned brothers, but because on him has not yet smiled Fortune with her highest favours, as in the case of Rataplan's Kettledrum, and Stockwell's triple victors of the St. Leger—St. Albans, Caller Ou, and Marquis.

The great test of merit must be granted to the sire, represented

by the highest class of winners, in preference to the greatest quantity. Yet do I hold King Tom as 'every inch a king.'

Let us take a trip into the well-known Vale of Aylesbury, and there, beneath the new palatial residence of the Rothschilds, Mentmore, we come to the well-appointed stud farm, where this *King* reigns supreme, though generally backed up by no ordinary horses, as North Lincoln, King of Diamonds (his smart and speedy son), Middlesex, and one or two others who confer no slight benefit on the Vale tenantry, as the sires of hunters. Whatever difference of opinion there may be, and luckily is, on what is true and correct in the outline of a horse, few can hesitate, on seeing King Tom walk round the circle, in declaring that he is the most compact and the most bony thoroughbred horse existing.

He is on a very large scale, exceeding 16 hands high, of a bright-bay colour. His withers are remarkable for their height, his back for its shortness, and his hind quarters for their amazing leverage; in fact, he looks like carrying, and carrying well, any weight across country. A critic may say he wants length, and in this many of his stock take after him; and here, as in his length of withers, he follows after the form of his sire Harkaway! But he is a better-shaped horse than Harkaway, for he was sadly disfigured with spavins, and did not stand so firm and straight on his forelegs. Yet what a high class, though much abused horse, was Harkaway. He began 'life' early enough in all conscience, for at two years old he was sent to the Post Office (instead of the Post) and earned his livelihood as a drudge, being held but of little account. It is now matter of history how he survived such usage—nay, flourished on it—and came out year after year, defeating all the best horses of the day, and winning all the long-distance races, among them two Goodwood Cups in succession; in fact, he proved himself as good as any horse as ever trod the turf. He went to the stud; he had for some years a very fair selection, and a good number of racing mares, quite enough to have given him every chance of ranking with the Melbourne and Touchstone fame of his day; yet he failed signally. With the exception of King Tom, Peep o' Day Boy (a very fine horse, who went abroad), and Idleboy (who, himself only a low form of plater, yet was sire of some good horses, as Pretty Boy, Mary, &c.), not one really high-class race-horse now boasts of his parentage; nor, with the exception of Irish Queen (the dam of Sweetsauce, Ace of Clubs, &c.), do we find any great improvement in the next generation. How is this failure to be accounted for? and where is the root of it? It has, I know, been asserted, but I suspect without foundation, that there was a flaw somewhere in Harkaway's pedigree on his dam's side. But to take the Stud Book's version it is as true and good as can be found. I need not dilate on the Economist line; it is full of the best blood. The Nabocklish mare (1811) was not a bad bred one, for Nabocklish was the winner of many Queen's Plates in Ireland, so could not have been soft. Nabocklish was by Rugantino, and he was by Beningborough, dam by Highflyer. Miss Tooley, Harkaway's grand-

dam, had for her four great-grandsires Pot8os, Highflyer, Highflyer, Florizel, by Herod. The great size in his (Nabocklish's) descendants was partly inherited from him, as he is described in the accounts of his day as a beautifully proportioned horse, and 'equal to sixteen stone fox-hunting.' There is no doubt, when the Stud Book was first compiled, errors did creep in, but they are few and far between, and on the whole it is very reliable authority. But some time ago I remember a letter from Mr. Goodwin, in which he states that the doubtful point was a certain Butterfly, who is not, he says, discoverable in any Stud Book. She was the dam of Nabocklish, and was said to be by Master Bagot, dam by Old Bagot, great-granddam Mother Brown, by Trunnion. If, then, hitch there be, it must be here; and one such stain may be sufficient to show an uncertainty, such as I have mentioned, in the running of the family. Pocahontas, as we have seen, bred good winners to the most different styles of horses. To her may belong, therefore, much of the credit of King Tom's excellence.

Baron Rothschild bought him of Mr. Thellusson for 2000*l*. When fit and well he was undoubtedly a great horse, though his racing career cannot be called a brilliant one. As a two-year old he ran three times, and was twice successful. Marsyas, who beat him, was about the best two-year old of his year. It was notorious that when he ran second to Andover for the Derby, beating a very large field, that he was lame from an injury to a hind leg, and had done no work since the Monday week previous, yet he ran the winner to a length. After the Derby he was thrown up, but came out again for the Triennial at Newmarket (I. D.) as a four-year old, and beat off a field of horses. His only other appearance was in the Cæsarewitch, where, carrying 8st. 12lb., he broke down. Altogether he ran but six races and won three.

In 1857 he was put to the stud, and, being a great favourite, has never been changed from Mentmore. Though many high-class mares have been sent to him, still, both in respect of character and variety, he has not had an equal chance with his northern brothers. His owner's fine, over-big Melbourne mares, too, are not the sort altogether fitted for him.

The result of his success up to the present time is as follows:—

	Foals.	Winners.	2-year old Winners.
1857. . .	15	—	—
1858. . .	20	—	—
1859. . .	31	2	2
1860. . .	24	5	4
1861. . .	32	14	8
1862. . .	21	15	2
1863. . .	27	20	8

In 1863 his two-year olds have come to the front, and Linda, Evelina, Tomato, King George, Hippolyta, and Breeze are all good winners.

His stock all take after him in their great size and substance. It

is singular that as yet they have failed in staying long distances ; but, be it borne in mind, that as yet he is a young sire, and we often see a horse's stock improve as he grows older. Wingrave, his best stayer, is from a Cure mare. The best of his stock are Mainstone, King of Diamonds, the noted Old Calabar, Queen of the Vale, The Giraffe colt, Wingrave, Morocco, Mogador, Janus, Master Fenton, Queen of Spain, Prince Plausible, and the two-year olds I have mentioned above.

If King Tom be but judiciously crossed with smart, staying mares, he must ere long rival his brothers, and I anticipate some day seeing the great races also fall to his progeny.

The varieties of north and south country blood are in this day of easy interchange entirely obliterated. The time was—and it added not a little to the interest of horse racing—when Watt met Petworth, and the Derby and St. Leger were contested on different terms to what they are now ; when only now and then the northern horses invaded the south, and the home circuits were confined to the studs in their own neighbourhoods.

The horses of whom I have treated had, however, a fusion of north and south ; for if from Petworth sprung Newminster's male ancestors, from Northumberland came the ould mare's parentage. From the Emerald Isle hailed Stockwell's sire, and from Underley Pocahontas' dam.

But the north may claim the undivided honour of the illustrious descendant of Blacklock and Mulatto, the double winner of the Derby and St. Leger, the conqueror of the unconquered Flying Dutchman—Voltigeur.

How many recollections of first-rate north country horses and old sportsmen long passed away does that name conjure up ! Watt with his hosts of winners, such winners as fall but to the lot of few—Blacklock and Memnon, Belzoni, Brutandorf, and Belshazzar, Lottery, Muta, Manuella, and 'all those grand mares, the sources from which so many of our best now spring ; Stephenson too and Voltaire, The Wentworth stable, and Cervantes and Mulatto, Petre and his three successive Leger winners, Houldsworth and Filho da Puta, and a host of others too long for our page. Ay, and then to think that with all these recollections, and this high and mighty lineage before us, there came into the yearling ring at Doncaster in September, 1848, this Voltigeur, who not only left it unsold, but was held 'of no esteem' by sundry high and mighty judges, not a few of whom may still remember calling him a brute.

So Voltigeur, bred by Mr. Stephenson, of Hart, went away unsold, though Robert Hill begged Lord Zetland to buy him. At length, the winter of that same year he found an admirer in Mr. John Brown, nephew and heir of Mr. Blakelock, who bred so many good horses—to wit, The Commodore, British Yeoman, Black Diamond, &c.

He saw there was some 'real stuff' about the colt, and begged Mr. Williamson to persuade Lord Zetland to take and train him.

So in April, 1859, Voltigeur went to Aske. Nor was it long before his great merit was found out: in October he was tried, when he gave Castanette 12lb. and her year and beat her very easily. He carried 8st. 12lb., she 8st. At a mile he could have given her twice that weight, as he always beat her—the further the longer. So good was the trial thought that its correctness was doubted.

So, to make assurance doubly sure, they were tried together no less than three times, but always with the same result. After that he was never tried again before the Derby. For that race there is little doubt Robert Hill gave him too strong a preparation, and persisted in 'sending him along' with too heavy a weight on his back. Yet we know how he won it, how many great favourites there were, and how Clincher was thought a 'veritable Clincher.' Nor need we dilate on his subsequent Leger victory after his dead heat with Russborough, and the astounding result of the Cup, when, for the first and only time, the wings of the invincible Flying Dutchman were clipped.

All this goes to prove what a constitution and lasting powers he as a three-year old possessed, and which are so remarkable in his stock.

The result of the Cup led to the great match over Knavesmire in the following year; but no doubt when he again met the Dutchman he was not within pounds of his former form, as, indeed, his subsequent running showed. His last winning race was the Flying Dutchman's Handicap at York, where he gave great weight to Haricot (Caller Ou's dam) and a large field, and beat them easily, he being then five years old.

The sum total of his performances were—Races run, 11; won, 6.

	Ran.	Won.
At 2 years old . . .	1	1
3    "   . . .	4	4
4    "   . . .	2	0
5    "   . . .	4	1

Voltigeur's outline is on the whole a pretty true one. Though descended from Blacklock, he has escaped the curse of that family—upright proppy forelegs and too great length of cannon bone. On the contrary, his fore legs are especially well set on, and descending from well-placed shoulders, fine at the points. This must come from Mulatto. His head, however, shows more of the Blacklock. His neck is a very powerful one (and here, be it observed, if there be one point more than another that shows endurance in horse or mare, it is the strength and development of muscle on each side the neck, just above the setting on from the withers), more so than almost any other sire of the day; his hind legs stand too much from him; he is somewhat light in his back ribs; and he is a narrow horse to follow. He is also a short horse, and perhaps on a somewhat high leg. Yet he looks all over what he was—and what his stock are also proved—a stayer. Some statistics lately collected in one of

the daily prints proved that his stock have won far more races over a distance of ground than any others.

And is not this the greatest feather in his cap? considering that the 'half mile' is the prevailing distance of our day, and few there are who shine over the mile.

Voltigeur went to the stud in 1853. With the exception of the year he was hired for the Hampton Court stud, at the stiff price of 1600*l.*, he has always been located in the north. The best mares in England have been sent to him, and as yet his success has been a fair average.

His stud account runs as follows:—

	Foals.	Winners.	2-year old Winners.
In 1856. . .	22	3	3
1857. . .	27	5	2
1858. . .	24	9	4
1859. . .	31	14	8
1860. . .	30	20	5
1861. . .	29	19	7
1862. . .	26	20	5
1863. . .	21	21	3

In 1857 he was fourth on the list of stallions, winning 17 races, value 860*l.*, and ninth in 1858, winning 22 races; and later, on being fourth again in 1862, winning 42 races, value 11,102*l.*

His earliest winners were his best as yet, Vedette and Skirmisher, both of whom are now at the stud, and promise well, as several races have been won by the two and three-year olds of each. Vedette was a very good horse, though a cross-made one, and he, during his career on the turf, suffered from some sort of rheumatic affection, which made him appear at times dead lame.

Such was the case when he went down to the Ditch to saddle for the 2000 *gs.*; indeed, so very lame did he seem that any one unacquainted with the reason would have supposed it was impossible he could win. Yet win<sup>d</sup> he did, and that too in a canter; and many great races afterwards. He is sire of Vivid, who was a good two-year old, and ran third for this year's Oaks; also of Counter-sign, Signalman, Black Friar, and Outpost, all of them two-year old winners this season. Skirmisher, bred from the little hackney mare, by Gardham, in the late Lord Scarborough's stable, was pretty nearly as good as Vedette. His two-year olds out of very moderate mares have won.

Bivouac and Sabreur were two equally stout sons of Voltigeur. They were both tried hopelessly bad as two-year olds, which was also the case with The Ranger, the Prix de Paris winner. Indeed, so slow did they appear to be, that it was a great question with their owners if they were any of them worth keeping in training. It is a peculiarity of the breed. They require time to grow and furnish, and do not come to early maturity, as the Orlandos or Newminsters. It goes also to prove that if one breeds a good legged sound colt, the motto '*Nil desperandum*' should oftentimes be held in respect.



Among all the progeny of Voltigeur the same characteristics of lasting qualities rather than great speed show themselves. I may quote as instances Harlequin, Buckenham, Buckstone, Hepatica, Violet, Zitella, Cachuca, Dulcibella, Zetland, Vanquisher, Qui Vive, Cavendish, Napoleon, Volatile, &c.

The Blacklock blood has been more canvassed and more upheld by one party and abused by another than any other. That bad forelegs were handed down in some of his lines is undoubted, that of The Cure and of Velocipede more especially. But others were equally good in that respect. Voltigeur's grand point of excellence is in the flatness and good position of his forelegs. Charles the Twelfth, though the greatest failure as a racehorse sire ever known, had undeniably good legs; so had Laurel; so has King of Trumps. All the descendants from Blacklock can race; and a double cross, and that close, has not been unsuccessful, Sweetmeat to wit. Blacklock was a horse of immense power and fine wind, and the latter qualification was a great point in the Phantoms, for as Edwards always said of Cobweb's family (she being by Phantom)—'That if you worked 'them two days together they were lame; but leave them in the stable 'a week and you could not make them blow.' Voltaire's dam was by Phantom. Voltigeur's pedigree is not at all an in-and-in one. It combines Blacklock, Phantom, Mulatto, and Filho da Puta.

From Mulatto (1828) ten generations take it up to the Darley Arabian. From the Phantom mare (1816), Voltaire's dam, it goes straight up to the Godolphin Arabian, through Overton, Walnut, Ruler, Match'em, and Cade; and from Leda (1824) ten generations run up to the Byerly Turk (1689).

Martha Lynn, his dam, has proved an extraordinary mare in the stud, and is one more proof that good mares will breed runners to very different horses. She bred nine winners:—

Barnton	} By	{	Eulogy by Euclid,
Volley			Maid of Hart by Provost,
Voltigeur			Vaultress by Birdcatcher,
Vivandiere			Mosquito by Launcelot, Martha by Orlando.

All of them winners of many races, and Volley, Eulogy, and Maid of Hart have again bred winners. Two of the most promising of Martha Lynn's colts died. The one, a colt by Birdcatcher, in 1854, broke its leg in the paddock; and her last, a colt by Ellington, was found dead in its box one morning, having shown no symptoms of being ill before. From these premises we may safely draw this conclusion—that the Blacklock blood is worthy of being carefully preserved.

Voltigeur crosses well with so many of our fashionable strains, especially some of the speedy and light ones; I cannot put my finger on any cross equally valuable, as keeping up those staying qualities, of which there is such especial need.

His brother Barnton gets his stock too coarse; yet Fandango and Ben Webster were 'of high degree,' and Barnton's hunters are

remarkable for their power and stoutness. The Cure and King of Trumps run high in their list of winners. I far prefer the latter. All his stock are long, low, and sound; and he never had a chance till Doefoot appeared.

Dictator speaks well for The Cure, but he has had great chances for many years. There has been always a currish disposition in his stock, which in racing is a serious objection; yet his rôle of winners is not to be overlooked.

Voltigeur, then, represents the Blacklock line, with Vedette, Skirmisher, and Cavendish; Velocipede solely with King of Trumps. The Brutandorf line is represented by The Cure, and Lambton, through Physician; and by Neasham, Muscovite, and Hospodar, through Hetman Platoff. Of these Lambton and Hospodar show most promise.

Old Ratan still exists; he is the sole representative of the line through Buzzard.

When we compare the Blacklock line with the Touchstone or Birdcatcher, or even the Bay Middleton and Melbourne, the disparity in point of numbers is very striking. The tendency is to play too much on one string. Both racing and breeding would probably be none the worse were the scale of operations enlarged. The hope of the quick reward tempts all breeders to follow the favourite of the day. We have had so many Touchstone sires, and the Stud Book is so full of his mares, that it requires some skill to get wide of them. Therefore I advocate Voltigeur, and with due discrimination the Blacklock blood.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

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## FOX-HUNTING IN SOUTH WALES.

WE suppose it will be conceded generally that the chase of the fox is fox-hunting, whether followed o'er mountain or muir, through brae or whin, in the roughest localities or in the great Shires; although we have often heard the remark from Meltonians and other fastidious sportsmen, whose lot has been cast in more favoured districts, when paying a visit to provincial friends—'What! do you call this a fox-hunting country, riding up and down these con-founded hills, and through these interminable woods and ravines? Why, such work would ruin the best hunter in the world, and spoil the best pack of hounds!' As to the first being the case, there may justly be a difference of opinion, but as to the latter none—at least no valid one. The long, lurching thoroughbred, accustomed to sail over the fifty-acre pastures of Leicester or Northamptonshire would feel quite as much out of his element at first in North or South Wales, with their small enclosures, stiff banks, and almost precipitous hills, as the Welsh hunter in a quick thing from Melton Spinnies or Crick Gorse. Each animal, equally good of his sort, is best adapted to his own country, where there is such a diversity of operations in the

fencing department. But could the Quorn or Pytchley hounds exchange countries only for a month in every season, they would find the transmutation could not fail in producing a very beneficial effect.

In South Wales, where large woodlands abound, and these of the most forbidding aspect, lying generally on the side of the hill, with overhanging crags from which it makes one's blood curdle to look down on the yawning abyss below, hounds must depend upon their own nasal resources, without the least intervention of man. There are few rides or trackways through these thick coverts by which a huntsman can obtain access to his pack; and should the fox break on the wrong side, a *longum intervallum* succeeds before they are likely to meet again. There still remains, also, a large tract of unreclaimed rough land, covered with stunted gorse and heather, generally holding a good scent, over which hounds dash and fling at a great pace, so that with a bad start their huntsman has a poor chance of catching them until another big wood hides them again from view. The beautiful scenery on both banks of the Wye, extending from the town of Chepstow up to Tintern Abbey, is far more attractive to the eye of the tourist and admirer of the picturesque than to that of a fox-hunter, yet scarcely a week elapses throughout the entire year—not the hunting season only—when the cry of fox-hounds does not re-echo through these wooded dells.

About two miles from the above-named town, on the western side, stands Itton Court, the residence of Mr. Curre, Master of the pack hunting this part of the country; and these large, long coverts form the exercising-ground of the hounds, young and old, during the summer season, when other kennels are enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*. Whether we quite approve of this method of quieting the canine system during the dog-days, thus affording an outlet to the dare-devil, unruly tempers of the Itton Court Fox-hounds, by letting their steam off in these large shadowy coverts, is another question. We have been assured by the Master that it answers the purpose far better than the application of whipcord, or the exhibition of Epsom salts, and this may be the case; but a succession of drawn battles, without gain or any vantage, is as damping to the ardour of the soldier as to that of a fox-hound. Here it is nearly an impossibility to bar out foxes from the cracks and fissures in the rocks, so that they can go to ground when tired of the fun of being hunted; and their pursuers, accustomed to this sort of thing, cannot be supposed very sanguine in their expectations of breakfasting or dining off fox-meat. Admitted that all dogs enjoy the scent to which their noses have been first stooped, yet there is clearly discernible a vast difference in their *modus operandi* and manner of pursuing it—the difference between eager impetuosity and almost listless indifference. Hounds flushed with conquest, feeling almost secure of daily victory, press forward irresistibly on the track of their game, whilst others to whom defeat is of frequent occurrence, hang indolently on the scent, without energy or activity. Fox-hounds out of blood will find their

fox ostensibly, almost with the same energy as a more successful pack, and for a short time may appear to relish the scent as devouringly, yet upon the first check the change to a practised eye becomes immediately perceptible. The flash in the pan has gone off—their ardour has evaporated—from racing they come down to indifferent running—and from running to slow hunting, slower and slower, until the scent has dissolved away in *tenuis auras*.

We were much pleased with a remark made by 'The Gentleman in Black' in the March number of 'Baily,' when discoursing on the merits and duties of Masters of Fox-hounds. 'You cannot make the interests of fox-hunting too local.' By-the-way, we may add, that, being personally unknown to us, we can say, without favour or flattery, that we consider the said 'Gentleman in Black' the most talented and one of the most instructive and amusing writers on sporting subjects this or any former age has produced; and eschewing all jealousy (as being engaged in the same line of business), we gladly render honour to whom honour is due. It has also ever been our object to promote and further the exhilarating, manly sport of fox-hunting in every locality, believing it to be, irrespective of a rational and health-giving amusement, highly conducive to the best interests of society, by bringing the different classes into more friendly intercourse with their neighbours.

Mr. Curre is justly entitled to the gratitude of the fox-hunting community in his locality for contributing so greatly to their amusement without drawing upon their purses; and we would suggest to some of them not to allow the hounds of so popular and jovial a Master to draw quite so much of their coverts before finding a fox. Mr. Curre's kennel contains about thirty couples of good, useful, old-fashioned fox-hounds of the rough-and-ready sort, well suited to the rough country they hunt; and although they might not have found much favour in the sight of poor Will Goodall, in comparison with the Belvoir beauties, yet do they possess more sterling qualifications than are often combined with the most perfect symmetry. 'Hand-some is that handsome does,' is a very trite old vulgarism, and, with regard to fox-hounds is, in our humble opinion, of paramount importance; and why or wherefore we know not, but so it has struck us through life that very handsome men are rather remarkable for shortcomings in other respects—and very beautiful women, not invariably amiable—the deficiency in personal attractions being generally compensated for by a greater excellency of mind and heart.

Mr. Curre's hounds, however, although not exactly of the style so generally approved in the present day, have, for their inches, great power of limb and corporeal frame, and do their work efficiently in the field—the *wood* would be more appropriately used as the more general scene of their operations: their method of drawing covert is very independent, each hound seemingly impressed with the idea that the fox is to be found by himself, and him only; and although a wide space intervenes between the lines selected by Chaunter and Chorister as they thread the mazes of the tangled thicket or gorse brake, yet on the first sound of the fox-found note every hound

dashes and presses forward with eager alacrity to join in the chorus. We had an opportunity last week of seeing these hounds in that long, almost interminable range of woods overhanging the banks of the Wye, containing many thousand acres, whence we supposed it next to an impossibility to see hounds or fox emerge during the livelong day, but, to our surprise, in less than ten minutes after their fox was found they were away with him over the open in the quick march style; but this sort of thing not quite agreeing with the digestive organs of the pursued, who had been making a late and heavy breakfast off a young turkey poult, he was obliged to shorten sail, and turn to the big woods again, where, after an hour's badgering, an otter's earth saved his brush only for a short time. This proved to be an old dog fox, whose broken fangs suggested the inference of his having broken more bones than he had ever mended; and by adjoining farmers his death will be hailed with great pleasure. A litter of cubs was next found in that part of these coverts where stands the far-famed Devil's Pulpit, a large, beetling rock jutting out far above the underwood by which it is encompassed, and commanding a beautiful view of the ruins of Tintern, whence, as report goes, his Satanic majesty was wont in bygone days to address certain anathematical discourses to the monks below. Fox—I should rather say cub—hunting at this season is but the prologue to the play which commences in earnest with the 1st of November; and as sport rarely appears with fox-hounds until the leaves disappear from the trees, we considered our position and prospects on the banks of the Wye as decidedly more enjoyable than they could possibly have been in the big woods of Hants or Wilts, which are not relieved by the beautiful scenery with which we were then surrounded, in combination with the soft melody of Mr. Curre's fox-hounds, imparting a still greater charm to the charming tints displayed by these varicoloured woods in their autumnal foliage. From the prevalence of yew and holly trees, which flourish to an unusual extent in these localities, these woodlands, when the leaves fall, never present that dull, monotonous appearance which characterizes other woodlands during the winter season. The dark-green yew, dotted throughout, and standing above the hazel and oak coppice, gives a richness to these sylvan retreats, relieving the eye like a bright spot or oasis in the desert. Mr. Curre lives, as his progenitors have done before him, in the good old English style, much given to hospitality, and with every *apanage* which man can desire, devoting quite as much time to his garden, hot-houses, &c., as he does to his kennels—perhaps rather more—which may be accounted for by the latter being situated at too long a distance from the house.

Itton Court is a substantial mansion, containing a spacious entrance-hall and the usual suites of apartments; but the room of all rooms, that we liked the best, is the old oak-panelled drawing-room, handsomely furnished with richly-carved furniture, 'all in the olden style.' From the dining-room you step out into a beautiful conservatory, filled with choice plants and flowers of every variety, in the disposition of which the hand of Mrs. Curre is conspicuously beheld

—in short, Flora herself could not have displayed more taste in blending her *protégées* so elegantly and harmoniously together. Within the grounds stands a quaint-looking little old-fashioned church (through the yard of which lies the principal entrance to the kitchen gardens), and where some rather unclerical scenes are reported to have occurred in bygone times, when pastors were wont to make rather more distinction between the rich and poor of their congregation than consorteth with the strait-laced notions of the present Pharisaical curators of souls. It was the custom formerly in small country parishes to await the arrival of the Squire and his family, who were to be inducted into their spacious pew before the service commenced. We don't say whether it was a good or bad practice, or that a country parson by so doing ought therefore to have been denounced as a worshipper of Mammon, leaving such little knotty points to be determined by a synod of bishops—excepting Colenso from that august body. But it so happened once upon a time that the officiating clergyman in the little church of Itton was commencing the usual Scriptural address, 'When the wicked 'man——,' at which point he was suddenly interrupted by the clerk exclaiming, in a rather loud whisper, 'Stop, sir; he bain't come yet.' Whether the said Squire was the chief of sinners, as St. Paul modestly describes himself, doth not appear on record; probably his wickedness did not exceed that of his neighbours, although the clerk inadvertently announced him as the great offender. On another occasion the aforesaid functionary, at the close of the evening service, issued the following proclamation from his desk:—'This 'is to give notice that there won't be no service here on next Sunday 'afternoon, because as how Parson be a-going to the Bath Races!' John the clerk here exceeded his master's instructions, who, having spoken most confidentially to his assistant as to the true cause of his intended absence the following Sunday evening, felt not a little abashed when his secret thus became openly communicated to his whole congregation.

Mr. Curre's country is not very extensive, admitting only of two days' hunting per week, some of it being shared with the Langibby Fox-hounds, now under the management of Mr. Lawrence, but heretofore maintained by the ancient family of Williams, of Langibby Castle, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. After witnessing the performances of this gentleman's pack in the woodlands around Tintern Abbey (where, by-the-way, foxes have many more enemies than hounds), we were induced to take a peep at Captain Dighton's harriers, who hunts a more open district in the vicinity of St. Briavels, and we must confess to experiencing not less gratification at the first-rate condition and level appearance of the hounds than admiration for the exhibition of such excellent conduct in the field. The quiet behaviour of their Huntsman and Master struck us also as combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* in the highest degree. There were fifteen couples selected for our day's diversion, some of true fox-hound blood, and others a cross with the old harrier, yet they matched well as to height and

power, although to a fastidious observer the *facies non omnibus una, nec diversa tamen* might be wanting. We have said they were not all of the same blood, therefore a family likeness could not be expected, such as we often see in an old-established pack. Captain Dighton's kennel régime may claim competition with more exalted establishments, the hounds being cared for and fed upon the most approved fox-hound system, and in the field—well, we are coming now to that more interesting part of our story. The place of meeting was at the homestead of Mr. Bullock, a young farmer of the true old type of our spirited British yeoman, whose house was thrown open on this occasion to all comers; and although at this early hour (ten o'clock) few seemed disposed to avail themselves of his proffered hospitality, we can bear testimony to many having tasted his good cheer later in the day, the effects of his jumping-powder being conspicuous by his visitors taking more than ordinary liberties with their horses in the fencing department after two o'clock. Our muster, albeit rather short in numbers, was graced by the presence of three ladies, including the very charming wife of the Master, who takes a deep interest in the well-being of her husband's pets; and could they fail in returning the soft, beaming looks of approval glistening in their mistress's eyes, by all those demonstrations of love and loyalty peculiar to the canine race, they would be most ungracious dogs indeed. Mrs. Dighton, although fond of the sport, does not profess to be a daring rider to hounds, contenting herself with following them where no very great difficulties appear to impede her progress.

Mrs. Lewis, of Dannel Hill, is not only entitled to the distinction of being one of the most superior and elegant horsewomen it has ever been our good fortune to meet in the hunting-field, but she possesses, in addition, the very rare qualification amongst female equestrians of the higher rank in society of being an excellent sports-woman, with a very keen perception of the business part of the proceedings—an eye to the working of the hounds; her forbearance to display the most perfect seat over a fence (upon which many of our fair friends in the field seem too evidently intent), lest she might press too closely on the hounds; and her quickness in checking the rein when they are at fault casts far into the shade the conduct of many supposed good sportsmen in scarlet. Captain Dighton must feel highly honoured by the patronage of the fair and fascinating mistress of Dannel Hill, who can also hold the foremost place with fox-hounds, her fearless, faultless style of riding forming the theme of general admiration; and it has ever been our impression, which will remain to the end of the chapter, that a graceful, elegant woman cannot be exhibited in any costume to greater advantage than in her riding-habit. 'Many there are, who have met our view, *jolting* up and down Rotten Row, apparently as much out of their proper element on horseback as a fresh-caught fish when thrown on the greensward, floundering and rolling about in their saddles, equally to the discomfort of their horses and themselves. It being the fashion now-a-days for ladies to ride, as well as to wear

crinoline and frightful bonnets, many women think themselves impenetrably called upon, in obedience to that tyrannical impostor, to display their form and fashion in the saddle, whether or no nature has endowed them with the requisite symmetric and sylph-like proportions, more to the amusement than admiration of lookers-on. Now to see fat, round female figures bumping up and down, with a thorough contempt for the laws of gravitation, ostensibly intent upon performing the Rarean feat of dragging their horses off their legs on the left side, bursting the girths of their saddle, or performing such fearful, unnatural freaks, totally at variance with all our preconceived ideas of how a gentlewoman should comport herself on horseback, has filled our mind with horror and amazement. Some women look best by daylight, others by candle or lamp light, rarely any by gas light. All, according to our opinion, are disfigured by those inflated balloons attached below the waist: why or wherefore the fairest part of the creation should think it necessary or becoming to disguise their fair proportions under such hideous garments passes our comprehension. Fortunately such dresses have not yet become the fashion in the hunting-field, or in windy weather we should behold them performing aerial evolutions in pursuit of fox or hare, and deserting the saddle.

We have been rambling away from our subject like a young hound flushing out on a fresh scent, and must now hark back to Captain Dighton's cry. The morning was not over-propitious—the air cold, the sun rather warm, and the ground saturated by Jupiter Pluvius to an unpleasant degree for riding over seeds or turnips. Rude Boreas had also been indulging his fancy for knocking about tiles and chimney-pots the previous night, so that, our chance of finding Pussy on the high lands being a very poor one, we accordingly sought our game in a more sheltered situation on the side of a hill sloping to the south, with a fine view of the Tintern Abbey woods below; on which, whilst gazing, a full chorus of musical notes suddenly struck our ear, and in a second Pussy bundled through the hedge of the lane in which we were sitting, and not fifty yards from her scut dashed over the pack helter-skelter in eager pursuit, and down the hill, nearly as steep as the roof of a house, went hare, hounds, huntsman, and whipper-in, over two stone walls, which caused daylight to appear on the saddles of the latter. Thinking discretion to be the better part of valour, and knowing that the hare's forte or strength lies in rising instead of sinking the hill, we contented ourselves with riding parallel with the hounds, until, as we knew, the hare, in accordance with her general tactics and formation, must again seek the uplands, which, as a matter of course, she did very speedily, and then we joined issue with the combatants in the ring—the hounds, we mean, which, after following their quarry in a rather extended circle, veered round to the point of starting, and again descended to the valley beneath us. On her second rising to refresh herself with the hill breezes it was evident that Pussy had occasion for a little breathing time, which was afforded by the clamorous pack dashing a trifle over her as she lay *perdue*



in a piece of fallows. But some blundering horseman, whom, no doubt, she devoutly wished feeding salmon or eels at the bottom of the Wye, chancing to ride too near her place of concealment, she very imprudently jumped up in view, and, save for the shelter of a fine piece of Swedish turnips, her mortal career had then and there terminated; but our Master, disdaining to take any advantage of so exciting an event, neither screamed, nor rode, nor cheered vociferously, as most huntsmen do, evidently resolved on making his pack do their own work entirely by themselves. We give him the greatest credit for such forbearance at such a moment, fully appreciating his self-denial, for, had a similar case occurred to us, we frankly admit that, forgetting all the rules and regulations of hare-hunting, we should in all probability have capped them on to a finish in the open. Yes, in a fox-hunting spirit, some such breach of decorum, not to be tolerated in hare-hunting, might have been committed by ourselves; but such little outbreaks are almost inseparably connected with the exciting chase of the fox, exemplifying old Beckford's assertion that 'a fair and foolish fox-hunter are synonymous terms.' With fox-hounds we *must* take liberties on special occasions, for which we quote the same authority in support of such practice, that 'a pack of fox-hounds which won't bear lifting are not 'worth keeping.'

Our Master, however, knew his business too well for such an *escapade*, and we must give our testimony to having never seen the Huntsman to a pack of harriers, and the hounds comport themselves in such perfectly orthodox manner and style: the forbearance of the former being quite equalled by the patience and perseverance of the latter, the parts performed by each thoroughly artistical and complete from the first act to the closing scene. We observed no old Bellman pattering and bellowing on the line when the scent grew cold and catching, but a steady working and pressing of the whole pack simultaneously to the front; and when (as at intervals) it did fail entirely, heads and tails were not erect in air, looking about for help or halloas, but an adherence of noses to the earth became beautifully conspicuous. Then in a cast—when one became indispensably necessary—the alacrity with which every hound responded to his Master's voice or single note on the horn was really delightful to witness. Over wall and fence they almost flew, never requiring the assistance or rate of the whipper-in to turn them; in fact, we never saw in this run of nearly two hours' duration an opportunity for whipcord interference—a whipper-in was never needed—and the whole performances of huntsman and hounds afforded us the most gratifying treat we have ever yet experienced with a pack of harriers. We are rejoiced at the opportunity to accord him, in our humble way, that praise to which Captain Dighton is so eminently entitled as a perfect and accomplished master of his craft. One reflection, however, did occur to us, for the expression of which we hope to obtain his pardon—here is a first-rate Master to fox-hounds lost. There is that about him—the keen eye, quick perception, ready, though steady manner in handling

his hounds, which betokens those very necessary, although rather rare qualifications, in a professor of the more 'Noble Science;' and we feel assured as a huntsman to fox-hounds he would prove *baud ulli secundus*. The onus of the whole establishment, we are told, falls upon the back of the gallant captain, who, however, irrespective of his general attendants in the field, such as Major Noel, Messrs. Coke, Roberts, and others whose names we could not catch, is also supported by many of the principal farmers, foremost of whom we would notice the senior Mr. Bullock, the united age of man and white pony exceeding one hundred years, and they yet appear hale and hearty, and not likely to part company for some time to come. On a farm of Mr. Robinson, who appeared to us very anxious to afford sport, a brace of hares was found later in the day, one of which fell an easy prey to her pursuers; and the other, after a quick burst over the open, returned again to her woodland home, living, we hope, to fight another day with the charming pack of Dean Forest Harriers.

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## PAUL PENDRIL.

### CHAPTER I.

'En age, segnes,

'Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,

'Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;

'Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.'

ON the evening of the 10th of August, 18—, two English gentlemen descended from the railway station at Marseilles, and having placed their live and dead baggage in the hands of a Commissionaire, proceeded at once to the new harbour of La Joliette, where a mail-steamer was lying, steam up, and outward bound for the island of Corsica.

The good ship seemed to fret at her moorings, like a fiery steed eager and panting for the course; but the mails, not yet on board, checked her departure, and thus gave ample time for the clearance and embarkation of the tardy impedimenta. These, consisting of portmanteaus, gun-cases, one of Edgington's small bell-tents, a brace of spaniels, a retriever, and a dark wire-haired deer-hound were soon shipped under the convoy of Will Patey, piqueur and henchman to the two travellers. On the arrival of the mail-bags, the noise, the bustle, the hurry-scurry of the crew, each of whom in his turn gave the word of command as though he had been suddenly jerked into power, excited the henchman's wonder not a little; this being his first interview with the French marine; and his first acquaintance with that spirit of equality which pervades the Gallic race. He was destined, however, to know more of it ere he quitted the French dominions.

'Sir,' said he to Captain Paul Pendril, who stood near the spaniels, treating them and amusing himself by tossing bits of biscuit into their expectant jaws—'this, sir, is a strange fashion 'twixt master and man. I reckon our tars had better swallow their quids than stand upon the quarter-deck and speak up in this way.'

'True, Will: these people are a livelier and more impulsive race than ours; but give them their heads—or rather let them have their say, and then you can guide them with a packthread.'

'I can't tell how that may be, sir; but I've heard our old clerk say (and he was captain of the fore-top on board the "Royal Sovereign" when the brave Collingwood led the van) that obedience to orders was a sailor's first duty.'

'Quite right too, Will.'

'Yes; and I mind his words when he'd got a mug or two of white ale aboard—"A Frenchman will talk you hull down, but an Englishman will sink him ere he spins out his yarn." And then he'd hit the table with a whack, and protest that one British heart was as big as three French ones; ay! and he firmly believed it too.'

'That certainly was the creed of those days, and a good thing it was for Old England that her sons had faith in it; but since that time we have become better acquainted with our neighbours, and know them to be as noble, as brave, and as high-spirited a race as the world ever saw.'

In the meanwhile the 'Carlo Maria,' now under full steam, was quickly in blue water; and Monte Christo and Castel d'If, no longer prominent objects in the foreground, were becoming, at every stroke of the piston, less and less distinct in the dark and receding landscape.

As the good ship sped forward on her appointed course, the bustle on board, like all other troubles, came to an end; our travellers, if not already predisposed for rest, soon became so under the influence of a gentle ripple that chafed against her bows, while the regular and monotonous tone of the engine tended not a little to induce a quiescent and soporific feeling. The sea was in a delightful good humour; clear, calm, and unruffled; without a wrinkle to disfigure her dignified old face; and, as night had long drawn her curtains o'er the scene, the few passengers withdrew one by one to their several berths, and committed their priceless lives, without a doubt or a scruple on the subject, to the care of the watch on deck. But it must not be inferred that the Great Watch on high, whose power 'stilleth the raging of the sea and the noise of the waves' was unremembered by our travellers; on the contrary, they had been early instructed as well to offer daily thanksgiving for past mercies as to pray for future blessings; and on this occasion that first of duties was not neglected.

But now it is high time to let the reader know something more of our travellers and the object of their visit to Corsica.

At the time of our history the elder of the two gentlemen had barely arrived at what may be called the full flower of manhood; he was thirty-four years of age, and if the Homeric epithet of *θεοεικλος* could ever be applied to the person of a human being it would scarcely be an assumption of poetic license to apply it to him. 'He was a man all over,' brave as the British Lion himself, yet a very woman in the tenderness and unselfish nature of his heart. It was a common

saying in the regiment to which he belonged, on every occasion where sympathy was sought or good service needed, 'Oh, tell Paul 'Pendril; and if you just touch his tender string you may draw 'him to any amount.' This, if it could be called so, was his weak point; but weak only in its resemblance to that help-meet nature which is the crown and glory of a woman. As a British officer and a gentleman should ever be, he was not only strict but chivalrous in his love of truth and honour; and anxious as I am to record the merits of a man with whom I lived in daily association for twelve long years, it would indeed be unjust to his memory if I failed to chronicle the noblest of all his virtues, namely, that of charity itself. That 'excellent gift,' which an inspired apostle has declared takes precedence of all virtues, was his in its fullest and brightest form; and as a broad, copious, fertilizing stream spreads a beneficial influence on the barren soil over which it flows, so his example brought many a blessing in its train, and touched and softened many a heart hitherto harder than the nether millstone. Thus a kindly word was ever on his lips in extenuation of the faults of others; and as it occasionally happened in the large circle of his acquaintance that ever and anon one fell from his rank degraded either by folly or vice, Paul Pendril not only never cast a stone at him, but braved many a storm of indignation from his friends as he stooped to comfort and raise the fallen wretch.

Of his accomplishments as a horseman it need only be observed that the late Mr. Assheton Smith, himself the *crème de la crème*, has been known to say he had probably seen many as good a man across country on a *made* horse, but never so good a one on a *raw* thoroughbred colt. 'Captain Pendril,' said he, 'takes hold of him 'by the head, and puts him in such resolute form at his fences, that 'in a few runs the horse becomes a perfect hunter. Give me 'Pendril and Jack Thompson against the world for getting their 'horses out of difficulties and for bringing them home at the end of 'the longest run.'

His passion for the chase, especially for the wildest of all chases, that of the fox, was inbred and irrepressible; his father and ancestors had been Masters of hounds celebrated in song, and, in conjunction with the pack and property, which by the death of an elder brother fell early to his lot, he had inherited a full share of their sylvan tendencies. What could be more natural than for a man thus bred to follow the chase? or, rather, what better occupation could a country gentleman adopt for preserving the *mens sana in corpore sano* than this healthful, invigorating, and innocent recreation? Man is defined to be a hunting animal; he is ever in chase from the day that he first pursues the painted butterfly o'er the lawn to that in which a figured muslin or an ankle of unquestionable form catches his ravished eye. Then there is the chase of fashion, ambition, lucre, and a thousand other allurements wherein the devil himself drags the herring, and in the pursuit of which the hunter himself becomes the certain victim.

Pendril's chase was of a different fashion from this: his goddess

was Diana, the sole deity in the Pantheon whose moral character was unimpeachable; and to her, from his earliest youth, he had confessed with a lisping tongue; and to her in after years, in the full vigour of manhood, he had bowed the knee with a devotion which all the gods of Olympus might have envied. And one there certainly was, if there be any truth in mythology, who looked down on his exclusive predilection with an eye of jealousy and disfavour.

Pendril was a bachelor; and although many a shaft had sped from the bright eyes of more than one belle in his native county under the very auspices of Venus herself, still this case-hardened, unimpressionable squire had hitherto escaped, as though by a charmed life, from the battery to which he had been exposed. Cytherea, the triumphant possessor of that fatal apple, and the cause of many a war and many a siege scarcely less memorable than that of Troy itself, was, it is believed, for once at fault. One or two of his most intimate friends, however, expressed strong doubts as to his immunity from the common lot of man, and even went so far as to aver that, if the sanctuary of his heart were penetrated, a cicatrix would be found concealing a wound deep, tender, and unhealable—

‘*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*’

At all events there was a mystery in the matter, the history of which the sequel will probably reveal.

‘What a glorious passage!’ said Pendril to his friend Temple, as they entered the magnificent gulf at the head of which stands the little town of Ajaccio.

‘Thoroughly enjoyable,’ said the other, looking at his watch, ‘and just twenty hours from La Joliette. Our plain sailing, however, is nearly at an end; for, to judge of the desolate features of those hills, rocky, declivitous, and matted with brushwood down to the very water’s edge, our course will be anything but a smooth one over that wild and rugged surface.’

‘With all my heart,’ replied Pendril; ‘the charm of the chase is enhanced a thousandfold by the difficulties which attend its pursuit. As the author of the “Boatman” says so beautifully:—

“For the sport of man’s strife  
Gives the zest to man’s life;  
Without it, his manhood dies;  
Be it jewel or toy, not the prize gives the joy,  
But the striving to win the prize.”

‘And the more the sport differs from that foul German fashion of slaughtering game in a “hot corner” the more I shall value it.’

‘Well, a day or two in a season is no bad amusement with a high wind and a cloud of rockets.’

‘To my mind, Temple, it is utterly un-English, utterly at variance with genuine sport, and most impolitic. In the first place, save a retriever at the heels, you dispense with that merriest of all accomplishments a team of bustling spaniels, the use of which I regard as indispensable to the true enjoyment of cover shooting. In the next, you demoralize a whole community by the excessive preservation of game, for, unless the game be most abundant, there

'can be no successful battûe; then, as a matter of course, the Kaffirs of the country fall upon the *fera natura*, and poaching becomes a less irksome, if not a more gainful business than honest labour; then follows closely in its wake the usual consequence of rapine, outrage, and murder: while the union and the gaol stand gloomily in the rear.'

As Pendril denounced with his usual warmth the mischief and suffering arising from a system to which he had so great a repugnance, the fire of his eye seemed to kindle as it wandered o'er the savage and desolate grandeur of the scene through which the steamer was then passing. On either side of the Gulf of Ajaccio rose the rugged hills from the level of the sea up to the very arch of heaven. Not a human being, nor a bird, nor a beast could be seen to animate the lonely picture with a trace of life. The whole country, as far as the eye could ken, seemed to be one mass of dark ever-green jungle, and it was only by the help of a powerful telescope that the bare and desert character of the mountains above could be fairly seen. Huge granite cliffs, denuded of soil and impending o'er deep ravines, stood out in bold relief from the clumps of hardy pine that seemed to thrive even in those sterile heights.

And now it was that Pendril, with that keen appreciation of wild nature which is known to the enthusiast alone, turned to his friend, and exclaimed—

'Look, Temple, at that grand wilderness towering to the skies! Yonder is the home of the mouflon: there, far removed from the haunts of man, and far above the scrub of the beech-forest, we shall hunt the wild animal in his native solitudes.'

'I earnestly hope,' said the other, who unfortunately had a *but* for every proposition, 'that your expectations may be well founded; but I have always observed that the anticipation of sport is seldom or never equalled by its realization. Like the cloud-architect, we are all of us apt to indulge in fancies which are distant, visionary, and uncertain: we shall be able to judge more about it when we have bagged a mouflon or two.'

'Verily, Temple,' said Pendril, pleasantly, 'if the Pythagorean doctrine be a true one we shall see you at some future day stuck up in a blasted oak, the very type of that *Sinistra cornix* which we read of in our early days, and which I once heard a schoolfellow translate into "A left-handed crow," and thereby gain a *soubriquet* which he will carry with him to the grave. At least, let a poor fellow hope for sport when he has come so far for it.'

At that moment the 'Carlo Maria' hove to 'neath the very walls of Ajaccio, at the head of a harbour capacious enough to contain the navies of the world. In an instant a swarm of men whose language was half-French and half-Italian, and whose dress was that of the 'Calabrian boor,' sprang up the ship's side, and pounced upon everything in the shape of portable luggage upon which they could lay their claws. As ill-looking a set of harpies were they as any Roman *facchini*, or even as the one-eyed porters of Jersey.

The luggage, indeed, fell to their lot—there was no help for that; but when they attempted to take possession of the dogs the henchman offered so stout and so fierce a resistance that they were for once fairly discomfited.

‘I would not trust the parson’s old cur, much less your honour’s dogs, with such a lot of gipsies,’ said he, appealing to Pendril; ‘they look to me as if they would as soon eat as skin them.’

When Pendril, however, assured the faithful Will that these men, so profuse in their offers of service, were the accredited servants of the French Government, he unwillingly permitted himself, dogs, baggage, and all, to be conducted to the *Hôtel de l’Europe*, which afforded, it was said, the best accommodation in the island.

Before our friends had been quartered twenty-four hours at the *Hôtel de l’Europe* they found it would be necessary to pass at least three or four more days at Ajaccio ere they attempted to advance into the interior. In consequence of the extent to which the murderous use of fire-arms had been carried in the island, the French Government had lately issued an order prohibiting the natives especially from carrying arms; but the *permis de chasse* was still obtainable by the stranger on his giving a satisfactory assurance to the Préfet that his object was the *chasse* alone. So, after sundry visits to the Préfecture, which were productive of the usual tardy results, Pendril was asked if he had any friend resident in the island to whom he could refer for confirmation of his own statement. Most fortunately for him he had provided himself with letters of introduction to H. B. M.’s Consul, or, in all probability, his chance of ever seeing and bagging a mouflon in his native Corsican wilds would have ended with that official question.

His answer in the affirmative, however, seemed to satisfy the Préfet, who, really wishing to throw no needless impediment in the chasseur’s way, was simply fulfilling the terms of an Act which the French Government deemed necessary for the security of that island.

But here was fresh cause for further delay; the British Consul resided at Bastia, ninety odd miles away, at the north-eastern end of Corsica, and until he could be apprised by post of the position in which Pendril and his party were placed, and return the needed answer, a detention of at least three days awaited the impatient travellers. Pendril and Temple at once saw that submission was a matter of necessity, but the henchman was in despair; the vermin in the stable had already so infested the dogs that their coats stood on end like that of a coiled hedgehog, and, to add to his trouble, he could get no flesh for their food.

‘In one week, your honour,’ said he, ‘what with the loss of blood and the want of good meat, Wildfire’s muscle will become as slack as an old woman’s stocking; the Indian meal, too, don’t seem to suit his appetite; and I should like to get away from the town before his condition fails him.’

Will’s sympathy was unmistakeable; he stood by the side of the fine deer-hound, with his hand resting on his head, while the uplifted

and sagacious countenance of the noble animal seemed to express a consciousness that he was the subject of his master's solicitude.

'At all events,' continued the henchman, 'if the hound don't do his duty it won't be his fault. You must keep up the fuel if you want a good fire.'

'Cheer up, Will,' said Pendril; 'if there's a leg of beef in the market of Ajaccio Wildfire shall not go without his soup.'

Thus assured by his master, in whom he had unbounded confidence, the faithful Will, running his eye over the development of muscle which, like a roll of wire-cordage, traversed the loins and quarters of the hound, pronounced his conviction that no beast with or without horns, and scarcely with wings, could outstrip Wildfire over the rugged surface of a mountain gorge.

'That hound is what he seems to be,' said Pendril, 'the descendant of a patrician race famous for its blood, bone, and courage. The Frasers, indeed, from whom the puppy was obtained as a high favour, trace the pedigree of Wildfire back to the days of the first barons of their family, amongst whom a legend prevailed that the great progenitor of the race was no less than Cuchullin's hound in Ossian's Fingal. Bred as Burns says,

'After some dog in Highland song—'

'Don't appeal to poetry, for heaven's sake, for the pedigree of a Scotch deer-hound,' said Temple; 'though, for the matter of that, you had far better trace him to Luath than John of Lorn's slough-hound.'

'True,' replied Pendril; 'the Frasers love the memory of the good King Robert, and Barbour is their daily text-book. It would never do to refer the blood of their favourite race to such a base origin: to

"The blood-hound that bayed for her fugitive king."

'The whole clan would be in arms at such a supposition.'

There must have been something in the tone of Pendril's voice to attract the hound's attention; or it might have been simply the sound of his own name that occasionally caught his ear; at all events it was quite evident, by the steady and gentle stroke of his tail, that Wildfire perfectly well understood he was himself the subject of his master's kind notice. That mute language of the tail conveyed the animal's ideas with no doubtful meaning: it expressed gratitude, love, and devotion with as much significance, ay! and with perhaps more truth than the human tongue could have done it.

At this moment the *mâitre d'hôtel* who had accompanied our friends to the Préfecture informed them, with apparent regret, that the post had left the town at least three hours for *de qua dei monti*; that is, for the region on the Bastia side of the mountains, so that the letters could not be forwarded until the following morning. Then, as if to soften the chagrin which had so evidently risen on his guest's faces, he asked permission to introduce to them a Monsieur Tennyson who was then staying at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and was an accomplished chasseur.



'There is a peculiarity about the gentleman,' said he, 'that must recommend him to your esteem. He has taught himself the English language in order that he might read the works of his namesake the Poet Laureate, for whom he has so high an appreciation and regard that I verily believe he will make him his heir. Your country, too, he thinks the finest and freest in the world; and having been a great traveller and a close observer few men are better qualified to judge of such matters than himself.'

'We shall be delighted to know Monsieur Tennyson,' said Pendril. 'I can quite understand the combination of mouffon-hunting with the love of poetry. The grandeur of nature inspires the soul with sympathy; and the Greeks were quite right in dedicating Mount Parnassus to the Muses, and in describing the Castalian fountains as springing from a hill that "looks down upon the clouds."'

'You talk of the Greeks and the Muses with the glibness of an Oxford Coach,' said Temple. 'I should like to read with you, Pendril, for my next Examination, if you'll tell me after which of the Ajaxes this town is named.'

'After neither; that is a mere clap-trap of the etymologists. And as to the honour which you are good enough to propose for me, I would far rather earn my bread by handling the "Berkeley Hunt" team,

'All brilliant in Brummagem leather,'

'than by cramming young poults with Attic food for which they have no relish. But now for Monsieur Tennyson; he perhaps will tell us something about Ajaccio.'

There, for the present, let us leave the travellers, if not in clover, at least in better quarters than they met with during the remainder of their campaign in Corsica.

*(To be continued.)*

## 'OUR VAN.'

INVOICE.—December Dottings.—Gladiatorial Gleanings.—The Stamford Sales and Sellings.—Racing Recollections.—Chronicle of the Chase, and Monthly Mortality.

DECEMBER, of all months in the year, is the most inactive, and the most wearisome in the almanac of the racing man, as he has nothing left for him but to peruse Reviews of the Season, in which very frequently his own animals cut an inglorious figure, and to con over the mild reminders from Old Burlington Street for his forfeits, so that he may be spared figuring in its 'Turf Protection Circular.' Trainers, however, have found more congenial employment in making up their little bills, which we are apprehensive are oftener laid 'on the table,' without being even 'read a first time,' than passed and voted. Jockeys likewise have been going through their accounts with their secretaries, and wondering when their employers will 'part;' and as their walking days are over, they have taken to hounds, and hunters as naturally as a duck to water. Breeders also have been conning over the foal returns of Weatherby, and selecting stallions for their mares. For controversialists the sporting papers now find ample room, and the Irish horse-breeding question has opened a welcome field

for discussion. The wire-fence nuisance, we are glad to say, is abolished, the agitation against it being too strong to be withstood, and Mr. Paget has struck his colours. Therefore, if it had not been for the Sale and the Fight, we should have had some difficulty in getting a load for 'Our Van' that would be worth starting with. As the Seven Dials vocalists say,

'Cold blew the wind, and the rain it came down,'

when we reached Shoreditch *en route* for the English Warsaw. On this occasion the contrast between the night prior to a Cæsarewitch, or a Cambridge-shire was very great. No confusion prevailed on the platform, portmanteaus were safe, seats easily attainable, and the show of the Upper Ten very small. William Day, with his gun-case under his arm, to prove to the Diss folks he could both 'hit' 'em, as well as 'catch' 'em alive, and Harry Goater, who is getting as stout as an alderman, were the only representatives of the training interests, and the quiet, well-behaved Jem Mann did duty for the jockeys. The West Australian, with Mr. Edmund Tattersall, a Thousand Guinea winner, and the 'Times' Commissioner, made up our compartment, and helped in gentle converse, to while the time away while traversing the Eastern flats. The Ring, with the Palestrinian Monarch at their head, had gone down the day before to pay their respects to Heenan, who had established his gymnasium in a farm close to Newmarket. Still, as an augury of what was to follow, there seemed no vitality in the journey, doubt and suspicion seeming to surround everybody as to what the result of the morrow would bring forth; and neither the Cambridge fireplace, or brandy could warm the *voyageurs* up to the same pitch of enthusiasm we witness at Hampton Court, Middle Park, or Rawcliffe. Getting out of our carriages, the Siberian blasts of wind from the Heath soon warned us of the nature of the place at which we arrived; and on arriving at the 'White Hart,' we found even the coursers, hardy race as they are, had been driven back by stress of weather, like ships at Spithead have to anchor at the Motherbank. The street itself was as dull as the High Street of the Falkland Islands. The Jockey Club Rooms, as well as the Subscription Rooms, were closed, like the Houses of Parliament, and Fuller Andrews was enjoying his calumet of peace by his fireside. The Admiral had hauled down his flag and departed for London, but not before he had issued a very proper code of instructions for the guidance of the sale. But whatever may be the restrictions on personal liberty at Newmarket, there are, fortunately, none with regard to personal enjoyment; and by the creature comforts of the hotel, which go to the *bottom* of a sportsman's heart, the hurricane was forgotten, although it was strong enough to require a band of Admiral Fitzroy's drums to play as a warning. A stroll on the Heath in the morning by the early birds did not reward them much; but still they witnessed Carisbrooke 'loose,' which a trainer who was present said was such a novelty, that he must canter up and have a look at it. The eleven o'clock train brought a few additional arrivals, with John Day at their head, and all made their way to the paddock which adjoined Baron Rothschild's old yard. There, in the most sheltered corner, the ubiquitous Beck, who is as fond of a free press as Mr. Cobden himself, had pitched the rostrum of his masters, and from his oilskin case distributed catalogues as if they were fivers. Grouped around the judicial bench were a phalanx of the Fourth Estate, and Mr. Greville occupied Sir Tatton's old place, supported on his right by Lord William Poulett, on the look-out for a second Tim Whiffler, and by Messrs. Hodgman and the Epsom division. On the left, Mr. Ten Broeck had taken up an excellent position, and he was flanked by Mr. Alexander and Mr. Payne. The Australian was the centre-piece of the crowd, with 'our William', for his Mentor; and old Bob Sly was in attendance on John Day.

who thought his Duke was much better off in the hunting-field, than starved to death here in the cold. Isaac Woolcott's Duke, however, withstood the elements bravely, and seemed to care no more for the easterly winds, which were sharp enough to shave a man without a razor, than Hooton's Millionaire, who we believe does not know the meaning of a greatcoat. John Peart and I'Anson represented Malton, as Wadlow did duty for Shropshire. Joseph Dawson, heading a strong body of Newmarket trainers, arrived on the scene a few minutes prior to time being called, and, as military writers would say, occupied a position on the extreme right. Two of the gentler sex alone were to be seen in the audience, and the manner in which they stayed from the first bid, to the last, proved how their hearts must have been in it. Punctual as Calcraft at Newgate on a Monday, Mr. E. Tattersall ascended what may, without any very great stretch of license, be termed the fatal steps, and addressed a few words to those beneath him, and it was needless to add they were those of encouragement. With a clever cob, a regular Heather, who had seen many a trial, he commenced, and the ex-Squire of Carshalton got him a bargain, and by this time has, doubtless, taught him the road to Epsom. The Ensign, who got the late Mr. McGeorge such a reprimand after the Derby, in which he remained as still as the Duke's horse in Piccadilly, came next; and it was from his blood, we presume, Mr. Cartwright bought him for his employer. CEnopides did not look worth taking home; but a happy appeal to William Day, who avoids a sale as much as he can, for fear he should add to his stud, caused him to be booked to Woodyeates. Passing over a couple of wretches, we came to that splendid wreck, Imaus, who was tried to be so much better than Diophantus, but who did not run like it; and had Lord Frederick been present, he would have been indeed surprised to see the dog-horse that he was commissioned to back for a thousand after the spin; and the prudence of the step he took in telegraphing to his Lordship to be sure, and not scratch Diophantus, for fear the trial might be wrong, would have occurred to him. A Norfolk farmer got him for a trifle; but whether the quondam favourite will go between the shafts, or be ridden back over the fields we cannot say. But the purchaser was no more envied, than the man who won the live elephant at a raffle. The Knave of Trumps, the neat racing-like colt that Mr. Hill sold to Lord Stamford at Stockbridge, set several heads nodding; but the last was that of Lord William Poulett, who got him, and we hope will do some good with him. Ætna, with all the fine blood in her veins, did not look strong enough to carry a pair of top-boots; but, to get into such a strain of blood, a Mr. Dalton did not mind giving 150 guineas. If Mr. I'Anson gave more money than he ought to have done for Gavazzi, who had not speed to follow a funeral, and who is now to lead gallops for Blair Athol, he got hold of a remarkably good-looking horse in Oscar, who, barring the smallness of his knees, had scarcely any imperfections, and was a bargain at 130 guineas. Umballa, although a very fine Wild Dayrell, no one would look at; and as Lord Stamford gave 1100 guineas for her, and Mr. Tattersall was grateful for 35 guineas, she must have been a dear purchase for his lordship. Athleta, who bore a stronger resemblance to Ellington than Voltigeur, and sound as an acorn, had, strange to say, but two bidders, and by a tenner, his future sphere of action was changed from Sheffield to Norfolk, where animals of his stamp are much needed. King of Hearts was a regular Daniel, and as ragged as a Sheltie; but Mr. Robinson may find a use for him in the stud he is collecting. Dusk was Mr. Phillips's horse all over, and the moment we witnessed his nod we knew the destination of the animal would be the City of Palaces, among whose dusky natives he would be quite at home. William Day bought Aracan for his blood, and Lacydes for Plating. Until now Whitewall had been mute;

but after *The Avenger* had been led round a few times, the silvery voice of John Peart was heard accompanying him, and he lasted out the company. Too small for a sire, *The Avenger* is certainly a beautiful horse, and, with John Scott's knowledge of hocks, if he does not get that queer one round, it will be strange indeed. *Hesper*, another handsome half-miler, followed suit, and was cheap at the money; and if any of the two-year olds can get before him at a reasonable weight, they will knock holes in the Southern Division. For *Ellerton*, who was on a lighter scale than *Athleta*, there was some sharp fighting; but Mr. Owen, of Liverpool, was the lucky purchaser. *Livingstone* was cheap at the money the hammer brought him; but we should have imagined a roarer would have been the last description of animal the Cornstalks would have liked. In Barchettina and Bertha Mr. Naylor found two very useful additions to his stud; for *Gemma* is a wonderfully clever mare, as Godding and Challoner combined will show us next season. *Onesander* we should have taken to be worth not more than three or four hundred guineas at the outside; but subsequent circumstances tell us we were wrong in our conclusions. The exposure of *Limosina* in such a state was somewhat like taking a sick child out of the Consumptive Hospital at Brompton in similar weather, and a kind of shudder ran through the crowd at the sight of her condition. Strange to say, instead of being sent back, as many imagined would be the case, there was a perfect furore to possess her, and from two hundred, at which she was started, in less than no time she had got to five hundred, at which price the curious piebald handle of Mr. La Mert's umbrella stopped, and to him, on behalf of Joe Dawson, she was assigned. With *Sea Nymph*, the quondam Oaks favourite, he was also accommodated. And when the enterprising Mr. Sydney Jacobs had secured *The Ace of Hearts* for 250 guineas, in spite of a paralysis of the jaw, which many thought he would not have liked, part the first was over, and Richard Tattersall came on the scene.

Hitherto we had had nothing but file-firing from the light-infantry men; but the sight of Mr. Richard acted like that of a Master-General of the Ordnance, and the heavy artillery cleared for action. *Alpheus* was the first brought up; but the 'great guns' did not think him worth being made a target of, and permitted Mr. Hodgman to have the training of him for as much money as he was worth. But for *Gownsman*, a great useful Surplice colt, put up under Lord Exeter's conditions, which the voice from the throne told us were simply, 'that you had nothing to pay unless you ran;' and if all the Acts of Parliament that are passed were capable of a similar brief explanation, it would be well for us and worse for the lawyers, if there were plenty of custom. From the first, Mr. Ten Broeck's manner convinced us he meant staying, and, choking off all opposition, the Royal Assent was given to his offer of 610. *Yamuna* was not much thought of, although highly bred; but, by the way *Guardaman* opened, it was clear no 'little man' could hope to get into that corps. And no little amusement was created in the Ring by the determined attempts he made to snap at an esteemed official of the Jockey Club, as if to show he had not forgotten what his namesakes had to go through a twelvemonth back. Handsome and well set up, as all Guardsmen ought to be, the offers for him were rapid and heavy; and Mr. Naylor went on so long to 'nail' him, that he was one of the few animals by which Lord Stamford made a profit. Of Mahometan Mr. Joseph Dawson entertained so high an opinion, that he did not grudge five hundred for him, although he has never run well enough to warrant that outlay. A buzz and a crush among the crowd told us *Cambuscan* was about to make his bow. That he is the handsomest and biggest Newminster we have yet seen there can be no doubt, and that he could race he has also shown us, by the way he beat such a high-tried colt as the *Scottish Chief*; but the old

school shook their heads when they took stock of his forelegs, and hinted they would not stand, although at present they betrayed no symptoms of having suffered from the work he had already done. For some strange reason or another, report gave out that the Marquis of Hastings meant to have him, and that John Day had come to take him away. The latter, however, we imagine, thought more of his *tête-à-tête* dinner with old Bob Sly, than of the crack, and indeed never nodded once for any single lot. Of course, in regard to such a horse, 'non cuivis homini' was the motto; and after Mr. Morris, Lord Burleigh, and Lord William Poulett had fired away, the Captain directed 'an Arm-strong,' in the shape of a Five Thousand Pounder, which all thought would have told. But such was not the case; for the Noble Colonel of the Northamptonshire Militia brought up a 'Whitworth,' that carried a hundred pounds more, and hit the target, amidst the excitement that would naturally accompany such a shot. Of course conjecture was busy into what stable he would go, and Whitewall was the favourite, from Lord Exeter training there. Others, more acute in their observations, thought there was just a chance he might remain in his old quarters, and it would seem they were not wrong in their calculations. The bringing up in such rapidity of other lots checked speculation on this point, and the sale went briskly on.

The departure of the Derby favourite caused many to depart for luncheon, which was laid out in a style worthy of the donor. Both estates of the realm being equally well provided for. Of the other two-year olds that took our attention the most, were Battaglia, a sweet filly, which will do battle for The Australian, and Brindisi, a very clever Rataplan colt out of Mistletoe, bred, we believe, by Mr. Pedley, and whom we shall doubtless see next year in the Far West, with Woolcott at his head. The early portion of the yearlings were regarded with much the same indifference as George Barnwell was wont to be before a Pantomime at Drury Lane on a Boxing Night. But when Abaris came up there was a flutter in the Ring, for he was half-brother to Cambuscan, and a gentleman all over. Customers rose at him like trout at the May-fly; but Mr. Naylor hooked him at last. He also ran Mr. Ten Broeck very hard for Sloth, the perfection of a filly, and for which he afterwards asserted his claim, and had it allowed, although he subsequently waived it, by particular desire, as the playbills would say. But the crowning scene of all was the transformation piece, when Archimedes was the object of competition, and Captain White and Edwin Parr rolled out their thousands for him in a kind of duet, all the other performers having retired from the stage. The finish at last was as exciting as that between Macaroni and Lord Clifden at Epsom; and well might Parr remark, after Richard Tattersall gave it against him, that he seemed always destined to run second to the Captain, who has now out-Heroded all his former exploits, and has given the handsomest price for the handsomest yearling ever foaled. The other lots fetched fair prices; but never again in our times are we likely to see three thousand guineas 'screwed' out of anybody for a yearling. On what followed, when the repurchases became known through the usual channels of information, we would rather not dwell. The public mind has spoken out, and so unmistakably, that Lord Stamford has felt its force, and bowed to it, and, in the phraseology of the Ring, he may be said to have taken his punishment kindly. His excuse to his friends is, that he only acted in self-defence, to protect his property; but we fear he has been imposed upon. However, it is consolatory to him that he made a tremendous profit out of his best two-year old and yearling, and they have gone into the hands of the best man in England to manage for all that are interested in them.

Next to Cambuscan and Archimedes, the most illustrious 'animals' of the month—we use the phraseology of the Society of Friends—have been King

and Heenan, whose exploits bid fair to be more enduring than those of the combatants at 'The Battle of Farnborough.' Despite the ruffianism of the Prize Ring, there is something in a great encounter like the one that has just taken place, which stirs up the life-blood of the country, and causes the pulse of the whole nation to vibrate with healthy excitement. Mons. Esquiros, we believe, has not yet included an English Prize-fight among his sketches of our Sports and Pastimes; but if he had done so, we imagine he would have been not a little struck with the endurance with which our gladiators go through their preparation, the courage they display in the contest, and the fertility of resources in those who profess to second them. To gnaw through the thin part of a man's ear till the teeth meet, might to hypercritical minds, and prejudiced beings, savour rather of cannibalism, and call up recollections of battles between the Australian aborigines and settlers; yet on the present occasion, the act to which we allude, and which was performed by Jerry Noon to King when in a state of utter prostration, was regarded as one of the tenderest acts of friendship—just such a one as Damon would have undertaken for Pythias, or Pylades have shown to Orestes. But, strange to say, it turned the tide of battle in favour of the Old Country, and caused the Stars and Stripes to be hauled down. On our remonstrating with an eminent professor of the art on such a practice being permitted, as likely to add to the already existing prejudice against the Ring, we were assured it was the only remedy that had been discovered for testing the vitality of a man; and if he did not 'squeel,' then he was not playing 'Sham Abraham,' but had been fairly knocked out of time. Over the American's defeat we have no desire to gloat; but both to him and those who follow in his wake the old motto, of Brag being a good dog, but Hold-fast a better, is extremely applicable. Much as we deprecate the present order of things, and loathe like vermin the crowd of ruffians that have attached themselves to the Ring, threatening to 'chip in' the brains of Referees, and drown Reporters, we cannot conceal from ourselves that if Messrs. Cobden and Bright can walk from Charing Cross to the City without a human being turning round to look at them; while King can stop the traffic of the streets for a quarter of an hour in calling on a newspaper editor, the attempt to put down the Prize Ring will be attended with greater difficulties than are apparent on the surface.

This being the month in which the Racing Returns are made up, we are enabled to discover who have had the best year. Lord Stamford, as usual, is at the head of the poll; and, mortified as Dawson must naturally be at the loss of his employer, it is some satisfaction to him to say he has won over 20,000*l.* in stakes. Godding runs second with Hooton's Millionaire for 18,200*l.* Between him and Mr. Merry there is a wide gap; but Mat, as usual, has got 'a place,' and is third with 10,387*l.*, being just in advance of Mr. Saville, who, by Ranger's Grand Prize in Paris, has got fourth. Mr. Ten Broeck cannot complain of having done amiss, when Burlington Street credits him with over 6300*l.* Lord St. Vincent and Baron Rothschild are close together, the St. Leger helping to swell the balance of the former; while the latter's position is almost entirely due to his two-year olds, a fact of which both he and King Tom may be mutually proud. John Osborne, in his own muddling way, has earned enough to buy another park; for he is well up in the second class with Lord Glasgow, which is saying something for Middleham Moor as a training ground. Sir Joseph Hawley, with his A Division, is close up with this pair, and, as he ran less horses, he has more reason to be satisfied with his balance. The Oaks and another race have placed Lord Falmouth in good company with the above; and Fairwater and Ely have brought Mr. Cartwright to the front. The French have only had Fille de l'Air to rely upon since the failure of Hospodar and Stradella; but still they have not much to complain

of, with five thousand five hundred standing to them. Mr. Cockin's trips to the Sister Isle make his account look well; and P'Anson, without Blair Athol, has won a couple of dozen races, and cleared close on four thousand by them. Mr. Longfield's two-year olds have done him good service; and, but for the Cambridgeshire, William Day would never have got into this society. Mr. Bryan has won an immense number of races, but then they have been small ones, or they would have amounted to a much larger sum; but the deficiency has been made up in bets, he having backed his horses heavily throughout their engagements. The Marquis of Hastings has had good luck since he went to Danebury, as John Day has won seventeen times for him; and although the stakes have not been important, little fish are always sweet. For the Duke of Beaufort 'John' has been scarcely less successful, and, with eleven winning races, his Grace's training bill has long since discharged itself. Among the most unfortunate owners have been Mr. Richard Sutton, who has had a wonderful partiality for 'seconding' his friends; Mr. Alexander, whose 'No Name' is hardly a good substitute for Thunderbolt; and Lord Chesterfield, who wanted Polynesia to play Bathilde's part in The Cambridgeshire. 'Lord 'Frederick' has only won one race this year, but Fortune has made ample amends to him for it in another way; and Sir Henry Des Vœux and Mr. Pourney bring up the rear, and are in fact the whippers-in of the lot.

Turning from the Post to the Paddock we discover that Newminster is clean ahead of all the other sires of the day, as he has got 37 winners, who have won 76 races and over 22,000*l.*; while his great hundred-guinea rival Stockwell only got 31 winners, whose produce was 20,807*l.* Sweetmeat and Kingston stand next, with 16,950*l.* and 11,750*l.* respectively; but as they may be said to have both left the service King Tom must be admitted to be the third in the order of merit, the 'King' having last season got 20 winners, who won 41 races, and netted 9,950*l.* In this order Voltigeur would be fourth, with 20 winners, 40 races, and 9,360*l.* in hard cash. Orlando is still in the front rank with 17 winners, who were successful in 32 races, worth, altogether, 6,675*l.* The Cure, through John Osborne's so skilfully placing his stock, keeps up his reputation, for his 23 colts and fillies have won no less than 57 times, earning 6,350*l.* A little way further down is Wild Dayrell, whose return of 16 winners, with 32 races and a balance of 5,400*l.* in their favour is not bad; and Weatherbit in his old age well sustains his early prestige, as no less than 15 of his stock have got their heads first in 36 races, and brought with them close on 5,000*l.* Mountain Deer and Rataplan are both progressing in the right direction; and among the most promising of the others are Leamington, The Chevalier d'Industrie, and Ellington. Of general Stud news there is a great scarcity; but Hobbie Noble has gone back to his original owner's old stud-farm at Cawston, and Mr. Johnston has moved Marionette from Warford to Lymington, where he will be associated with Autocrat and Surplice, who again returns to the place from whence he came. For Young Melbourne applications are coming in by every post, and Sir Lydston Newman has gazetted the annual distribution of the Mamhead mares. Hurry Scurry and Lady Audrey have been sent to Stockwell, while Petticoat, Sneer, Bright May, and Botany have been nominated for King Tom, and Olympias allotted to Wild Dayrell. At Middle Park there will be a great reduction in the number of sires, as Mr. Blenkiron has advertised Horror, Amsterdam, and one or two others for sale or hire. Caractus has gone to Croome, and Ben Webster to Fairfield, whose owner, according to report, is about to breed on a more extensive scale. Nat's favourite, the beautiful Lady Wildair, died a few days back, after casting twins to Jordan or Windhound.

The Hunting bulletins, in most instances, are full of complaints about the

paucity of sport, owing to the weather and the want of scent. The Quorn have done nothing worth speaking of in the absence of their Master on his bridal tour; and Mr. Tailby has not had more than two or three good days from the same atmospheric cause. The York and Ainstey are having wonderful sport daily, and no fox can live for them; in fact, it is the best season of continued sport ever recollected. With the Bramham Moor, however, matters have been different, for, barring a nice run from Bilston Banks to Studley Park, eleven miles, they have had very poor fun. Lord Lonsborough's coverts were all drawn blank, and there have been very few foxes found near them. This will surely bring forth one of Mr. George Lane Fox's Circulars, which act like a tonic on the system of the Vulpicides; and if it bring back some 'Nile Notes' to the keepers, the Lonsborough tenantry and the York Club will have reason to be grateful. Mr. Hall, of the Holderness, is also in despair about the want of foxes—an unusual circumstance in his country. In Cheshire Sir Watkin has had capital sport since he began, except in the third week of November, when the winds were so high no hounds could work. Walker keeps well, and each day he is out, proves his superiority in knowledge of the Noble Science over the huntsmen of the present day. The great secret of this is, that he loves the sport; and no man can be a huntsman whose heart is not in it, and is not a real enthusiast. Up to the present time he has been rewarded with forty brace of foxes. The Cheshire have also had good sport. From the Duke of Beaufort's country the despatches are of the most favourable character; and those who have emigrated into Devonshire, to go with Lord Portsmouth, have had no cause to repent their journey. In Dorsetshire neither the Blackmoor Vale, Lord Portman's, the East Dorset, or Lord Poltimore have done anything worth consuming printers' ink. In Hampshire there has been no cessation of good sport; and the Hambledon, whose Master was raised to the Peerage by a Bristol newspaper before his time, have rarely had such a month, fifteen out of the twenty-two days they were out, being first-rate ones. Hunting the country six days a week has already shown its beneficial results, for the foxes run much straighter and know more of the country than they used to do from being constantly rattled about. With Mr. Arkwright and the Essex there has not been such fine sport for the last ten years, the season, indeed, being one continuous run of good luck, without a drawback, save the wish that some of the fine runs had ended with blood. The large Saturday fields bother the Master a little; but that day is, *par excellence*, the London day.

Racing news is not very plentiful; but the Ring, who put up prayers for Lord Westmoreland's recovery, are delighted to see him back again; and it is not too much to say of him he divided, with Cambuscan, the topic of conversation at the sale at Newmarket. His illness, it seems, was brought on by drinking too much iced lemonade while dancing at a ball at Compiègne, for which, it is supposed, they treated him erroneously. It speaks well for the kind heart of 'L. N.,' as they call the Emperor in the Strand burlesques, that he should have spent so much time by his bedside, and took such energetic means to promote his recovery. At one time, we believe, he was in a most critical position, justifying the reports in circulation respecting him; and it is needless to add we join in the congratulations that have been showered on him, for we would much rather have him in the front of our volume, than at the end. New reforms are stated to be in contemplation at Newmarket in consequence of 'the scaly business' in the Houghton, and a Spring Meeting at Ascot is whispered to be on the *tapis*. Germany is coming out with a Jockey Club of its own, and Count Antoine de Waldstein is the prime leader of the move-



ment. It is to be upon the English principle; but the rules for the payment of animals claimed after a race, and also against defaulters for bets, are rumoured to be far more stringent. This is a step in the right direction, as all must allow. Arthur Edwards has joined the French Stable, and Aldcroft the Danebury, the Marquis of Hastings having engaged him after Mr. Savile. Captain White's confederacy with Lord Stamford is also announced.

Football is fast coming into fashion; and the Parliament composed of the chiefs of the Public Schools and other Clubs are now settling a code of laws by which for the future it shall be regulated.

Among the recent deaths of sporting men may be mentioned that of Mr. Waite, the seedsman, who used to bet so madly, and spoiled the market last year about Canary for The Hunt Cup at Ascot. Much was said about the matter at the time, but the gallant owner of the horse must excuse my remarking I do not see how 'a Canary' could well go without seeds of a morning, be he in ever so good feather.

Goodman Levy has gone to his long account, and demands a few last words. Probably in the annals of gambling there never existed a more infatuated wooer of Fortune than Goody, who might almost have played the chief part in the memorable sensation piece of 'Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life,' that used to be so popular at the Adelphi many years back. At one period of his career, viz., from 1839 to 1844, he had a large stud of horses in training, including Bedford, with whom he ran second to Cruiskeen for The Chester Cup, Orelie, with whom he won The Goodwood Stakes, Colchicum, Pluto, Remnant, Belgrade, Isabella, and a lot of others not worth recording. Bold as was his design to 'ring in a stranger' for The Derby, and cleverly as he thought it was executed, the clear intellect of Lord George Bentinck was too much for him; and it was singular how the most damning piece of evidence of his guilt was discovered. Lord George being aware that the horse's legs had been dyed, endeavoured first to discover the chemist's where the mixture had been purchased; and it struck him that, as Goodman lived in Foley Place, he would most likely get the dye on his way to his favourite resorts. Acting under this impression, he visited all the chemists' shops in Regent Street without success, and then turned his attention to the hairdressers in the same route, and on making inquiries at Rossi's if any large quantity of hair-dye had lately been sold to anybody, the lady at the counter replied in the affirmative. Lord George then asked if she was sure of the fact, and she said, 'Yes; because the gentleman ordered a second jar, and forgot to pay for it.' This was so conclusive that his Lordship was certain he was on the right scent; and learning from her that her husband had prepared the mixture according to the gentleman's directions, he said he would call again to see him. The next morning he visited him, and having seen Goodman at Glen's, he asked Mr. Rossi to jump into a cab with him and look in at Mr. Glen's shop, and see if he could discover the purchaser of the dye. This he did the moment he recognized Goodman. And it is needless to add that Mr. Rossi's evidence was very soon reduced to writing, and would have been fatal to him, had he been called upon to give it. For the last two years Goodman had been in a most impoverished state, being supported by a subscription; and he died of dropsy.

Colonel Fitzwygram's works on Shoeing and Stable Management, Judex's Analysis of the Derby, 'Cavendish on Whist,' and several other useful books we cannot notice this month, from the already heavy nature of our load.





J. B. Brown

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### SIR CHARLES SLINGSBY, BART. <sup>1</sup>

HAVING devoted so many months to the ornaments of the Turf, it is only fitting that the sister sport, the Chase, should have its claims on our attention recognized; and we hark back to Yorkshire for that purpose to bring out Sir Charles Slingsby, who has for so many years acted as the Master of the York and Ainsty Hounds.

Sir Charles Slingsby was born in 1824 at Lofftuss Hall, near Knaresborough, and succeeded his uncle as tenth Baronet in February, 1835. Proud as Yorkshire is of her Aristocracy and ancient families, which has made her rather jealous of the increasing and aggressive influence of the Merchant Princes who are to be found in her different Ridings, there are few houses can trace back their lineage further in the roll of history than that of Slingsby. Originally the family name of Sir Charles Slingsby was Scriven, which is the designation of his seat; but in 1357, by the marriage of Johanna de Scriven with William de Slingsby of Studley, the manor of Scriven, with several others, and also the dignity of Capital Forester of the forests and parks near Knaresborough, were united, and have never since been dissolved. Throughout all the civil wars which raged in England the Slingsbys took a conspicuous part, and their names continually occur in the history of those periods; and whatever view may be taken of their line of conduct, the virtue of consistency must not be denied them. In this respect the most notable example was Sir Henry Slingsby, the first baronet, who was raised to that distinction by Charles I., whom he entertained at the Red House, where is still to be seen the bed in which his Majesty slept. Sir Henry, in espousing the cause of his unfortunate Sovereign, not only had his estates taken from him and sold, but being betrayed in making an effort to restore him, was apprehended, and after a mock trial before a pretended Court was executed on the 8th of June, at the same time with the eminent Dr. Hewett, on Tower Hill. The subject of our Memoir, the present Baronet, inherited the taste of his father and uncle for hunting, as both of them

have figured as Masters, the former of harriers and the latter of fox-hounds. From not being a Public Schoolman, Sir Charles had more opportunities afforded him of indulging his predilection for sport of every description than falls to the lot of most young men of his position in life, and at fourteen he found himself at the head of a pack of harriers. These he maintained until he was offered the York and Ainsty country in 1853. Ten years having elapsed since he accepted the Mastership of these hounds, ample opportunity has been afforded of judging of his merits; and without prejudice to others placed in a similar position, we may observe that Sir Charles Slingsby is perhaps one of the best Gentleman Huntsmen of the present day, for he possesses all the attributes requisite for the office, viz., patience, discrimination, perfect self-control, and determination. These qualifications he showed when, soon after assuming the reins of management, he had to part with his huntsman, and commenced hunting his hounds himself. Since then the character of the pack has been much raised, and the sport he has shown without a precedent in its annals. In the field, when the scent is moderate, and, indeed, at all times, he interferes very little with his hounds, and never makes a cast until it is absolutely necessary; but when the scent is good his determination to be with his pack generally leads to a successful issue, and lucky is the fox that escapes him. With the farmers Sir Charles is very popular; and his quiet demeanour and non-interference with the field renders his position an easy one, and a reproof is rarely needed.

But it is not alone in the Hunting Field that Sir Charles Slingsby has figured, for he has also played his part in a small way on the Turf, being both a breeder and a performer in the pigskin. And those who have seen the patience he has displayed in riding his own horse Eggsauce and other animals in the Hunt Races at Doncaster, Malton, and Thirsk, will agree with us that he only needs a little more practice to get very near the top of the tree of his class. Sir Charles as a breeder had never more than a couple of brood mares in his keeping, but one of them, Miss Julia Bennett, is deserving of honourable mention as being the dam of Mr. E. R. Clarke's celebrated Vandermeulin, who was such a favourite for the Derby; and had that eccentric and spirited Sportsman achieved the dream of his life with him at Epsom, the result would have been of incalculable benefit to the metropolis, as he had put on the hospitals and churches, and other public institutions of a useful nature, such an enormous sum to nothing that Peabody would have sunk into insignificance beside him. 'Sed Diis aliter visum est.'

In conclusion, we should add that Sir Charles Slingsby spent five years in the Blues, and is now settled down at Scriven, where as a landowner and Master of Fox-hounds he contributes to the well-being of his tenantry and the amusement of his neighbours in a manner to insure the popularity of the family name in the county of his ancestors.

## THE GRAND NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

IF it were possible for the same circle to have two centres, we should have selected Melton Mowbray and Market Harborough as the two centres of attraction to the sporting men of the Shires. Each place has its peculiar features; and there are few men, *habitués* of either the one or the other, who have not a very decided bias of opinion on the subject. An honest rivalry of this kind adds immensely to the pleasures of sport, and, like our diversity of taste for physical beauty, is a most convenient accident of our nature. Conceive the whole of the hunting population, not confined to its own districts, but who annually favour the unhappy hunting grounds of the popular shires, fixing upon one locality for the exhibition of their passion for the chase! It is, therefore, a merciful dispensation of Providence that arsenic may become mutton, or one man's poison another man's meat; and that, besides Melton and Market Harborough, there are half a hundred villages in the middle of England which are each considered the most eligible for the sports of the field, according to the taste of its votaries.

Notwithstanding this diversity of opinion, just as in one ball-room there may be twenty minor divinities, each one with her separate worshipper (and perhaps, indeed, a crowd of such, if she did but know it), and but two absolute and indisputable belles, so we have been always inclined to yield our particular fancy to one of the two situations spoken of. Circumstances may take a man anywhere to hunt, but a choice of the best country in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire will probably lie between the neighbourhood of those towns.

It is in accordance with this view that the Grand National Hunt Steeple-chase has been hitherto held at Market Harborough. It was supposed that the form of a hunter, carrying a fair weight, would be best developed, and his qualities tested, by his capability of crossing a really stiff country. The view that the gentlemen and sportsmen of these counties took was, that galloping with a light weight at a maximum pace should be left to the flat, and that the breed of hunters would be best secured by an exercise of their powers in one of the hardest counties in England.

Liverpool (and I verily believe there is no more sporting place to be found) has secured for many years the inestimable advantage of racing over some very light fences at a pace which defies competition, but which, from the absurdity of the obstacles and the weight which was formerly placed upon the horses, made that meeting valueless for the only legitimate object which steeple-chasing has in view. That, however, has been, to a certain extent, ameliorated by Mr. Topham in the adoption of the New Steeple-chase rules—*Perge modo, mi Topham*, in the course you have so lately adopted, and you will find it the best course in the world. Indeed, I ought not to

omit the mention of a letter which appeared in a sporting newspaper a few weeks ago, and which purported to advocate the continuance of light weights over a country upon these singular grounds, that the pace at Liverpool was so great, and the fences so small, as to reduce the so-called Grand National to a gallop over the flat, the writer being apparently unconscious of the death-blow such a line of argument would deal to the pastime in question.

In the case of the gentlemen who were instrumental in getting up the first Great National Hunt Steeple-chases at Market Harborough, the reverse appears to have been the motive principle; and if a really formidable hunting country was the great desideratum, no better place could have been selected. The Meeting has now to be removed to another locality of no less note; and if the steeple-chasing world—*i.e.*, the honest world—who loves the sport for itself, or the proper object it has in view, has nothing further to thank Market Harborough for, or the gentleman who has certainly had more trouble and expense over it than anybody else, the rules which it has promulgated, and which now seem to bid fair for universal adoption, will remain as a perpetual record of what energy and determined honesty of purpose can do.

It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that steeple-chasing is very much on the increase. One might as well ignore the Emperor of the French, or the American war, as the increased interest which is attached to this old national sport. But there is a reason for this beyond the mere recreation afforded by such a pastime, or the boldness and judgment of unpaid riders. Englishmen are sufficiently practical to pretend a reason for national pursuits, if they do not feel its immediate promptings. There was very little apology due for the proceedings which were undertaken in 1860, and which seem to be reaching their culminating point in 1864. Racing was admitted on all hands to be *nearly* useless for the propagation of the strong, active, enduring, thoroughbred hunter: such a horse as is seen here and there in the studs of our richest men, but whose type is scarcely known beyond the circumference of the two centres already alluded to. Short races, light weights, and premature debility is a system which is kept up for the purposes of betting, and which was very properly exposed in the December number of 'Fraser's Magazine.' There was nothing to hope from Newmarket. The Agricultural Show, with the honestest intentions, is equally inoperative in its results. How many of the best hunters in England, the best performers over a strong country, ever are shown at all? The deceitfulness of riches is very great, but not greater than that of appearance. How many men would like to buy a valuable horse at three, four, or five hundred guineas, without an opportunity of testing his merits by something stronger than trotting exercise in a straw yard. If all the British talent collected from every part of this island were to favour me with an opinion on such a subject, from the very cursory view which they can have of the animal before them, I should hold it as nothing in comparison with my own experience. One good

five-and-twenty minutes over Mr. Tailby's country, or on the Market Harborough side of the Pytchley, with Captain Carnegie in the saddle, would settle the pretensions of all the fancy bazaar work in the world. The Agricultural Society have done all they can. They do much good in their way, and doubtless induce more care in the selection and breeding of valuable horses of all kinds; but it is clearly to the Steeple-chase that we must look for the fulfilment of what may beforehand be called promise. The demand is so enormous, and the wealth of the county so great, that the supply must be increased; and it behoves the men most concerned—*i.e.*, the hunting men (not of Melton, nor Market Harborough, but all over the world)—to look to the business in hand. It is useless to say that it *cannot* be done. It must be done: at least, if a first-class horse is, as I imagine, a *sine quâ non* in a gentleman's stable. That men will have them, if they can, is evident enough: they go all over the country after them; and they have lately made Ireland their land of hope and promise: but even there the supply seems wearing out and wanting that support which it ought to have. The encouragement given by our hunting men in the long prices paid for acknowledged hunters is very great; and it is almost impossible that any investment should return so large a per-centage as a really well-managed breeding establishment for high-class hunters. To this must be added a proviso: that the horse be well broken and well ridden from his earliest years, and then permitted an opportunity of showing himself over a hunter's course in the best possible company. Now this can never be done but by the encouragement of steeple-chasing, on such a scale that you shall have a guarantee for the honesty of the performance, and by the addition of such money to the stakes as shall secure a good entry of the best horses.

For an attempt to do this we owe much to those persons who promoted the Harborough Meetings of 1860, 1861, and 1863. It was found, however, at the last meeting that some apparently valid objection existed to this locality. The Meeting began in 1860 with an entry of nearly 60 horses, 31 of which were absolute starters; in the following year the numbers were diminished to 38, of which 17 were starters; and in 1863 the numbers who exhibited were reduced to five. It is, however, fair to state that the entry had been raised from 10*l.* to 25*l.*, and that other circumstances might have tended to lessen the numbers materially. The fact was thus forcibly impressed upon the minds of the stewards, that for some reason or other the prestige of Market Harborough was gone; and we will endeavour, in a few words, to give the general view taken of those causes which diminished its influence. Obviously, the first was the difficulty of the country. Unfairly and needlessly, much was made of 'ridge and furrow,' a peculiarity, it is true, of certain parts of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire; but, being characteristic of the best hunting countries, it is, of course, an almost indispensable feature in a first-class steeple-chase. The fences were declared almost impracticable; but as they are crossed every time hounds run over it, and as the



horses, on the occasion referred to, ran with as few casualties as in any other part of England, and considerably fewer than in some of the lighter courses, it is but fair to believe that they are not beyond the capability of a really good horse. Something has been said about the accommodation. I can easily imagine that Market Harborough produces neither *paté de foie gras*, nor truffles, nor turkey stuffed with chesnuts; but probably there is as much convenience as is to be met with in a small town in a midland county. However, there may have been some inconveniences on that score which I did not experience.

Be all this as it may, it was clear that the game was up at Market Harborough, and that if there was to be a continuance of the Great National Hunt Steeple-chase at all, it must be by a change of locality. The most desirable place that could be fixed upon, under these circumstances, and considering that hitherto all the trouble had fallen upon hunting men in the shires, and not in the provinces, was Melton Mowbray. It seemed to satisfy the conditions as to country; for while it presents almost every feature to be met with in a good run, including natural water, it is free from the *bête noir* above mentioned, ridge and furrow. Its accommodation exceeds that afforded by Market Harborough; and, though neither a Liverpool in size nor a Leamington in luxury, it will be found to suffice for the temporary convenience of visitors. We may add to these advantages the near neighbourhood of most of our hunting aristocracy. It is accessible from various points by rail, and there can be no doubt that every facility will be afforded for going and returning by private and public conveyance. So much for Melton Mowbray, which is to be the scene of the Grand National Hunt Steeple-chases for 1864.

It has always seemed absurd enough that whatever the pretensions, whatever the size of the place, or the influence in the sporting world it possesses—be it military or civil, be it for fifty or five hundred—everything has verged into a National Steeple-chase. We see nothing but national steeple-chases down all the columns of London and provincial newspapers. Certainly if ever there was a well-founded claim to the name it belongs to this of which we are now speaking, and which was the offspring of the energy and talent of the gentlemen of the midland counties. In order, however, that it should really preserve this name, and which could belong strictly to the horses neither of Melton nor of Harborough, nor of any other district, it is proposed to make the late Harborough chase a moveable feast. It will not remain at Melton, but will henceforth be moved backwards and forwards, north, south, east, and west, so as to include all the advantages which may be supposed to attach themselves to any or every county in which sport is recognized. We may have in turn the Holderness, the banked fences of Devon, the wide ditches and light plough of the Roothings of Essex, and, if not Surrey, certainly some of the grass lands of Middlesex and the neighbourhood of the metropolis. As this is really to be the case, we can conceive no other chase which will half so well answer to its deno-

mination, and the managers are about to give us what the country has long wanted—a veritable Grand National Hunt Steeple-chase.

To carry out this purpose it stands to reason that there must be a fund; a fund, not only to supply the expenses of the present, but to which, as it increases, the country may look as a nucleus for the continuance of its sport. Names are exceedingly cheap; anybody almost will lend a name for a respectable purpose, especially if it be worth very little; but what is wanted is money. Now the managers of this undertaking, men of considerable position and experience in all that concerns the sport—Lord Grey de Wilton, Mr. W. G. Craven, and Mr. B. J. Angell—are quite aware of this necessity, and have devised a scheme which seems to be admirably adapted for the purpose.

A circular, which I have appended, has been addressed in the first place to the Masters of Hounds. It is a great point to enlist them in the service, and indeed all such persons as have an evident personal interest in the success of breeding. As will be seen, this point is brought prominently forward; and it seems really that the promoters of this Grand National have said nothing more than the truth when they point out that though the business has been often discussed, no satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at. There can be no doubt that Masters of Hounds, and the gentlemen hunting with them, are the persons chiefly concerned, and they must not therefore grudge the little additional trouble which the committee propose to give them in the collection of subscriptions. The fund that could be raised in this manner is almost incalculable; and one of the very wisest movements on the part of the managers has been the limit of subscription. The maximum is 10*l.*, and the minimum may be as low as the most moderate can desire. A man need not be ashamed of his want of means, only of his unwillingness to use those which he has at his disposal; and where many will give their ten-pound note for the promotion of a national pastime which carries with it so much practical good, let not those be deterred from following the example who can afford only one sovereign, or even the half of it. I think it almost useless to impress this upon my readers. Every man knows, especially about Christmas time, how sovereigns, and even shillings, swell an account, and it is not easy to calculate the amount which may be collected to add to the stakes, if every man, in every hunt, who professes to be actuated by a love of sport, or an impression of its utility in the present instance, will but give his mite. As money is the sinews of war, so is it of steeple-chasing; and as a royal road has been discovered to a liberal contribution, it is to be hoped that the persons most interested—the sportsmen of the country—will not refuse to travel on it. Of course amongst them there will be some with peculiar notions on the subject of steeple-chasing altogether, who have always refused to support it, and always will; who regard it as unsportsmanlike and barbarous. It is enough to remind those persons that there has arisen a great necessity for the encourage-

ment of this sport by the increase of their own, and that a supply of good hunters equivalent to the demand can scarcely be created by any other means. Mankind, that is, the majority of mankind, and certainly as much of it as resides in the shires, must have a good and continuous supply of very highly bred horses; they will fail, or become so exceedingly scarce and dear as to be beyond the reach of any but the largest means; and the constant cry is, and has been for some time, that nothing is to be found fit to carry a man of fair average weight under two or three hundred, and that then they not unfrequently prove to be second or third rate.

The announcement that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has headed the subscription list with a donation of 10*l.* is a matter of sincere congratulation to all lovers of the sport. Such a name is a guarantee of the high-class character which the meeting at Melton Mowbray is likely to assume. The Prince of Wales has not rushed hurriedly and inconsiderately into sport, as though he were guided by some unrestrained impulse, but he has seen the utility and the practical nature of a pastime which has peculiar claims upon the fox-hunter, and he has been graciously pleased to give it his support. The Prince is not without some experience himself of the difficulty of procuring the best hunters; and if such can be the case with himself and the noblemen and gentlemen of England in the most affluent circumstances, what must be the condition of the hundreds who would wish to see the class of horse for general purposes improved; whose very existence depends upon the possession of at least a moderately good animal, but who find it impossible to procure even the most miserable impostor at anything under a curate's stipend?

In taking the lead in this subscription, the Prince of Wales has done very great good, for it is not easy to estimate the advantages of such an example. It leads, moreover, to high expectations for the future. No one contemplates the collapse of a meeting which shows such evident signs of practicability; and the circumstance of moving it from county to county will give it an universal interest, which it wanted before. For this purpose, however, there must be a regularly supplied fund; and as, in all probability, the subscriptions for the present year will exceed the sums which it will be found expedient to add to the stakes, there will be formed a nucleus on which the continual donations of future years may be grafted, and a Grand National Steeple-chase Fund be created, with some certainty of its becoming an institution. There can be but little difficulty, when at Melton, in making arrangements for the next year's meeting; and if one of the gentlemen connected with its earliest establishment would continue at his post, selecting the other two stewards from the county or neighbourhood in which it is run each year, I believe it would facilitate matters materially, and tend to relieve the affair of much of its inconvenience and uncertainty. It ought to go on just as smoothly as any other race meeting in England; and to talk of want of funds, when the Kildare Hunt alone

gives 150*l.* to be run for at Punchestown—German sportsmen have added 400*l.* for the Baden Steeple-chases, and the French Government gave 4,000*l.* last year to be contended for over the country at various places—is a simple absurdity, and the very worst compliment we can pay to our own intelligence or liberality.

There is one class of persons always considered and to be considered in these matters. In everything connected with the sports of the field we must have the British farmer on our side. I should be glad to see that worthy individual devoting himself to the improvement of horses, in such a manner that they should be made available for hunting purposes in his own immediate neighbourhood. To suppose that a gentleman has any especial liking for travelling some hundreds of miles to look at a horse, when he can see a better one in his own village, is ridiculous. It is just as reasonable to suppose that he prefers giving a dealer 300*l.* when he could buy the same thing of a farmer for 100*l.* We have therefore an especial concern in this business of the tenant farmer; and such are the conditions attached to his name and occupation, that I trust he will be convinced that his interest has not been overlooked, and that he will disregard any attempt to prejudice the gentleman and fox-hunter in his eyes. The interests of the two are identical, and I hope to see them go hand in hand for many years to come in everything that refers to the sports of the field.

There are two ways in which the British farmer can be handicapped. He may either be allowed to enter at less money, which makes his chances of winning greater as regards the sum; or he may be allowed a diminution of weight, which makes his chances of winning greater as regards the capabilities of his horse. Either of these methods were open to objection from one party or the other. In order, therefore, fully to satisfy the demands upon the liberality of the promoters in the Melton Mowbray Grand National, both methods have been adopted to a certain extent. The entrance fee for the tenant farmer, with a certain proviso, which I am about to add, will be 5*l.* instead of 10*l.*, and the allowance of 5 lbs. in weight is given to bring his horse as near as possible to the standard. But the tenant farmers must occupy 'one hundred acres or more of land in the United Kingdom, and not being either licensed horse dealers or trainers, will be permitted to enter horses that have been *bonâ fide* their property, and in their possession since the 1st of January, 1864.' Can anything be fairer than this? A chance of winning some four or five hundred sovereigns for a fee of five sovereigns, and an allowance of 5 lbs., which is that of a professional to an amateur. Nor must it be supposed that such restrictions are useless, or merely nominal. In other counties it has been found that a very stringent rule has to be drawn up and closely adhered to. Farmers are, in the aggregate, fine, jovial, straightforward fellows enough, but they require looking after, like other people; and in this case the less trouble the stewards have the better. Fraud has this disadvantage, that it makes gentlemen more cautious in their

dealings than they otherwise are willing to be. It seems, however, quite impossible that the tenant farmers will reject so handsome an opportunity of showing their horses. A man may not be first, nor second, nor third, but if his horse has been seen to go well from end to end, it seems quite impossible that he should fail to do himself and his owner credit, and we all know the readiness with which purchasers will be found. There will be every dealer in the country present. Not a gentleman who cares for hunting will be absent. The opportunities afforded will give the veritable tenant-farmer a chance of winning a handsome stake, or of selling his horse to the very best advantage. These are the reasons for the adoption of such a measure, and as the privilege is great, the restrictions, or rather the determination to enforce them, should be strong.

No man should (and we trust the stewards will be well awake to the temptation) be allowed to run his horse with any doubt as to the proprietorship. All questionable dealing ought to be eschewed, scouted. The farmers have been well treated, and they should show their appreciation of it by running thoroughly on the square. Horses change hands very easily when such an opening presents itself, and Smith's horse finds its way mysteriously enough into Jones's stable. A sale, too, takes place not unfrequently just before the race, which, according to the conditions, should have been no later than the year's end; and a most unfair advantage would be taken, not only of the promoters of the sport, but of the farmers themselves. It is a comfort to think that the supervision will be strict, and the enforcement of the rules stringent. For it is determined that great publicity shall be given to fraud, and that neither owner nor horse shall reap any future benefit at any race where the Grand National Steeple-chase Rules are in force. I think the conditions most liberal and conducive to sport; and as the horse may be bought any time before the 1st of January, it stands to reason that a farmer or gentleman will have November and December in which to pick up anything eligible for the race. Two months are given him to pick out the soft ones, and if he cannot do so in that time he may as well leave racing alone until the following season. On the whole, no such scheme has yet come before the public for promoting the breed of good thoroughbred horses for hunting or for general purposes. It is to be universally adopted, and will prove universally attractive. I believe every hunting man in the kingdom approves of the object, though he may imagine a shorter or better road to the result. All others now appear to me to be futile; and there can be no doubt that the promoters deserve not only our thanks but our money. Former objections are done away as regards the difficulties of the country, and the Grand National Hunt Steeple-chases of Melton Mowbray ought to attract every man's support. Follow your Prince; if you can, over a country; if you cannot, in the admirable example he has set for the increase and improvement of the breed of the good weight-carrying hunter. The circular which

I append will have been read by this time in most of the papers, but it will bear repetition for its concise and intelligible language.

*To the Masters of Hounds of England.*

‘The question of breeding hunters has of late been so much before the public, that it is needless to enter into it. That the demand for that class of horse which is necessary for hunting purposes is greater than the supply, has been established beyond doubt. The means by which this state of things can be remedied has been often publicly discussed; but no satisfactory conclusion has hitherto been arrived at.

‘In Ireland, where nearly all our best hunters are bred, a prize of 300*l.* is annually given by the Hunts, to be run for by hunters; and last year the hunting men of England crowded to Punchestown to witness the Steeple-Chases there. The horses brought there by breeders, in most cases, changed hands, and many of them were purchased for this country.

‘The success of this scheme has induced certain sportsmen to attempt the same thing in England; and they propose to add annually a large sum of money for a Steeple-Chase, *the conditions of which will admit the tenant farmers at half the ordinary stake, and will allow them to carry less weight.*

‘For this purpose His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was applied to, and has been graciously pleased to approve the plan. His Royal Highness has headed a limited subscription with a donation of 10*l.*

‘It has been agreed to request the various Masters of Hounds in England to appoint some one person in their respective Hunts to collect small sums, not exceeding 10*l.*, from those who have an interest in the desired object: by this means a large sum of money will be easily obtained with little or no trouble.

‘It is to be hoped that the fact of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales having set the example will stimulate sportsmen to contribute readily. An account has been opened with the Leicestershire Banking Company, at Melton Mowbray, who will receive any subscriptions to the Grand National Hunt Steeple-Chase, the management of which has been undertaken by the following gentlemen.

‘VISCOUNT GREY DE WILTON, M.P., *Melton Mowbray.*

‘W. G. CRAVEN, ESQ., *Melton Mowbray.*

‘B. J. ANGELL, ESQ., *Lubenham, Rugby.*

‘The race will be run this year at Melton Mowbray, but it is proposed to move it annually.’

*The Grand National Hunt Steeple Chase, 1864,*

‘Of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., 3 only to subscribers who do not name, to go to the fund, with ( ) added, for horses that have never won any Steeple-Chase, Hurdle Race, or Flat Race value 20 sovs., not including the winner’s own stake, or that have never started in a Handicap Steeple-Chase or Hurdle Race up to the time of starting; five-year olds, 11st. 7lb.; six, 12st. 2lb.; aged, 12st. 7lb. Ages from the 1st of January. To be ridden by gentlemen, or farmers who have never ridden for hire; about four miles; the second horse to receive a percentage on the total amount, and the third to save his stake. The winner to pay 25 sovs. towards expenses.

‘*Tenant farmers* occupying 100 acres or more of land in the United Kingdom, and not being either licensed horse-dealers or trainers, will be permitted to enter horses that have been *bonâ fide* their property and in their possession since the 1st of January, 1864, for 5 sovs. each, and will be allowed 5lb.’

## PAUL PENDRIL.

## CHAPTER II.

THE wild features of the mountain side have been so well described by the glowing language of Wilson, Scott, and St. John, and every passage incidental to the chase of the glorious red-deer has been so charmingly illustrated by the pencil of that distinguished artist, Sir Edwin Landseer, that Highland scenes and Highland life have become familiar to us all, and the sport of the forest has been brought home to our very firesides. It matters not that we have never plunged into the dark depths of the Trosachs, nor climbed to the spot where Fitz-James brought the gallant grey to a dead stand-still; that we have never listened to Corrievrechan's roar, nor brought down the monarch of Benmore from his glorious throne, alas! to the back of a sheltie; all these things are as well known to us by the mind's eye as if we had had the positive experience of a Ross or a Saltoun in their practical enjoyment.

M. Tennyson, as we shall soon see, was really what the *maître d'hôtel* described him to be—a great traveller and an accomplished *chasseur*; and, having tried his hand at all kinds of forest game in various countries, he found himself, like Alexander the Great, with nothing left for him to conquer: however, he remembered the mouflon, and had come hither for the express purpose of stalking that shy and unapproachable animal in his mountain home. Pendril and Temple, too, had long been accustomed to the best hunting, and to the best wild sport that the British Isles could afford; and, perhaps somewhat sated therewith, had now travelled further a-field, to this land of Corsica, lying midway betwixt the Alps and the Atlas mountains; to a region untouched and undefiled by London agents; and to hunting-grounds on which their appetite for the chase—that is, for the real wild article—might be gratified to its fullest extent.

But they very soon found that he who undertakes such an expedition must cast behind him all preconceived notions of downy beds and comfortable quarters, and must be prepared to rough it in every sense of the word, externally, internally, and infernally; for the countrymen are charged to the muzzle with the volcanic element; the cuisine might suit the harpies, but would scarcely please even a modern Spaniard; and as for the sleeping apartments in general, they were already so crowded by inmates possessing large families and bloodthirsty in the extreme, that a quiet night's rest was a thing rarely to be enjoyed. Well might any of the tribe be compared to that daughter of the horse-leech which cried, 'Give, give!' and which he of Venusia simply described as

'Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.'

But if the drawbacks and difficulties of campaigning in the mountain fastnesses of Corsica were far greater than they are; if the brigands were even less placable, and the interior were less accessible

than it is, still the chase of the mouflon—the main object of our travellers' sport—amply compensated them for all the hardship, ay, and for every danger to which they were exposed.

High up, far above the highest scrub of the forest, on the very verge of what is all but perpetual snow, with no living creature but the eagle above him, the mouflon ranges in comparative security. What a noble specimen is he of the genus *ovis* ! look at his grand pair of spiral horns, his dilated eye, and his wild mountain visage. He might be, from his size and his fleece, a descendant of that beast that bore Ulysses in safety from the den of the Cyclops ; nay, let us go further back, to a more remote but less questionable history ; why not a collateral of that ram which was ' caught in a thicket by ' his horns,' and which ' Abraham took and offered up for a burnt ' offering in the stead of his son ? ' His horns at least might favour the presumption.

That he is a true sheep there can be no doubt ; and yet he bears a certain affinity to the deer tribe in his freedom of gait and lofty bearing ; his covering, too, has a large admixture of hair with the wool ; his colour is that of the chamois, and his mutton is equal in fibre and quality to the finest fallow venison. Many naturalists have supposed that the mouflon is the original parent of the sheep ; but the probability is that he is the descendant of those which have escaped from the dominion of man, and which, in a country like Corsica, where the wolf does not exist, would increase and multiply, and, after a time, assume all the characteristics of a real wild animal.

To approach him as he stands in bold relief between you and the sky on a pinnacle of granite crag, from which he commands, either by nose or eye, a circular and boundless view of the wilderness around him, needs the craft and adroitness of a Pawnee Loup Indian. All the precautions required in the chase of the chamois, the ibex, and the ' stag of ten,' with respect to wind, dress, knowledge of the gorges, and a thousand details, which experience and the circumstances of the moment can alone suggest, must be practised in pursuit of the mouflon. Patience, endurance, and a never-flagging zeal, are qualities indispensable to success ; and the hunter who does not possess them had far better stay at home than attempt to follow the mouflon in the wild and rugged declivities of a Corsican mountain.

Unlike his countrymen in general, there was nothing about M. Tennyson to indicate strong nationality ; la belle France indeed claimed him for her son, but he was a cosmopolitan in every sense of the word.

He had married in early life a daughter of the noble house of St. Prix, in Lower Brittany, had lost her in her first confinement ; and from that day, forsaking his beautiful old château on the Loire, he had wandered over the world, now tracking the elk in the snowy solitudes of the Bay of Fundy ; or, after a fierce encounter with a wounded lion, laving his wearied limbs in the glassy wave of the Limpopo ; and hither he had lately come, expressly to hunt the mouflon, and to compare that animal with the argali, the wild sheep



of the Caucasus, in Western Asia. For more than thirty years he had not been so near as he now was to his native home; he had left it in the morning of life, in the prime of early manhood, when his hair was darker than the raven's wing, and his step as light as that of the roe-deer; but sorrow and the finger of time had been busy at work, and he was now returning to the scenes of his youth a grey-headed man. But, all over, he looked like a grand stag-headed oak which, though denuded above, is at heart as sturdy and as stout as ever.

On coming forward to meet our friends, they were much struck by the unaffected cordiality of his manner; he greeted them with no ceremonious salutations, after the fashion of the *ancien régime*, but just lifting his hat, tendered at once 'the right hand of fellowship,' just as an English country gentleman welcomes a guest whom it delights him to honour.

'So, gentlemen,' he said, with a fair English accent, 'I understand you have come to Corsica to hunt the mouflon—the very object which brought me hither on my homeward route. I, too, like yourselves, have had some difficulty about the *permis-de-chasse*; but with a friend at court such small matters are easily managed, and I hope to get mine in a few days.'

'But,' said Temple, 'I very much doubt if the authorities have the power to make our cases exceptional; our references, too, may not satisfy the prefect.'

'In that case I should start at once for Cagliari: the mouflon in the Sardinian mountains, if not so abundant, are equally wild with those of Corsica.'

'And we should be delighted to join you—that is, if you would not object to our company,' said Pendril.

'Certainly not,' replied the Frenchman; 'three guns would not be one too many—the gorges require that number at least.'

Temple, however, reminded his friend that the long vacation came to an end at last; and that if he did not go up for his great-go at Michaelmas, the Head of St. Hubert's would give him a hint to migrate; he was quite ready to sail for Sardinia, but he must return to Oxford by the 20th of October.

'That you can easily do, Temple; and I do hope you will not only go up, but get through on this occasion. As to a migration, the hospitable old walls of Kettle Hall may possibly afford you an asylum; but, after that, if your wings again collapse, there is nothing left for you but the penal settlements.'

'Thank you, Pendril, I should prefer a Hansom at home; but, seriously, next time or never for the promised land: at present a whole desert of books lies between me and my degree; and then there's the Jordan to cross in the shape of an examination—an awkward fence, if you are not in condition.'

'Ay, that's just the point: in the field, if you mean to stay at your work, you must begin at the beans in good time; he who only crams at the last will generally come to grief—either he is thrown

‘out of his stride, or the country is too deep for him, or the fences grow as the pace improves, till at length the chase sweeps ahead, and he is brought in pitiful distress to an untimely and ignominious stand-still. It is thus in the schools; men will not make due preparation; the examiner soon finds they are not in form, and of course floors them like a set of ninepins.’

How long this conversation might have been continued it is difficult to guess; Pendril, however, was going on to say something about ‘*sudavit et alsit*,’ when M. Tennyson remarked that as at all events they had the prospect of passing a few days at Ajaccio, the time might be profitably employed in making the necessary arrangements for their campaign in the forest.

Accordingly, the purchase of a mountain pony was the first object of Pendril’s attention; and, as the island of Corsica is renowned for its sturdy and sure-footed breed, he had little difficulty in choosing from a string of a dozen the very model of a Tartar cob. Although not more than twelve hands in height, his breadth of beam and limb-power was prodigious; at the same time the obliquity of his shoulder and slightly cat-hammed hocks indicated the utmost liberty of action; and, to crown all, his head and eyes were those of an Arab from the plains of Dongola. Will, to whose charge the little black beauty was consigned, confessed at once that nothing he had ever seen on Dartmoor, or even on Exmoor, could equal this specimen of the Corsican hills—an admission, on his part, for which, knowing his intense partiality for everything in the shape of Devon stock, Pendril was scarcely prepared.

A pack-saddle, fitted up with side-straps and a strong padded crupper, was soon manufactured by a French saddler, and on this were adjusted a pair of capacious saddle-bags, the tent, and sundry accompaniments considered necessary for the expedition. Although at first sight the baggage appeared somewhat formidable, yet the pony stepped gaily and freely under his burden; and if from a foal he had been accustomed to the penates of a gipsy, he could not have borne the pack-saddle and its incumbrances with more steadiness or less alarm. He would have carried, in emergency, a ten-stone man on the top of all, and that, too, in safety over the mountain roads of Corsica, which, according to Will’s estimate, were twice as steep and twice as rugged as Diamond Lane upon Dartmoor. So far the trial of the pony was quite satisfactory; and that he might be named appropriately of course they called him the Corporal, after Napoleon Bonaparte; for he was not only bred on the native soil, but was actually bought in the Rue Charles, under the windows of the very house in which the modern Hannibal was born. And now, having settled that weighty matter, the gentlemen, under the guidance of the *maitre d’hôtel*, a loquacious, good-natured man, proceeded on a tour of inspection over the little town of Ajaccio.

At this period, which was long subsequent to the fall of the first Emperor, the interfusion of the Italian and French races seemed to have made but little progress. Although the submission to France of

the whole island of Corsica took place in June 1769, one month before the birth of the great Napoleon, the inhabitants still continued to be true Italians, and loved to maintain the dress, habits, and language of that country with which they had been so long allied. The old nobility of Corsica, branches of which the family of Napoleon Bonaparte, both on his father's and mother's side, were indisputably proved to be, talked of Pascal Paoli and the days of their stormy independence, as if they would again hail with fervour the return of such a leader, and cast off the foreign yoke under which the island had so long writhed. Of course there were French officials *partout*; every post of honour or emolument was filled by a Frenchman; and, in fact, the pride of the native Corsicans revolted from the notion of administering new laws imposed upon them by the supreme government. Indeed, all whose circumstances enabled them to do so, held sedulously aloof from official life, and refused to undertake duties the performance of which would have lowered the high standard of their own self-respect. Consequently, an Englishman, at that time, was far more likely to be welcomed by the best families of the island on his own merits, as an English gentleman, than if he had come recommended to them by all the influence of the French court.

M. Tennyson, in his alliance with our English friends, soon found the advantage of such good company; while frequently, on the other hand, they had to thank him for many a favour and many a kind attention, which, chiefly on his account, they had received from the French officers. So, unaided by Tidd Pratt, they established among themselves a mutual benefit society, which in their subsequent adventures in the forest, and especially amongst the mountaineers, proved to be of the greatest service to each of them.

Having wandered at their leisure through the Rue Napoléon, the Rue Fesch, and the Place Letitia—streets insignificant in construction, but recording names which give a world-wide distinction to this island—the trio soon found themselves in the Place du Diamant, by far the prettiest spot in the little city. From this point of the promontory the view to seawards is remarkably fine, while the vine-clad hills which slope away from the water's edge are decorated, as they mount to the skies, with the olive, the arbutus, and the wild myrtle. A visit to the old Saracen burying-ground, which consists of subterranean vaults, after the fashion of the catacombs at Naples, gave M. Tennyson an opportunity of expatiating on the power and magnificence of the ancient Moors.

'It was by their prowess,' said he, 'that the Goths were driven from these shores, and Corsica first became an independent kingdom. And to this day the island bears on its shield the grim Moor's head, in token of the rule under which it was swayed.'

Then they sauntered to the Cappella de' Grechi, where the youthful Napoleon is said to have passed many a day in dreamy contemplation, and where his beautiful mother was wont to seek and to rouse him from his romantic reveries. He loved the spot, it was said, and in early manhood frequently retired thither for the

purpose, perhaps, of brooding over those marvellous schemes which in after years made him the terror and the wonder of the world. The *maitre d'hôtel*, however, who was thoroughly well versed in the Napoleonic history, discredited the popular belief in this matter. He knew, from the best authority, what had been the sole object of Napoleon's visit to Cappella de' Grechi: it was a lady. What else was it likely to be? Francesca Rivarola, the jewel of that distinguished family, and the beauty of the island, had captivated his youthful heart, and was for many a year the sole possessor of his first and truest love. To these quiet and secluded haunts the impressionable youth was wont to resort, pensive, alone, on one point—the fair Francesca. Higher aspiration he had none than the possession of that treasure then beyond his reach.

Ambition was yet asleep in his bosom, but who shall say it was not roused into action (and what that was the world well knows) by the all-powerful voice of Love, the master passion of the human heart? Napoleon, a poor lieutenant in the Grenoble regiment of artillery, and the second son of a still poorer avocat, who had been ruined by the Jesuits, had nothing but his hand to offer to a daughter of the house of Rossi; and this was deemed insufficient: his head was not taken into account. So the flame of love set fire to an ambition which in a short period consumed mighty kingdoms, and burst like a volcano over the whole of Europe.\* In after years, when Napoleon stood on the pinnacle of glory and danger, and the fair Francesca had become the Lady Abbess of Santa Clara, Madame Bonaparte, his mother, would often tell her friends, with a sigh, that her son had missed a Corsican prize of great value, and that the loss had cast a dark shade over the destiny of his life.

Unlike some of the towns of Italy which weary the sight-seer with an endless succession of palaces, picture-galleries, and churches stuffed to repletion with saints, relics, and statuary, the modest stock of Ajaccio was soon brought to a close; and when our travellers had paid their respects to the cathedral, inspected the entry of Napoleon's baptism in the parish register, visited the substantial old-fashioned house in the Rue Charles, and peeped into the very room in which the hero was born, the objects of attraction were fairly exhausted: there was nothing more to be seen on this side of the mountains. The inhabitants, however, were really worth looking at: the men, in general, seemed a frank, open-hearted race, sturdy, and short in stature, and exhibiting in their gait and demeanour an independence that could not be mistaken. In dress they were far more Italian than French, and appeared to have adopted a cloth of a chocolate hue, which is so universally worn that it has almost become the distinctive and national colour of the island. The material of which it is woven is doubtless the home-spun wool of the native sheep in its simple undyed state, which will probably account

\* 'Russia, if not in his power, was at least in his influence. Prussia was at his beck. Italy was his vassal. Holland was in his grasp. Spain at his nod. Turkey in his toils. Portugal at his feet.'—*Sheridan's Speech in the House of Commons.*

for the general adoption of that sombre hue. Though good-natured and obliging, the men had that peculiar flash of the eye which, like a lighthouse, gives notice that the coast is dangerous, and that collision would be likely to cause a wreck.

Not so the women: nothing could well be sweeter than the expression of their classic faces, and certainly nothing more attractive than their soft and unaffected manner to strangers. The ease with which they moved under heavy weights, balanced on their heads, betokened an early apprenticeship to that labour; while the habit no doubt had contributed not a little to produce the erect carriage and well-proportioned figures for which they were so fairly renowned.

Two or three days after his visit to the Cappella de' Grechi Pendril was strolling alone in the suburbs on the hill-side of Ajaccio, and, as he was hourly expecting the return of the mail from Bastia, he turned his steps towards the main road which led over the mountains in the direction of that city. As he slowly and with difficulty emerged from a wayside thicket into which he had wandered, now impeded by blocks of rugged stone, which were scattered broadcast o'er the ground, and now forcing his way through the *macchie*, as it almost held him in its tangled arms, he was somewhat startled by the sudden arrival of Wildfire, who came bounding up to him with that exuberance of joy which a hound will show when he has unexpectedly found his master.

Pendril was puzzled at his appearance; and as the hound had not followed him by nose, but had come from an opposite direction, he could only conjecture that Temple or Will must be somewhere within hail, either down wind or within ken of the hound's vision. Pendril was not often taken aback, but he confessed to be so on this occasion. On putting up his Malvern glass, and sweeping the open, he discovered Temple in close conversation with a Corsican maiden who had come to draw water at a well within range of the spot on which he then stood. The pitcher, one of Pompeian form, rested on the edge of the well, the very emblem of that which 'Sweet Kitty' would have carried to the 'Fair of Coleraine.' Temple, doubtless thirsting for a draught, had inveigled the fair loiterer into a converse which, by the help of the eye and the broken language of his tongue, he managed to maintain with some fluency. At all events the maiden seemed in no hurry to depart, and, to judge by her merry mood, which Pendril could plainly perceive, she seemed to be amused as well as interested in what Temple was saying to her.

Pendril had no sooner lifted his telescope than he dropped it again, as the thought rapidly occurred to him that his glass was intended rather for the mouflon than for making secret observations on the scene before him. But the sketch was enough; his imagination soon filled in the details which his knowledge of the world in general, and Temple in particular, told him would be employed for the completion of the picture.

Without a moment's hesitation he made straight for the well, determined to interrupt, at least for the present, a *tête-à-tête* which to

all appearance both parties were too well disposed to continue, and which, if continued, might probably bring serious trouble to them and inconvenience to their friends.

As Pendril advanced from the brushwood Temple was on one knee in the act of soliciting another draught from the hands of his fair Hebe, while the maiden, as she held the pitcher to his lips, seemed to be wholly engrossed with the occupation of gratifying his unwonted thirst.

Apparently, she was unconscious that the stock of water remained undiminished in the cruse, and that in reality the rogue at her feet was imbibing from her eye a sweet but subtle poison that would fret and fire his veins and set his pulse a-dancing for many a day to come. Had she divined, in that artless moment, that the sole antidote for the dangerous draught would probably be fatal to her own happiness, would she have denied him that luxury? Look at her sunny smile, and that perfect outline of Grecian feature, and see how the mixture of Moorish blood peeps out at her eyes! and then ask if the flower excludes the honey-bee from its petals, robber and wanderer though he be.

Pendril had just time to observe, ere his approach was perceived, that Horace Vernet, when he painted that exquisite picture of 'Rebekah at the Well,' must have witnessed a very similar scene to this. The artist, however, draws largely on his powers of imagination: for, while the damsel bends over him with her pitcher, the messenger of Abraham appears to be making his own game, and as he imbibes the refreshing draught his eyes are feasting on the beauty of the fair Rebekah.

For a moment Pendril paused, as if loth to disturb so striking and so natural a scene; but his good sense came to the rescue, reflecting that he who hesitates is lost, and that when there is a knot to cut the god should make his appearance with no unnecessary delay.

A loud shout from Pendril at a distance of one hundred yards brought Temple to his legs as if he had been electrified; and the former scarcely needed to observe the colour that rose and the shade that followed it o'er the brow of Temple to be aware that the latter regarded his presence as an untimely if not an unwelcome intrusion. However, to put the best face on the matter, and at once to take the bull by the horns, he began in a sprightly tone of banter to attack him in the following way:—

'You're an old soldier, Temple, to steal a march upon us in this way, and in such good company too.'

'Not much of a soldier, Pendril; but at all events my company up to the present moment has been unexceptionable.'

'Bravo, my boy! I like to see a thoroughbred kick when he feels the spur. Two hours ago I left you deep in the Georgics, and here you are now bending your knee to a water nymph: that shepherd Aristæus will bring you to trouble, if you follow his example, depend upon it.'

'Thanks for your advice, Pendril; but, valuable as it is, don't squander it. Do you know how Sir Josiah Host gathered a sufficient sum to purchase that grand estate at Manhead? By minding his own business.'

A sharp interchange of hit and counter-hit was not likely to mend matters; but as Pendril for many reasons deemed it prudent to extinguish this infant flame, if possible, ere it burst forth into the full blaze of passion, in spite of rebuffs he continued the assault bravely. In the mean time the fair Agnese, after inviting Pendril to take a draught from her pitcher, which he very thankfully accepted, balanced it again on the *faldetta* in which her head was attired; then saying 'Addio!' to both gentlemen, she glided away easily and gracefully under the light burden up the craggy path which led to her mountain home.

Temple followed her with an eager gaze, as a fowler watches a bird that he means to mark down for a future shot; and, as he was no diplomatist, that expression of his face did not escape Pendril's observation. Temple's antecedents in such matters, though scarcely twenty-four years of age, might have led his friend to the conclusion that *côte qui côte* Temple would seek further interviews with that fair girl. Pendril, however, was not to be easily thwarted: his sympathy, and, above all, his good feeling, armed him with a moral power the whole force of which he would use to crush this serpent's egg; for, if once hatched, it would quickly assume the hydra form, and then be invincible.

'You are doubtless able to judge for yourself, Temple,' said he; 'but I claim the privilege of an old friend of your father's, and, I trust, of yours too, to warn you that an entanglement with a peasant girl must bring you to grief if you persevere in your present object.'

'Grief is my normal condition, according to the Dons; and if I am not to be permitted, when

'Lovely Thaïs sits beside me,'

'to

Take the goods the gods provide me,'

'I see no chance of escape from that purgatory to which you and they would consign me even in this life.'

'Better a purgatory in this world than the next, Temple! Your reason was given you to control your passion, and if you do not so use it you will pay the penalty sooner or later. But, independently of the moral view, there is another which, although less grave, is one which you have scarcely regarded with sufficient consideration; and that is, the temper of the natives. Revenge is a part of the Corsican creed, and all injuries offered to women are wiped out with blood. So beware of the stiletto or the musket-ball if you pursue this game much further.'

Pendril, who had inferred quite correctly that this was neither the first nor an accidental meeting at the well, struck a chord, when he

spoke of revenge which vibrated in the breast of Temple. The very idea of bullets and stilettoes roused his reckless nature, and only added fresh fuel to the flame already kindled within him; so, breaking off the conversation abruptly by begging that Pendril would not further interfere in his private affairs, he came to the dangerous resolve that his passion for this love adventure should be gratified at any price.

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## THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

### CHAPTER V.

NOTHING has tended more to mark the transition from the past to the present state of hunting than the economy and discipline of the modern kennel. Comeliness, symmetry of form, and the high condition of hounds, with kennel cleanliness, constitute the salutary exchange for former inelegance, a want of care and attention to food, and a slovenliness in everything appertaining to the home department. As a concomitant and a consequence of this state of things is the perfect discipline to which the fox-hound of the present day has been reduced. But in comparing him with his progenitor, and ascribing the full measure of honour to his improvement in the specialities enumerated, it would not be doing justice to such sires as the Corbet Trojan, the Belvoir Topper, the Beaufort Nectar, the Yarborough Ranter (1790), the Fitzwilliam Druid, the Monson Wildboy, the Egremont Justice, the Berkeley Woldsman, the Cheshire Bluecap, Sir Tatton Sykes' Splendour, the York and Ainsty Tarquin, Mr. Ward's Solomon, the Farquharson Stormer, &c., to affirm that he is superior to them in every quality. The modern fox-hound outrivals his ancestor in perfection of symmetry and in pace, as that ancestor was his master in ruder and more sterling worth. By that word 'worth' we would mean the power or faculty of hunting a cold scent, and the will of speaking to it. The modern fox-hound possesses a sufficiency of tongue if he be willing to exert it; yet there are always hounds that from their nature and disposition will be more or less retentive of it; and the vice is, to a certainty, hereditary.

As a matter of course this will be disputed by many who have not examined the question narrowly, or, having professedly examined it, are incompetent, from impatience, prejudice, or a necessary want of hound knowledge, to arrive at a sound conclusion. We have it recorded in many a trustworthy page that kennel cleanliness preserves and increases fineness of nose. It is strictly true; and the admission instantly establishes a superiority in the hounds of the olden time in this particular faculty; for notwithstanding the heated and unwholesome atmosphere of their lodging rooms, and generally throughout the country the comparative dirt of their yards, their failings were not a niggardness in stooping and carrying a line of low scent, or a want in the acknowledgment of it. In these two properties they



were essentially superior to their descendants. This must, however, be attributed [to the right source—fashion—and not to the deterioration of the hound *quâ* hound in his nature and ability. The compulsory pace of the commanding shires, and a servile imitation of Jupiter by Pluto, have caused and generalized these prominent evils:—‘Fox-hunting, like most other things, has undergone a great change, and instead of the old slow-and-sure system of occupying minutes to find and hours to kill, we are now, taking the season through, hours finding and minutes killing. At the same time “honour to those to whom honour is due;” and my belief is that our ancestors, the line hunters, *hunted* their fox as well, if not better, than we who now *race* him down.\*’

It may be observed that the worth of a former day and the beauty and pace of the present may be successfully amalgamated. Mr. Temple introduced into Western latitudes the high blood and splendid properties of the Beaufort fox-hound; and another and still more recent M. F. H. in the same shire—the Earl of Portsmouth—has united the line hunting and the voice of old with the brilliancy that distinguishes the performance of modern times.

The kennel arrangements at Stover, especially in their interior and daily economy, were admirable of their kind. That which is termed discipline was never excelled. In Devonshire the kennelmen formerly were dirty fellows, and there was a difficulty in establishing that strict cleanliness which is the first requisite preparatory to the complete tuition of a fox-hound. The primary desideratum is to make him comprehend that which is required he should do, and his obedience to command is obtained by the means of fear or affection. If the former be the agent, then the subjection will be passive and damning to natural energy; on the other hand, kindness, combined with a determination of purpose, thoroughly understood by the hound, will bring out and encourage the exercise of that intelligence with which he has been designedly endowed. The whipcord is an economy of trouble to the huntsman and whipper-in, and error in the hound might often be anticipated and checked by greater attention and temper on the part of the men. Then, again, if correction be necessary, strike first and rate afterwards. Above all things revenge, as in the legal and social government of man, should never be the motive of canine punishment; and how frequently this is the case with a refractory hound that has caused an extra share of trouble and annoyance to the whipper-in! It is singular, although not less a fact, that gentlemen huntsmen have succeeded in moulding hounds to a greater proficiency of discipline than the ordinary servants of the kennel. We remember well, when the hounds of Osbaldeston had been with Mr. Harvey Combe for a season, and their former Master came to hunt with them at Batchworth Heath, the outspoken joy with which he was recognized and greeted by his former favourites. There was

\* ‘Life of a Fox-hound.’

no hypocrisy in their affectionate recognition of their old leader after a long lapse of time; and the remarkable state of control to which he had reduced them, in conjunction with his celebrated feeder Gardiner, is a matter of hunting notoriety. The word of command, 'Dog-  
' hounds to the right, bitch-hounds to the left,' and his custom of singling out in the field a particular hound, and trotting him away from the pack to point out to a brother Master some distinguishing mark of merit, were notable instances of hound subjection. This was not effected by the crude means of a brutal severity, for the whimper of affection that accompanied the willing obedience to the bidding was the guarantee of a milder teaching, of a more rational mode of subordination. We shall now proceed to give an example of a still more surprising mastery over the wild nature of the hound, and which has never been equalled in the hunting histories of any period.

In an earlier time, prior to the establishment of his larger pack of fox-hounds, Mr. George Templer had a smaller one, which was commonly known in the country by the name of the 'Let 'em 'Alones.' They were hounds of a diminutive stature, averaging eighteen or nineteen inches, and obtained from various sources with much care and attention to blood. It was impossible to breed hounds of pure pedigree with an average height of eighteen inches, therefore anything unusually diminutive in other places was exchanged for the larger hound that might have been casually bred at Stover. The kennels from which the greatest assistance came were those of Mr. Templer of Lindridge, and of Messrs. John Bulteel, Pode, King, Pomeroy Gilbert, and Yeatman. The foundation of his full-sized pack was furnished by Mr. Phillips of Landue, in Cornwall, whose hounds Mr. Templer purchased, and the establishment was enlarged by strong drafts from Sir Thomas Mostyn, Lord Althorp, the Warwickshire, and other channels of repute. The favourite kennel from whence, at a later time, he procured his blood, was that of Badminton in the days of Philip Payne, with Nectar, Denmark, and Dorimont. The latter hound was a marked favourite as a sire at Stover. He was by Denmark out of Dalliance, and descended through Ruby from the Belvoir Relish by the Mostyn Lictor. Lictor was out of Mostyn Lady by the Quorn Sultan, and, as well as his brothers Lucifer, Lashwood, and Lazarus, was a noted gorse drawer. Lady was the dam of the Belvoir Lexicon by Rallywood, one of the best of his day, and Rallywood was bred at Brocklesby. The large hounds of Stover were good drawers, steady line hunters, speedy in chase, and most melodious of tongue—sterling qualities in a pack of fox-hounds that are imperative for certainty of sport, and which were more bountifully supplied in a former than at the present time.

It was a Stover week. These congresses of friends and fox-hunters in a mansion where hospitality, with its many attendant virtues, was ever in the ascendant, were amongst the most charming and delightful that could be arranged for the gratification of sportsmen. Formal invitations to some stately and frigid house with rich rooms and pauper fireplaces, when hounds are appointed to meet in

the park on the following day, are convenient and sometimes agreeable. A find also in the shrubbery after an ostentatious breakfast may qualify the toast of 'Our worthy host, a stanch pre-server of foxes!' given and drunk in unexceptionable '34 A.D. port and '47 claret on the previous evening.' Hypocrisy is often a dweller amongst laurel bushes.

'My dear, you know'—that hack term, low and common, which is let out for love or other less kindly sentiment, but always in an indeterminate sense—'you know the hounds meet here on Thursday next, and young Mr. Van Filipssen is at Coverhill with his hunters; and he might take it kindly to be asked overnight. He danced several times with Bertha at the Foxborough ball, where I went to please you and the surrounding commonalities.'

'Well, Lady Jane, you can do as you like here at Violet Bank. I only command at Foxborough. Have the "Nuovo Cristiano" by all means, money-bags and all, and I will write to that good fellow and true sportsman Mr. Dennington to come over.'

'Mr. Dennington! Are you serious, Sir John? Why he would find out the history of my hamper from Piccadilly before breakfast was over. Those sharp sportsmen are always poking their noses where they have no business. I hate fox-hunters—except those who go out for society and fashion: the shooting parties are far more to my taste. My sister writes from Trapton that they are quite tired of it, and that Lord St. Olave, the Marquis of Penmorran, Lord Swindleton, Colonel Willestreya, and Romer Day shot a fox in Townwood covert, and sent a pad to the neighbouring kennel to signify their future intentions.'

'Yes,' replied her indignant spouse, 'and when the unhandsome deed was related in high places the glorious young fellow pronounced the act to be that of a cur, with a stronger word in the background. I shall give fifty pounds to the poor of Foxborough to celebrate the advent of the young one—God bless him!—and cheer the sire to my heart's content at the very next opportunity.'

But the hunting congregations at Stover were devoid of insincerity and fiction, and if truth is only to be found at the bottom of a well, how joyous and laudable to quaff the liquid—red for choice—until the retreat of virtue be reached at last, *haud pede libero*. The conventionalities of an overstrained refinement that have frittered away every remnant of downright honesty, that have substituted a transparent phantom for the reality of honour, and encouraged an immodesty of gambling speculation by canonizing foul success with the dignity of an accomplished virtue, had no location in the halls of him who wrote

'O happy they who thus enjoy the day  
And sleep the duller hours of night away,  
Pleasure their business, and their only care  
New joys to find that friends may freely share.\*'

If there be a person whose social status is, by itself, singular and

\* Poems 'Ad Sodales.' By G. Templer, Stover. Woolmer, Exeter.

apart from any other, who has no rival, and whose positional existence is unknown in any other country, it is an English gentleman, when he receives with a glad welcome his friends and acquaintance in the ancestral mansion. You may repair to the schloss of a Saxon durchlaucht, with a crib for a bed and a saucer for corporeal ablution;—you may hunt in the Carpathians with a Magyar, and be served at table upon jewelled plate with an uneatable meal;—and you may revel in the elysium of an Italian villeggiatura, where the bright spirits of mirth and beauty are more in number than the allotted dormitories, but neither crass magnificence, coarse profusion, nor Ausonian suavities can vie with the frank and high-bred hospitality of an English country house. And no one could dispense the warm courtesies of reception with a livelier grace or with more winning heartiness than the late George Templer of Stover.

Among the sporting singularities of that ilk was a kennel of wild foxes. An old ruin near the stables had been enclosed with a high wall, and, with the brushwood that grew luxuriantly therein, made a capital covert. The food was thrown over the wall, and a small door admitted the unhappy wights who every now and then were ordered to capture one of these denizens of the wild. In the inaccessible parts of Dartmoor, and amongst the Tors, the moor-men and warreners frequently caught foxes, which were immediately brought to Templer, and consigned to the precincts of the aforesaid ruin. Thus if sport fell short from a blank or other casualties there was always a ready resource to alleviate the whining irritation of a disappointed field. At one time these foxes numbered from twelve to fifteen brace. We were anxious to witness a capture for the bag, and entered the ruin with Tom Lake and the men. The effluvium was of the strongest, and the skurry that ensued amusingly exciting. However, Tom knew his business, and having made his arrangements, left the younger hands to execute the least agreeable portion of the duty. The foxes were not easy to handle; some of the inexperienced received a sharp bite by way of encouragement; but at last Tom, having driven some foxes in a corner, selected the hero of the day. Taking a hunting-whip, and holding the lash in his hand, he put the end over the head of the fox, and twisting the thong round and round his neck until he had him firm and tight, without the power of moving, he drew him out quietly and clapped him into the open bag. Many and many a time since have we witnessed the operation with Russell when having run to earth on the steep banks of the Torridge, and little did we imagine at that moment that these same hounds would form the origin of a pack of which the recollection is the cause alike of regret and satisfaction.

The hounds were now paraded before the house, where there was a large assemblage of footers, horses, and carriages. How the flickering of silk charms and enlivens more than one sense, and brings always an accession of pleasure that has a value even to the sexagenarian! And these fair beings of England, world-wide in fame for personal attraction, whom, nevertheless, Fitz-Cobden

Hawthorne styles 'England's very moderate supply of loveliness,' are stated by that same Yankee to be 'comely rather than pretty' girls, with their deep healthy bloom, which an American is apt to 'deem fitter for a milkmaid than a lady.' And of their mothers he says: 'An English lady of fifty is a creature less refined and delicate than anything that we Western people and North Americans class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with a solid beef and streaky tallow, so that you insensibly think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. Conceive her in the ball-room—a spectacle to howl at.' This is the language of a common blackguard; no other term would be appropriate. Again; 'The young women have a dowdy English aspect and a vulgar type of features so nearly alike that they seem literally to constitute a sisterhood. The fact is that the soil and climate of England produce feminine beauty as rarely as they do delicate fruit, though the female Bull is well enough adapted for the male.\*' It is thus that this disloyal Yankee, formerly an American Consul—and his every word, written or spoken, is endorsed by Bright and Cobden—speaks of those whose smiles and hospitality he eagerly sought and accepted. The reverse of everything that a gentleman should be, and the ready example of everything that he is not, he merits to be kicked out of every house that he would dare to profane, and to be soundly horsewhipped—thoroughly towelled. To speak of him in the guarded and refined terms of social intercourse would be a prostitution of language; but if ever a Virgilian line was worthy of North American observation, if it be understood, it is—

'manet altâ mente repostum  
Judicium sceleris spreteque injuria formæ.'

A crowd gathered round a diminutive form, mounted on one of the Stover hunters, that seemed to afford much amusement to the bystanders by his animated gestures. Templer, in addition to other oddities that he had collected, had purchased a monkey of a shipwrecked sailor. Jacko was an immense favourite, and conducted himself with far greater propriety and breeding in drawing-room latitudes than the aforesaid republican. He was usually in the hall, and had the run of the lower part of the house. Whilst writing in his study one morning, Templer was called out for a few moments on business, and on his return found every paper scrawled over and mapped with ink. The culprit was in the corner chattering and grinning at his handiwork. Taking down a hunting-whip, he administered a castigation that remained impressed on the memory of Jacko, and the misdemeanor was not repeated. But it had a consequence. Some days afterwards, and between stable hours, as the men were going to dinner, an unusual uproar was heard in the large stable. The horses were snorting loudly, jumping about, and

\* 'Our Old Home,' By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

kicking violently, whilst the rapid cracks of a whip fell upon the ears of the astonished grooms. On opening the stable-door the mystery was solved. Jacko had determined to put in practice the lesson which he had so unwillingly learned. He had purloined Templer's hunting-whip, and getting slyly into the stable, leapt from stall to stall, lashing and cutting the horses with all his might, pausing to watch the effects of his handiwork: then with a shriek of delight he recommenced his labours, until the high-conditioned animals, mad with rage, had kicked everything to pieces. Jacko was condemned to exemplary punishment. Prowse, the tailor of Newton Abbot, was sent for, a hunting suit, with cap and every proper appurtenance, was made, and he was sentenced to hunt. Firmly secured on a pad, and placed on Templer's favourite old hunter Deceiver, he appeared in full costume at the hall-door amidst the applause of the mobility.

The hounds were taken into the park, and Tom Lake made his appearance with the bagman. 'Have a care, now!' cried Templer, and his friends and assistants, Messrs. Harry Taylor and John Russell, took their respective stations. Tom Lake went into the middle of the pack, and there was Latitat with the terriers, all alive to know what was up at that time of day. The eye of each hound was fixed on Templer, without moving a muscle. An occasional whine was admonished. 'Steady, hounds!' 'Silence, you footers! If you 'open your mouth, any one of you, not a drop of beer shall go into 'it.' 'All right, yer honour!' The bag was opened; a slight shake, and out jumped a rattling fellow. He stopped for a second, gave a quick glance round, a savage wink at Latitat, who was about to introduce himself, and then, having selected his opening, away he went, cutting his way through the hounds and making for the lower woods at the bottom of the park. Not a hound interfered with him; motionless, they kept their eyes on Templer alone; and Latitat assumed the position of the fox on the pump in Tattersall's yard. Perhaps a wistful peep, here and there, might be detected—a sheep's eye, as it were, cast at the enemy; but had they been petrified the hounds could not have been more void of movement.

'Gentlemen,' said Templer, 'it is a good scenting day; and, as 'he will stop in the woods for a roll, and to make himself comfortable, we will give him ten minutes' law and fresh find him. Now 'let us go into the house for some jumping powder and biscuits. 'Have a care, good hounds! steady!' and they remained as fixed as milestones.

The adjournment to the house was made—far pleasanter, and quite if not more of a utilitarian character than that of Parliament; glasses were quaffed and flasks filled in precautionary anticipation of a long ride home. At the appointed time the whole field returned to the park. Templer got on his horse. The 'Let 'em Alones' began to be impatient, and were vociferous in joyful expectation of their fun. 'Have a care! ha, ha! quiet, hounds! What are you 'about?' Again immobility—again silence. 'Gently, now!' two

seconds of suspense—and then, with a wave of the hand, Templer shouted, ‘Loo on him! Away!’ and every hound turned upon the line, opening with delight, and going his very best to make up for lost time. Hound discipline such as this never was exceeded—a similar perfection of training never has been chronicled.

The race over the park and through the paddocks was exciting; the monkey led, with Harry Taylor close to him. Deceiver, on which Jacko had been strapped, was a favourite hunter—a chesnut with a blaze face, high-bred, and standing sixteen hands. He affectionated hounds to such a degree, that when turned out in the park in his old age, he was obliged to be housed whenever a meet happened to be in the immediate vicinity. Full often did he go away by himself, living close to hounds—for no fence could stop him—and absolutely wearing out the crusts of his feet. The fox had stopped in the park wood—away again—on—on, and out of the lodge gate, going over Bovey Heathfield to Bellamarsh at a rattling pace, crossing the river Teign above Jews’ Bridge, and recrossing it at Indio, then going away for the steep hills and wooded defiles that border Dartmoor. Jacko got a couple of duckings; for Deceiver, cheeking hounds, crossed and recrossed the river in rather deep places. However, there was no help—needs must on those impish occasions, when, in the words of glorious Rob Burns,

‘A child might understand  
The deil had business on his hand.’

‘Are hounds a-head, my good fellow?’ said many a one in a Devonshire lane. ‘E’es, sure, maister; they’m a rattling of ‘un like blazes; and a young chap’s a riding like mad hom to mun. ‘Hur doesn’t mind nort, and bangs away to the big places, gates and ‘all, by Gur! dear little gentleman, I hop no hurt won’t come to ‘un, for hur’s a cruel peert rider.’ The music of this small pack was unusually good. They had for the most part shrill voices; and the light and ringing falsetto mingling with an occasional baritone, made up and constituted that exhilarating harmony which is heard no more. Excessive pace cannot, physically, permit of it. Silent coursing from twenty to thirty minutes, and taciturn hunting in large woodlands, with chance only for a guide, in a mute and invisible chase, are the approved events of the day. Whether it be right, or whether it be wrong up to a certain point, is a question of taste; but the passion for pace, and pace only, increases; and in proportion as eager and good riders necessarily multiply, true sportsmen are disappearing from the face of the earth, with exceptional cases, such as the renowned Mr. Russell, the Earl of Wemyss, the Earl of Portsmouth, Sir Charles Slingsby, Lord Poltimore, Mr. Henley Greaves, Mr. Tailby, Mr. Drake, and a few others of that stamp. Leaving the park to the right, they now stretched away in the distant direction of Hounds Tor. Templer and Russell were together, the former hunting his hounds cheerily and with the most consummate ability, and the latter with all heart and soul centred in the chase, close at hand,

and ready to aid or do the bidding of his chief. He was the coming man, who was destined, at a future time, to outshine even the brilliant reputation of his accomplished master. Harry Taylor, a consummate horseman, and with an eagle eye that could scan everything from one end of the country to the other, was scheming a-head—keeping the hounds to windward, and taking advantage of every turn. His judgment and knowledge were served. He viewed the beaten fox turn under Ilsington, unable to face the hill, only a field before the hounds and Jacko, and he rode to him. The ‘Let ‘em Alones’ were coming up hard, streaming away, and determined for blood? No! their incisors had been carefully filed off, in order that they might seize only, and not kill their fox; and Harry Taylor, superbly mounted, always rode forward to save him from harm. His exquisite horsemanship and thorough intimacy with every corner of the country, enabled him frequently to take up a beaten fox before these hounds. A labourer’s smock frock answered the purpose of a bag; and the chase of the ‘Let ‘em Alones’ had come to its wonted conclusion. Little Jacko was there, seedy and gruelled, and looking as if he had a pain in his stomach, which, no doubt, he had. His drabbed scarlet rags, no longer spruce and smart, were in keeping with his woebegone countenance, and he chattered and moaned for the quiet rug in the corner, with his basin of warm broth. He had the appearance of a whole-hog candidate who had gone through the apt service of the kennel. And Latitat—there he was, pert and impudent as usual. He had followed the hounds with the terriers every inch of the way, and viewed complacently the transfer of his fellow to the smock frock, as if he were performing a meritorious act of duty. The little rascal, he was not less false to his kind than a supralapsarian preacher, who yells forth from his rotten rostrum the menace of fire and brimstone upon the unhappy apprentice girl sitting before him, whom he himself has visited with the shame of an impure pinguity.

These doings were not the ordinary contingencies of a hunting field, and could not have been accomplished except by the predominance of an ability that, applied to another and more elevated range of object, would have secured equally a high grade of distinction. The elasticity of talent which superior intelligence possesses is essentially plastic; and, whatever the subject on which it be exercised, the master power will be certain to make itself felt and be paramount. Hunting has its æsthetics, not less than any other department of science; and the philosopher, if he so please, may trace the ramification of its workings, and convince himself that cause and effect are therein exemplified, and the law of order followed with a regularity quite as precise as any that can be tabulated among the graver subjects to which he has devoted his attention. Besides, the ‘noble ‘science,’ as it is termed, has a more electrical, a more buoyant—drafting philosophy and humbug—a more jolly, ay, a more jolly and rollicking tendency than law, politics, or metaphysics. And it requires no little assiduity and cleverness to know anything at all



about it. A lord chancellor, with his dangling watch-chain, and glass in eye, would make a sorry hash of it with a pack of fox-hounds at his heels, and Roundell Palmer for a whip. Brougham—a thorough varmint, though somewhat untidy in kennel—would have rattled his fox gallantly—rather scratchy, and going to holloas with his windmill legs and all out-door action on his horse; but he would have brought him to hand successfully, if not handsomely. Old Eldon would have fed his hounds upon the kitchen slops, and never could have got to the end of a long run from want of body and soul—of meat and condition; and blue-mottled Carlyle, with the length and height of his pack in averaged unison with his monosyllabic and decasyllabic vocabulary, would have tailed from the Wing Gorses to Hill Morton, in Warwickshire.

The triumvirate at Stover were men of mettle and mark, not likely to be reproduced in the ordinary course of events. It has been said in a former paper that the quality and fashion of a pack of fox-hounds often illustrate with accuracy the character and tastes of the Master, and the remark is most applicable in this instance. George TEMPLER was not a 'simple' M. F. H.; he was neither an illiterate boor nor a warranted ruffian, as some sporting dogmatists would insist to be the attributes and component parts of a thorough and true gentleman (eh?) Master of Hounds. He had selected the Beaufort hound for his standard, and although crossing with other strains of blood, still he kept his eye on that symmetry of proportion and elastic liberty of movement which have ever been the distinguishing marks of Badminton. High blood and proud lineage, grace and beauty, anywhere and everywhere march *pari passu* in that time-honoured locality. The condition of the hounds was perfect, and of their discipline it is not necessary to add a word. They were close hunters, light, airy, and dashing on the line, and most handy in drawing large coverts. With only a moderate scent and their fox well found and on foot, they were sure to account for him. The mastery which TEMPLER possessed over them enabled him to handle them in drawing with an astonishing precision. With a word and gesture of his hand, he could make a single hound go anywhere—into brambles, on the top of an old wall, in the crevices of the high Tors of Dartmoor, or into an ivy bush on an ancient oak-tree, where he once actually did find a fox, and had a good run, with a kill. His dog-language was the choicest and liveliest we ever remember to have heard. When well away the silver cheer was most enlivening, and in hard chase, with the bristles up, he could have screamed his hounds into a tiger. One of their most agreeable characteristics was a lightness and a harmony of tongue rare even at that time, when speaking to scent in running was held to be an absolute requirement. A mute hound was instantly put away—no merit could excuse this particular vice, for TEMPLER held the better the hound the greater the mischief, and he viewed the defect as next in magnitude to madness. If the fitting punishment were awarded in the present day, fox-hounds might be counted singly and not in couples. Strange that this prevailing and

universal error should not have been mentioned in the 'Life of a Fox-hound.' It may reasonably be supposed that the Stover assistants were in accordance with the ability of the principal. A more efficient one than Mr. Harry Taylor never appeared at the covert side. Long allied in close friendship; and tutored as it were by George Templer, he was one of the most clever of sportsmen in handling hounds, and in the special department of first assistant he was quite unrivalled. In hunting them he would have been out of place and have failed; but his complete mastery of every principle of the chase, and his perfect acquaintance with the habits of the wild animal, gave him a superiority which was never disputed. He could stop hounds on a divided scent, and catch up and cast tail hounds in at the head with meritorious rapidity. And his powers of riding gave him every advantage. He had a give-and-take hand that nursed and helped his horse in many a difficulty, and kept in subjection the most wilful puller. As a proof of his firm seat, he undertook, for a wager of some amount, to ride his celebrated horse Nunky, the gift of a worthy uncle, over a high gate into the park at Ugbrook, with half a crown under the foot in each stirrup, and the half-crowns were to be in their proper places at the other side. He jumped from the road into the park, and won the bet gallantly. If he was thus able in the field, he was not less favourably known elsewhere for a most cordial and fascinating manner, which was combined with a truth of character and gentleness of heart, that made his loss, when it unexpectedly came, a cause of general and deserved lamentation.

With Mr. Russell it was the '*poeta nascitur, non fit*.' At any early day his prowess in hunting hounds was glaringly evident; and he was always, throughout his Stover career, the favourite pupil of his partial and attached friend and preceptor. In after days, and at a future time, of which we may have occasion to speak, he has afforded the most sterling proof that the prediction of Templer as to his prospective success with the hunting-horn has been amply verified. Alas! he is the sole survivor of the renowned triumvirate—warmhearted friends, brilliant sportsmen, and thorough gentlemen.

After each decade the covert-side undergoes the inevitable change that is the heirloom of mortality. It is a sad task to record the memories of friendships severed by the cold hand of death—of high talent extinguished and of worth departed—yet it is grateful to dwell on that portion of the past which brings but the recollection of kind feelings and pleasures shared with those whose companionship lessened the ills of existence, and made the labour of life light. Happy the idea, that if it were permitted to the for-ever-gone to be conscious of a present mortality, that the tribute of praise, the word of affection, and the unsepulchred thought of yore might be to their spirit as a dream of satisfaction and a solace! These passing records of George Templer cannot be more appropriately closed than with one of his effusions upon the final departure of his hounds from Stover.

## MY OLD HORN.

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| <p>‘Though toil hath somewhat worn thy<br/>frame<br/>And time hath marred thy beauty ;<br/>Come forth, lone relic of my fame,<br/>Thou well hast done thy duty.</p> <p>‘Time was when other tongues would<br/>praise<br/>Thy wavering notes of pleasure ;<br/>Now, miser-like, alone I gaze<br/>On thee,—a useless treasure.</p> <p>‘Some hearts may prize thy music still,<br/>But ah ! how changed the story,<br/>Since first Devonian felt the thrill<br/>That roused her sporting glory !</p> <p>‘Grace still in every vale abounds,<br/>But one dear charm is wanting ;<br/>No more I hear my gallant hounds<br/>In chorus blithely chanting.</p> | <p>‘And there my steed has found a rest,<br/>Beneath the mountain heather ;<br/>That oft, like comrades sworn, we’ve<br/>prest<br/>In pleasure’s train together.</p> <p>‘And some who at thy call would<br/>wake,<br/>Hath friendship long been weeping ;<br/>A shriller note than thine must break<br/>Their deep and dreamless sleeping.</p> <p>‘I, too, the fading wreath resign,<br/>For friends and fame are fleeting ;<br/>Around his bolder brow to twine,*<br/>Where younger blood is beating.</p> <p>‘Henceforth be mute, my treasured horn,<br/>Since time hath marred thy beauty,<br/>And I, like thee, by toil am worn :<br/>We both have done our duty.’</p> |
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## THE BREEDING OF HUNTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF ‘BAILY’S MAGAZINE.’

I HAVE read with much satisfaction the articles which have appeared from time to time in your pages on the subject of breeding hunters, and am glad to perceive that this topic is exciting some attention in Ireland. It appears to me, however, that we want some definite suggestions, and that it is not sufficient to go on repeating that the farmers should get better mares and put them to better horses. The grand desideratum is a thorough-bred hunter which can carry about fifteen stone ; and I need not tell your readers how difficult it is to find animals of this kind. I will, therefore, with your permission, proceed to make a few suggestions on the possible methods of remedying the deficiency which we now experience.

The first and most obvious step would be to procure, if possible, some assistance from Government or the Crown. I am not, however, so sanguine as to suppose that any fresh sum of money could be given for this purpose, and I do not know that I should even desire such a thing. I wish, nevertheless, to call attention to the considerable sum of money, viz., from 5,000*l.* to 6,000*l.* a year, which is given in the shape of Queen’s Plates, and to ask whether this might not be more advantageously employed to further the end which I am advocating. Such a suggestion will, I am aware, excite considerable opposition ; but I venture to think that such of your readers as will consider the matter dispassionately will come round to my view. Important as I may think it to do something to

\* In allusion to his successor, Sir Walter Carew, who has, in his after career in Devonshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire, fully justified the laudatory predictions of his early friend and preceptor.

improve our hunters, I should be the last man to make any proposal which might be detrimental to the interests of racing. But it is my sincere conviction that this money, as at present bestowed, is little better than thrown away, while it might, if differently applied, be of the greatest service in improving the breed of hunters. Queen's Plates, it is notorious, have not provided good races. One animal, Caller Ou, won seventeen Queen's Plates last year, out of which she walked over six or seven times.

It can hardly be pretended, therefore, that money thus given away is conducive to the interests of racing. If, however, it should prove impossible to procure any assistance from this source, I would suggest that the gentry of the United Kingdom should subscribe to form a company, to be managed by a committee. From ten to twenty strong thorough-bred mares might then be purchased and put to good stallions, such as Young Melbourne and Rapparee, from which a produce suitable for the purposes of hunting might be hoped for. Most of the fillies and all the weedy colts should be disposed of each year, and the best colts kept till three years old, at which age I would commence sending them out to different parts of the country to cover, at a price just sufficient to remunerate the men to whom they are intrusted for their trouble. There can be no doubt that plenty of employment would be found for good stallions if they were thus to be had at a low price.

I wish, in conclusion, to express my conviction that the present system of severely training and working very young horses is most injurious to the proper development of their powers, and that it is only by some such method as here described that we can hope to obtain thorough-bred horses up to much weight. It is certain that such can be bred, as we may convince ourselves by looking at such mares as those of Lord Fitzwilliam, and some of Lord Derby's. By proper care we might not unreasonably hope to see in a few generations a wide-spread improvement in the weight-carrying qualities of our thorough-bred horses, at a stated price, according to the age I buy it.

If such an establishment as I suggest cannot be formed either by Government or private individuals, I would recommend all landed proprietors who are interested in the breeding of horses to do as I am doing, and find very successful, viz., buy a good sort of mare whenever I see one, and *lend* it to a farmer to breed from, reserving to myself the choice of the horse she is to be put to, and the refusal of the produce up to four years old, at a stated price, according to the age I buy it.

If our neighbours across the Channel would adopt this plan instead of running down the farmers' mares, and the horses they put them to, they would find it more likely to bring about the result they wish for. In addition to this they should subscribe and buy some good stallions, to be stationed in different parts of Ireland, and cover tenant-farmers' mares at such a price as they could afford to pay.

WELLINGTON H. S. COTTON.

## THE SIRES OF THE DAY.

NO. IV.—REMINISCENCES OF SWEETMEAT, KINGSTON, TOUCHSTONE,  
AND ORLANDO.

THE great success of Macaroni, Carnival, and Saccharometer during the two past seasons, as well as the general success of his stock, through a long career of good report and evil report, justifies me in including among the Sires of the Day that good and game horse Sweetmeat, who, though dead himself, yet may, we trust, live in his last trio of illustrious descendants for many years to add lustre to our studs, and the variety we need by a liberal introduction of the Gladiator blood.

Through these three descendants we gain the Gladiator strain with a double cross of Blacklock, with the Pantaloon, Venison, and Iago line through their respective dams; each again going into the Camel family in the next generation.

Though many years have elapsed since Sweetmeat 'swept the board' as a three-year old, winning in that season 23½ races, and showing himself to be one of the stoutest as well as speediest horses ever saddled, yet we have year by year seen his stock bear away their full share of winning races. By reference to the Calendar it will be seen how twice his daughters Mincemeat and Mincepie won the Oaks—how Sweetsauce won the Goodwood and Chesterfield Cups—how Parmesan won the Ascot Vase—and how Citron, Nettle, and a host more wiry mouse-brown sons and daughters of his are chronicled as winners of all weights and distances, till the climax of success is achieved by Saccharometer winning the July and Chesterfield, Carnival the best mile races, and Macaroni all his races, at three years old, and to the merry tune of 13,605*l*.

The golden tints which ushered Sweetmeat into public life, if during mid-career they were sometimes under a cloud, have thus shone out with renewed lustre at the close of his somewhat singular career.

It may not be generally known, but is a fact especially interesting to those who watch the freaks of Nature, and the contradictions she frequently exhibits, that Sweetmeat, when early in his life he was purchased by Mr. Cookson, and went to his stud at Neasham, was a rank roarer, and within a month of his arriving there became stone-blind, and that without any previous warning or predisposition from either of his parents. So rank a roarer was he (though then in light condition, and not a gross horse) that Mr. Cookson having given him a gallop to test the extent of the mischief, felt quite annoyed at having got him, but, being in for him, persevered in using him; and with the best results, as those were the days of Mincemeat, Mincepie, and of Dundee and Paste's dam, &c. In spite of these appalling infirmities, be it noted that the Sweetmeats are generally good-winded horses, and, with the exception of Peppermint (who was out of Pantalonnade by Pantaloon—exactly the same hit as

in Macaroni, &c.), who was the first foal by him, and who was an exceedingly fast two-year old, and winner of several races, he hardly got a roarer; nor did I ever hear of a blind one by him. If, indeed, there are any animals that have borne knocking about of late years more than others, I should pick out as such no end of Sweetmeats.

Perhaps to the connoisseur of shape a sketch of Sweetmeat may not be uninteresting. He had the best hind legs ever put on a horse, being particularly thick in the shank just below the hock, and tapering beautifully to the heel. He was disposed to be, if anything, rather upright in his pasterns, with his near foot a little out. His arms were quite on the outside of him, and his chest was wide, but his fore feet stood together almost to touch. In walking his hind foot went precisely into the print of his fore foot; and so good a horse, and so true in his action was Sweetmeat, that there is no doubt this peculiarity may be generally observed in good staying horses. It has been held that it is a good sign if a horse walks with his hind feet well over his fore ones; but, on the contrary, the best horses never walk over with their hind feet: if they do they don't stay. And it may be accounted for in this way. The machinery behind is too strong for the resisting power in front, so the machine breaks up early, though it may move quick for a time. This theory of short runners is worth observation, because it may always be noticed that short runners do not pull up after a race more blown than others.

Then why should they stop? Doubtless because the rapidity is too great for a machine wherein the balance of power is not evenly distributed. Thus animals like Thunderbolt and Miss Julia, whose hind leverage is immense, do not stay from the above reason. I must be pardoned digression to quote the opinion of the Arabs of the Sahara on this subject, and in everything connected with horses they are the most practical people on the globe. I quote from Daumas' interesting book 'The Arabs of the Sahara.' They say—'The highest virtue in a horse is endurance, to which, in order to constitute a perfect animal, must be added strength.'

A horse is considered strong if he clear fifteen or sixteen foot lengths in his first bound. If he covers a greater space he is deemed to be of superior strength; but if he clears no more than ten feet he is set down as a heavy animal. A very fiery horse never exhibits patience of fatigue; nor one whose legs are lanky, neck too long, and buttocks too heavy to be in harmony with the other parts of his body; nor one who lacks vigour in his heels. Again (and here the Arab view comes home to every one of us who has ridden much)—'Such a horse, after a long course, will be exhausted in his legs, so that when he is pulled up by his rider he will take several steps contrary to the latter's wishes. A horse that has neither patience nor mettle is easily recognized. The form of his body is irregular, his chest narrow, and his breathing short. Strength and wind are the two highest requisites in a horse. Look in a horse for speed and bottom. One that has speed and no bottom must

' have a blemish in his descent ; and one that has bottom and no speed must have some defect, open or concealed.

' But if in the course of your life you alight on a horse of noble origin, with large, lively eyes wide apart, and black, broad nostrils close together, whose neck, shoulders, buttocks, and haunches are long, while his forehead, loins, flank, and limbs are broad, with the back, the shin-bone, the pasterns, and the dock short, the whole accompanied by a soft skin, fine, flexible hair, powerful respiratory organs, and good feet, with heels well off the ground, hasten to secure him, if you can induce the owner to sell him, and return thanks to Allah, morning and night, for having sent thee a blessing.'

But to return to Sweetmeat. He had rather low heels, with small ankles, and in many instances his stock take after him ; his shoulders were very strong, and disposed to be upright ; he was long in his quarters, and his tail high set, considering he had two crosses of Blacklock, as there is no doubt his dam was by Voltaire. He had a ewe neck, and his head very thickly set on. His temper was good, and he was a kind, generous creature. Most of his life was divided between Neasham, two or three seasons in Ireland, and Stanton, from which latter place he was sold to go abroad, though quite worn out ; and he died on his passage. It was during his latter days at Stanton that the famous Eaton mares were sent to him ; and the Pantaloon cross showed itself to be a perfect nick. As I said before, the Gladiator line is worthy all preservation : when crossed with a double cross of Blacklock, and a rich fusion of Pantaloon and Touchstone blood, it gives a combination not only of all the most fashionable, but (what is of more importance) the stoutest families we can command.

So Sweetmeat's setting sun was gilded with more rosy tints than was his rising one. He never was what is called a fashionable sire. Lord George Bentinck offered his first owner, Mr. A. Hill, a very large sum for him and The Libel (who was of the same year), but it was declined. Neither of these horses won any of the great three-year old races—for Sweetmeat was not even entered for them—yet they were the best horses of the year.

Throughout Sweetmeat's career as a stud horse he has always appeared (with various ups and downs, for the public mind is fickle) in the lists of successful stallions in a generally forward place. This, his crowning successful year, heralds him as sire of 15 winners who have won 37 races, in value 16,981*l.* An equally valuable sire (also lost to the Turf by an early death) is Kingston. He, too, was only beginning to be rightly appreciated when he died. For this year he is credited with 17 winners of 32 races, value 11,072*l.* ; of 42 races, value 16,648*l.*, in 1862 ; and of 20 winners of 48 races, value 7,060*l.*, in 1861.

Like many horses, who have run on, and run hard and distressing races, Kingston for the first year or two begot many light and weedy fillies, very good in shape, but narrow over their hips, which indeed was his chief and almost sole failing. But after that his stock

showed more size, and when crossed with stout mares, especially of the Waxy family, he began to be most successful, as Caractus and Queen Bertha testify—the one being from a Defence, the other from a Surplice mare.

No gayer, prettier, or better horse has it fallen to the lot of the present generation to look upon than the bay roan. He and Orlando are generally allowed to be the best specimen of the racehorse—showing that high grace and lineage so desirable, and which is only to be found in the highest-bred animals.

And this leads me to Orlando. The question will be put, doubtless, by some of my readers—Why is their oldest acquaintance of all, the present patriarch of the stud, and the well-known champion of Hampton Court, to be so long forgotten, and put below so many of his juniors in the list of fame?

Let us endeavour to make amends for such an oversight, and do what justice lies in our power to a horse who, both as a racer and a stud horse, has had few rivals near his throne; basking as he has so long done immediately under the smiles of Royalty.

Orlando is the patriarch of stud horses, but he still bears himself right bravely when holding his annual levee at the Hampton Court gathering.

Of all the sons of Touchstone none have for so many years held such pride of place as Orlando. Descended from the fastest mare of her day, Vulture, his own career on the greensward did not disgrace his illustrious lineage. Vulture bred but two colts; and after Orlando's foalhood she was killed by a kick.

Between July, 1843, and July, 1844, he had won in stakes the large sum of 10,555*l.*, including the ever-memorable Derby, when the four-year old Running Rein was disqualified.

Orlando was foaled in 1841, so is now twenty-three years old. He was one of the truest-actioned horses ever trained, but went with a straight knee. No horse can show more quality combined with fine shape than our hero: his head especially is a study, being remarkable for the width of its forepart and exquisite setting on; his hind legs, back, barrel, and quarters are perfect, and he carries his 'Flag' high and boldly. His defects are those of his sire: a great amount of heaviness at the shoulder points, flattish knees, and small ankles, and somewhat of a tendency to enlargement round the fore coronets. He won four races at two years old, five times at three years old; never ran as a four-year old, having hit his leg, and as a five-year old he started in the Ascot Cup, but broke down. His stud career commenced at Newmarket, where he was advertised at ten guineas; thence he went to Bonehill, where he remained till 1851, his price being ten guineas, and half-breds five guineas. His final destination was Hampton Court, where he began at a fee of fifteen guineas; but his first batch of two-year olds, which included Ariosto and Teddington, at once brought him to the front, and he became the fashionable stallion, which he has remained up to the present time. At Colonel Peel's sale he was sold for 3,100*l.* to Mr. Greville, and his fee raised to 50 guineas. Of late years he



has been considered as a private stallion, his favours being limited, with a few exceptions, to the home stud and his owners. If we except 'the emperor of horses,' Touchstone, Orlando's annual list of winners has scarcely a rival. Touchstone, during his stud career, beat all horses of any period, both in the number of his winners and the amount won by them. In the course of his long life he was father of 415 sons and daughters; from the year 1841 to 1860, when he died, ætat. 30, his list comprised 323 winners of 702 races, value 215,702*l*. And his last three years were—

	Winners.	Races.	Value.
1861. . .	10	18	£2,238
1862. . .	6	10	4,100
1863. . .	4	8	1,092

making a grand total of 343 winners of 738 races, value 223,150*l*.! Also let it not be forgotten that, during all these years, some great winners by him successively appeared each year. His start was with Auckland, The Flying Celia, and Cotherstone; and the last, and one of the finest of all his sons (superior to every one in possessing excellent shoulders), is Atherstone, the winner of many races at distances and high weights. Touchstone was a 'Nonpareil.'

But to return to Orlando. The following table will convey some idea of the number of races won by his progeny:—

	Foals.	Winners.	2-year old Winners.	Value. £.
1851 . . .	27	9	5	12,184
1852 . . .	20	12	8	4,935
1853 . . .	15	26	14	14,695
1854 . . .	27	28	5	16,890
1855 . . .	15	28	14	15,836
1856 . . .	24	22	7	13,874
1857 . . .	25	28	11	14,806
1858 . . .	20	31	7	15,083
1859 . . .	23	24	5	10,262
1860 . . .	21	19	4	9,100
1861 . . .	21	26	7	13,242
1862 . . .	17	25	6	10,436
1863 . . .	8	17	—	6,719
	263	297	—	£159,770

- Orlando's stock are remarkable for attaining early maturity; they are light, quick, shelly animals, who require light training, and, as a rule, their characteristics follow their grandam Vulture, and the Langer parentage. Very many are bad in colour, light bays and chesnuds, with a deal of white marks. Their forte has been the T.Y.C. Still here and there some have shown great stoutness.

Undoubtedly the best of all his sons was Teddington, a light, leggy, and short horse, with small contracted feet; yet he could stay, and that, too, under high weights. He again never was sire of a really stout one; and he was as great a failure at the stud, as he was a star on the racecourse. All the other produce (and there were many) of his dam were most worthless weeds. She was by Rockingham, winner of St. Leger. Teddington and Fazzoletto are gone abroad, both utter failures. The latter, though as ill-shaped an animal as ever ran, was a very good racehorse. He was out of the

famous and fine-shaped Canezou. Such bad shoulders, such proppy forelegs, or such a cow-like frame seldom resulted in forming a really good horse, which he was when he won the Two Thousand Guineas.

Among other stagers I may mention Melissa, who ran second for the Oaks; Scythian, winner of Chester Cup; Ariosto, and The Knave. With Diophantus and Fitzroland the Two Thousand Guineas fell three times; and with Imperieuse the One Thousand Guineas once, to Orlando's sons and daughter; as did also the St. Leger by the help of the same mare.

The chief of his celebrities have been, besides the above named, Boiardo, Zuyder Zee, Orestes, Orinoco, Orpheus, Marsyas, King of the Forest, Eclipse, Elmsthorpe, Crater, Trumpeter, and Chevalier d'Industrie. Of mares, Athol Brose, Bay Celia, Bay Rosalind, Blondelle, Chalice, Fayaway, Lurley, Maid of Lincoln, Octavia, Omoo, Orlanda, Redemption, Rosaline, Selina, Strayaway, Theodora, Eurydice, Cantine, Imperatrice, Fravola, Little Lady; many of which have bred good winners. Altogether I should sum up Orlando's success at the stud as having been very great; and for the modern style of racing he has proved a trump card. Every colt or filly by him could gallop fast, and they brought a quick return. But, apart from racing, that he has benefited the breed of horses I very much doubt. Many of his fillies were very weedy. Few of his sons promise to get stout, good-sized stock. I have said that, luckily for us, Teddington and Fazzoletto are drafted and gone abroad. Of the remaining ones, far the finest and boniest stock are by Orpheus, the property of Sir G. Strickland. Crater and Chevalier d'Industrie are horses of promise. The former is out of a Gladiator mare; the latter combines the valuable Priam and Filho families.

Besides these, at the stud are Zuyder Zee, Trumpeter, Diophantus, Marsyas, and Fitzroland. Of these my leaning is to the two last, especially Fitzroland, who is in appearance full of high quality, and is out of Stamp, by Emilius.

The present month being the one especially devoted to the stud farm, it may be a fitting opportunity for placing in juxtaposition the powerful and wide-spread produce of the Touchstone and Birdcatcher families, descended as they are much in the same line, yet with very different characteristics. The Touchstone family is now represented by no less than 19 sons, 9 daughter's sons, and 26 grandsons and great-grandsons. Total, 55 sires.

#### By Touchstone—

Adamas.  
Ambrose.  
Annandale.  
Artillery.  
Claret.  
Cotherstone.  
De Clare.

Frogmore.  
Grosvenor.  
Harbinger.  
Lord of Isles.  
Marionette.  
Newminster.  
Orlando.

Paletot.  
Storm.  
Surplice.  
Touchwood.  
Tournament.  
Young Touchstone.

#### Dam by Touchstone—

Beadsman.  
Cavendish.  
Defiance.

Hobbie Noble.  
Newburgh.  
Promised Land.

Tempest.  
Sedbury.  
Windhound.

By grandsons and great-grandsons of Touchstone.

By Orlando—

Chevalier d'Industrie.

Diophantus.

Fitzroland.

Marsyas.

Orpheus.

Petruchio.

Porto Rico.

Trumpeter.

Zuyder Zee.

Musjid

Newcastle }—Newminster.

Daniel

Glenmasson }—Cotherstone.

Grampian

Drogheda

Druid

Fingal

Roebuck

Dundee—Lord of Isles.

Longbow—Ithurial.

Loyala

Magnum }—Surplice.

Voirode

North Lincoln—Pylades.

Orchhill—Ambrose.

Somerset—Annandale.

Toxophilite—Longbow.

Of the Birdcatcher line, including its several branches from Sir Hercules, there are 36 sires—

Audabon.

Augur.

b. to Bird on Wing.

Chanticleer.

Caterer.

Dr. O'Toole.

Drumour.

First Lord.

Folkestone.

Gamekeeper.

Gemma di Vergy.

General Williams.

Grey Plover.

Gunboat.

The Hadji.

Indifference.

King of Kent.

Kingfisher.

Knight of St. Patrick.

Knight of the Thistle.

Leamington.

Lord Fauconberg.

Lifeboat.

Lord Albemarle.

The Marquis.

Old Robert.

Robert de Gorham.

Oxford.

Rataplan.

St. Albans.

Sir Colin.

Stockwell.

Thunderbolt.

Vengeance.

Warlock.

Yellow Jack.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—January Jottings.—New Nomenclature.—The Spy Sales—Bulletins from Breeders.—The Chronicles of the Chase.—Mortality of the Month; and Literary Leaflets.

JANUARY is a month so devoted to turkeys and pantomimes that little can be extracted from it for the general reader. The Handicappers, next to Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon, are the hardest-worked set of men in her Majesty's dominions, and an eager public rarely recognises the extent of the sacrifices they have made for it. Trainers have begun to send their young things along, with a view of being ready for the early Meetings; and clerks in Burlington Street have been going over the entries in the Handicaps to discover if any of the forfeit listers have crept in by accident. Breeders have been as deep in stud books as the prosecutors of Colenso in theological works, and Jockeys have been making fresh engagements, through their secretaries, with all the forms and ceremonies attached to an operative contract. Judex has put forth his annual Analysis of the Derby, worked out in that careful, unpretending style which has gained for him so many clients; and, although one may not always concur with him in his conclusions, he generally contrives to show cause well. His example has been followed by others of his class; but as we have not seen any of their productions, we are unable to speak of their worth. At Tattersall's Thomas has been autograph-collecting with the zeal of the late Lady Morgan; and lucky is the individual, be he patrician, or plebeian, that can escape him. Of billiard matches there have not been so many as usual

at this period of the year, but at Manchester 'a good young 'un' has been discovered capable of doing over Roberts at a fair reasonable weight. Battue-shooting, as it is now called, has been very prevalent, although neither Buffon nor Berwick make any mention of the bird in question. Lord Stamford's return fairly out-Herods Herod, and has never been approached in any civilized country; and at Bradgate, especially, there has been a perfect hecatomb of the Persian imported delicacy. The January entries are hardly up to the mark of former years, especially in the great handicaps; but the Prince of Wales's Stakes in the First Spring is a complete success, and the quality of the Ascot Cup Subscription without a precedent.

The nomenclature of the year does not disclose any considerable amount of originality of invention. Nevertheless the perusal of some of the names cannot help calling forth a smile and suggesting amusing reflections. For instance, we were not aware that either Lord Russell or Lord Malmesbury had ever appointed Mr. George Angell to an embassy, and yet we find him accredited with an *Attaché*; but for such a lover of whist as Lord Annealey to bring his *Finesse* into play so often is just what might be expected from him. At Badminton the Duke of Beaufort can never be without good music to enliven him after hunting, as he has engaged a *Koenig* for his private band. Lord Coventry looks determined as if the Croome chimneys should be kept in good order, for he has got a *Chimney-sweeper* of his own. Mr. Fleming has so worn out his *Magnum Bonum*, we suppose, that he is compelled to substitute a *Quill*; and if it goes as fast, he will have no cause to regret the change. Captain Gray has brought out his *Heir-at-Law* very early on the Turf, and has likewise taken him to see *Venice*, before she is lost to Austria. Mr. Craven, we should think, had forgotten with *Sisyphus* the old proverb of a rolling stone gathering no moss. But for such an old opera-goer as Count Batthyany to expose his *Cantatrice* to the cutting winds of a race-course, in the early spring, does occasion us some surprise. The Marquis of Hastings, we perceive, has brought his *Grinder* from his university: a not so unnatural proceeding as that Mr. Hill should be found with *Camomile* in his possession, the social habits of that gentleman leading us to suppose he was the last person to apply to for it. To see the *Houri* of Sir Joseph Hawley get out of the train there will be a great rush, and to know the value of Mr. Henry's *Contract* there will be some curiosity from his skill and aptness in concluding them. Mr. George Lambert's morality and respectability have hitherto been unquestioned by us; but we appeal to him, whether it adds to his reputation, or that of our aristocracy, when he unblushingly advertises he is paying Goater for the board and lodging of a *Lady of Rank*. Mr. Morris, it would seem, has been going back to his 'Artillery' days, and has given the preference to *Shrapnell* over either Whitworth or Armstrong, and that he is likewise a supporter of the Emperor of the French's policy in Mexico is clear by his contributing to the support of *Puebla*. Mr. Langley's *Receiver*, it is to be hoped, will prove equal to the duties of his onerous office, and continue long at his post, faithfully accounting for all stakes he may be credited with, both at home and abroad, and giving no occasion to be summarily dismissed and put out of training for defalcations. Mr. Merry is such a 'Saunterer' in naming his young things that *Dilly Dally* came as natural to him, we should think, as to ourselves. In the matter of a *Congress*, the Millionaire of Hooton has been more fortunate than Louis Napoleon, for he has not only got one, but can fix the holding of it at his own discretion; and those who fancy there may be some *Underplay* about it, will find themselves correct in their views. Mr. Nightingale, it would appear, is determined to call *Attention* to his Muscovite filly out of Eola,

but Mr. Mather, we are sorry to see, is going to give his friends some *Black-strap*, which only youths with turned-down collars can enjoy; and we venture to express a hope that the *Farce* which Mr. Parker has in preparation for Chester may be well received. Mr. Parr, we conclude, cares nothing for the ill luck which is said to attach to a *Friday*; and we wonder whether Mr. Nicholl will ever consult Admiral Fitzroy about his *Whirlwind*. At Ashgill, we earnestly pray there may be no outbreak from John Osborne's giving his boys *Brown Bread* in the presence of such royal personages as *King* and *Prince Arthur*, and *Prince Alfred*, who might well remonstrate at such an Anti-Poor-Law dietary. Charles Peek is going to keep a *Weatherglass*, and Isaac Woolcott to put up a *Weatherboard*, and their respective admirers will cordially wish they may answer the purposes for which they are intended. Mr. Payne, it will be seen, has gone into a *Convent*, but, we dare say, will get out again; and Lord Portsmouth, in order to try and improve the present *morale* of the Turf, has started a young *Missionary* on his travels. His first *station*, we presume, will be Newmarket, where a fine field awaits him; and if he preaches the doctrines of mercy and forbearance, and forgiveness of injuries, the nobleman who appointed him will have reason to be proud of him. We have never perceived before Baron Rothschild's *Silverlocks*; and we observe that the Duke of St. Albans does not share the dislike of her Majesty for the *Trapeze*. The recent long-winded trial in the Court of Queen's Bench has not deterred Mr. Savile from having a *Privateer* of his own, and the more prizes he takes the better the public will be pleased. That Mr. Snewing would become a *Traffic taker*, after having had such a coup with Caractacus, no one would credit unless they saw it in print. The mothers of Lambourne, especially those whose daughters are possessed of any personal charms, should be careful of them, as Mr. Saxon has a very handsome young *Roué* going to spend all the year with him. From all we know of Whitewall, we thought John Scott had sufficient *Pensioners* dependent upon him; but, it seems, we were in error, and, like Paris, he can also boast of a *Cora* under his protection. Should any unforeseen accident occur to Calcraft, such of our readers as are not opposed to the infliction of capital punishment will be pleased to hear that Lord Uxbridge has another *Jack Ketch* in readiness, and who, although 'young,' may be relied upon for the faithful 'execution' of his duties. Lord Wilton has a new *Governess*; but we were not cognisant of Captain White requiring a fresh *Joker*.

The Breeding bulletins are beginning to be endowed with a larger amount of interest; and the approaching 'alliances in high life' are discussed with an earnestness worthy of the occasion. The raising of Stockwell to a hundred guineas per mare has not answered as was anticipated, for owners prefer taking their chance with two mares at fifty. Among the morganatic unions he will contract may be mentioned two with Typee and her half-sister Fayaway, and another with Repentance. He is also engaged to two of Sir Lydston Newman's mares, besides others of high degree. Newminster filled so early, and occasioned so many disappointments, that the public determined to be in time for next year; and one great breeder early in the month wrote and secured twenty nominations. Since then fifteen more have been registered; so for the present the list is closed, so as to give a chance to others with first-class mares. Leamington—we do not mean the watering-place of that name—is fast filling, Coup d'Etat having done him an immense deal of good; and every visitor to Rawcliffe is favourably impressed with him. Young Melbourne has been put up; but the policy is rather questionable, although his stock are so good, for Yorkshiremen look at pounds, shillings, and pence more keenly than Southerners. Underhand's foals are unusually promising, and, although small,

there is every chance of his making a stallion. At Neasham Buccaneer is picking up some of the muscle he lost since he had been put out of training, and is now a very good-looking horse with a nice colour and a pleasing expression of countenance. If he has made this improvement in the short space of six weeks, during which he has been located with Mr. Cookson, he is certain to resume his original make and shape as the season advances. At Croft, Thormanby has entered on his second year of residence, and his subscription is nearly full. The change for the better that the popular chesnut has made since he has been at the stud is inconceivable. He is now low and long and thick, whereas while in training he looked mean, leggy, and, if anything, rather short; and it would puzzle a judge where he would like to have him altered. The first of his progeny came to light last week in the shape of a chesnut filly out of Daniel O'Rourke's dam, and already warrants the anticipations that had been formed of him. Jordan is said to be none the worse for his severe campaign of last year, and Captain White is so fond of Joker by him, and of whom he tells a capital story, that he has taken all the big Derby books about him for the Derby of 1865. Trumpeter has been nobly supported, as he ought to be, by Danebury; and the judicious plan of keeping him at a tenner shows how well Mr. Hill has studied human nature. Alec Taylor is said to have a couple of very fine two-year olds by him, and the oftener they are seen the more they are liked. At Middle Park we learn that Mr. Blenkiron has made no alteration in his list of entire horses, so that he will be able to please all comers when his June distribution comes on. Weatherbit will have about a dozen of his best mares—among them Governess, Rosati, and Silverhair's dam. Three others have taken their departure for Newminster, and a similar number for Wild Dayrell. This allotment system is by far the most prudent for a man with such a large stud of first-class mares as Mr. Blenkiron can boast of, as it never does to have all one's eggs in one basket. St. Albans is like a close borough; and Mr. Ransom assures us Orlando never looked better or fresher. Lord Glasgow must be getting a large stud together: as he has added Knowesley and Brother to Rapid Rhone to his list of stallions, and Anonyma, Maid of Masham mare, and Miss Whip filly to his brood mares. At Deans Hill, the aspect of affairs has been brighter than it has been for some years. The Chevalier d'Industrie only wants about four or five nominations to be placed in the same category as Newminster and St. Albans. His companion, Plum Pudding, has made that improvement with age which his breeder, Lord Portsmouth, always predicted; and he is, without exception, the biggest and best-bred Sweetmeat covering. In Hampshire, Autocrat, if he does not get the full number of thoroughbred mares he deserves, is fully appreciated by the Gentlemen Farmers in his district; and the day will come when Autocrat hunters will be appreciated in the New Forest, and Dorsetshire, as much as the Presidents were wont to be in Lincolnshire. The only change in the other department of the Lymington Stud is that Marionette has relieved Crater—appointed to Mamhead—and Surplice has rejoined head-quarters from leave of absence. How Ellington is not more appreciated is a puzzle to us, for the price is no barrier; and those breeders who have not yet made up their minds about the choice of a stallion might spend their time worse than in chartering a Hansom from the West End, and bowling away to Willesden. At Bushbury, where 'the Boats are laid up,' we are credibly informed the victualling department requires re-arrangement, inasmuch as the scale of diet bears too strong a resemblance to that of the Poor-Law Commissioners and that of Lord Carnarvon for the *détinues* of Winchester to be relished by the general run of breeders. The author of it, however, it is only right to state, is actuated solely

by conscientious motives, and fancies the more strictly he follows nature the better it is for his horses. 'Bell's Life' has published some able papers on the subject of Irish Breeding; and it is to be hoped that the Noblemen and Gentlemen who are interested in the subject will take some practical measures for carrying out so patriotic a purpose; but the most feasible plan strikes us to be the one recommended by Colonel Cotton, 'in another place,' as that experienced breeder, having been quartered so many years in Ireland, and knowing every district so well, is fully qualified to give an opinion on the case, and would be a valuable coadjutor with the Irish Agricultural Society. Notwithstanding attempts are frequently made to prejudice the public against Voltigeur, for a cause unnecessary to mention, Yorkshire still sticks to him as fondly as ever; and when his young things stand, they invariably pay their way, if they are not hurried in their preparation. Vidette ought to do better, but as yet Priestess is almost the only first-class mare he has ever had; and, unless we have been much misinformed, the Duke of Cleveland's Verger will do him a good turn. Wild Dayrell will have another grand year, judging by the names in his list; and Mr. Gulliver's stallions, especially Neville, are fast getting nominations. By the Australian papers we see that Fisherman is the Stockwell of the colony, as he stands at 30 guineas per mare, which is far away from the rest of the sires who have been imported, as The Premier by Tory Boy is at 15 guineas, and Boiardo and Hermit at 12, while the ill-fated Indian Warrior, so associated with the fortunes of 'Les Trois Frères,' The Emperor, and Basham, and who always won his Cæsarewitch at the Bushes, but not afterwards, does not seem to thrive, for he always can be had for a fiver. We have also intelligence of the death of Eclipse, formerly the property of Mr. Padwick, and who ran third for the Derby in Beadsman's year. And here, perhaps, it may not be out of place to remark, that we have been informed that the phrase of 'Cornstalk,' which we applied to the Australian buyers at Lord Stamford's sale, might be construed in an offensive light, as being quite out of date in the Colony; and as such could not possibly have been our intention, we are grateful for the explanation, and are satisfied the parties referred to will attribute its use to the want of experience in Australian phraseology. In Paris the racing mania is spreading in all shapes and directions, and great satisfaction is expressed that The Dutchman is preserved to the Bois de Boulogne Stud for another year. To send to Saunterer in Germany there are a great many inducements offered by the manner in which his stock ran last season, and the expense and difficulty of getting mares to him are not worth speaking of. From Russia our correspondent writes us that Michael Scott has arrived safe and sound, after encountering all the perils of the deep to a more than usual extent, and that old Vindex had died of inflammation. Fortunately, perhaps, for the country to which he had been exported, he had not time to perpetuate it with any of his jady, and savage-tempered stock.

The unfortunate circumstances attendant on the late large sale of blood stock at Newmarket was hardly encouraging to Mr. Starkey to come before the public at so early a period afterwards. Nevertheless, his bold venture met with the success he deserved, and the absentees were hardly prepared for such a return as was exhibited at the close of the proceedings. The morning was anything but an inviting one, the colour of the sky bearing a close approach to the leaden plumage of those blue rocks that Barber supplies in such numbers to the aristocratic pigeon-shooters of Hornsey; in fact, such a one as was selected for the casting away 'of the far-famed Mary Morgan;' and as the afternoon realised her prediction, the simile is not exaggerated. The Paddington platform, however, on our arrival, would have convinced any one who had been

'on the stones' long that something was going on; and what with the gay wedding party *en route* to the celebration of Captain Brand's nuptials with Mademoiselle Van de Weyer at Bray, and the sight of Colonel Maude, with his aide-de-camp, Ransom, together with Mr. Weatherby, Mr. Cookson, Mr. Hill, 'Beacon,' and other Turf celebrities, one might have imagined we were starting for an Ascot Spring Meeting. At Reading and Didcot we took in reinforcements; and, after a pleasant lecture on Handicapping from William Day, we reached Chippenham. There only a couple of 'insects' awaited the troop of visitors; and had it not been for the kindness of Colonel Maude, in packing his carriage as full as a herring cask, many influentials would have been left behind. As it was, the Secretary of The Jockey Club and the owner of Trumpeter were only too grateful for the third of a box seat. An attempt to start an *impromptu omnibus*, by means of a Special License, failed, as the signatures of two magistrates could not be obtained so promptly as at Derby to save Towneley's life. William Day, active as an acrobat, probably from having had to do with so many of them, was, by some means peculiar to himself, enabled to charter a pony-phaeton, and assisted us to a passage. Joseph Dawson and party were fairly run on shore; but Spye Park is so elevated that his signals of distress were descried, and Mr. Starkey immediately forwarded means of relief. The road to Spye is full of interest, although rather trying to horses, from the severity of one or two of the hills. Scarcely are we beyond the boundaries of the town when we reach Derry Hill, whose beauties the genius of a Bowles has wedded to immortal verse. A short distance farther on brings us to Bowood and her gilded gates, wherein so long dwelt the Father of the great Whig party, and, before the recollection of his patriotic services to the State, which he served so long, are banished from our thoughts, we are landed on the steps of Mr. Starkey's house, and are greeted by that gentleman. We are, however, hardly able to return the salutation, so much were we struck with the view before us. The park itself is one of extraordinary beauty, in which nature, and not a London landscape gardener, has employed herself in laying out. At every corner fresh vistas present themselves, the grounds being of an upland character, diversified with just as much vale as is requisite to give relief to the scene. The panorama of the surrounding country is more extensive than any to be met with in the Far West, and, save 'on Malvern's lovely height,' from whence 'twelve fair counties' can be descried, in any part of England is such a prospect to be seen. At one time, we believe, there was a probability of its being purchased for the heir to the throne; and, from its easy reach of Windsor, it would have been a fitting appanage for him. The house is one which will not immortalise its architect, but the lovers of old-fashioned comforts will have no cause to complain of him. A large dining-room was set out with creature comforts of the most solid character, to which everybody sat down as they would do at Careless's booth at Epsom, with the exception of having nothing to pay for it. We had heard much of the qualifications of the Wiltshire farmers, especially as regards their digestive organs; but now, judging from appearances, we should say the majority of them lived, like woodcocks, by suction. Evidently they had come out to make a day of it, and cared no more for Mr. Starkey and his stud than for the Schleswig Holstein dispute, or the sentence on the Bishop of Natal. Precisely at 2.30 P.M. Policeman 115—we like to be particular—summoned us around the ring, which was better kept than any we have seen for a long while. There were representatives of every stud, and a very fair sprinkling of trainers. John Day and Mat Dawson being 'full,' remained at home; but 'our William,' as usual, could not keep away, and, with an amount of baggage that would have delighted the late Sir Charles



Napier, he had started, *viâ* London, to 'the land of Nod.' Isaac Woolcott had driven over the Master of the Horse of Southampton; and Harry Goater was in attendance on Admiral Nelson, who looked as if there were many years of active service in him yet. We missed the clever and piquant 'salesman' of the 'Life,' who, we expected, would have had a private view, and filled up his first outlines, with one of those strong backgrounds which make up so finished a sketch. The Druid also was an absentee, taking stock of Field and Fold in Scotland, from whence he has undertaken, for a bet of a sovereign with 'Stonehenge,' to ride straight into Kensington Square. Mr. Padwick took up the old position of Sir Tatton Sykes, and had Mr. Weatherby for his supporter. Mr. Blenkiron was in a good position, as usual, 'to catch the Speaker's eye,' and Colonel Maude, on the other side of the House, was equally well placed. Mr. Tattersall's address was brief and practical, and he let the audience clearly understand he came here for business, and not amusement. A clever cob, of the Saxon stamp, as some writers would say, 'inaugurated the proceedings,' and Mr. Gulliver got him—worth the money—at 50 guineas. Passing over a couple of other hacks, Miss Shirley came up; and it was rather lucky for the editor of the 'Stud Book' that Mr. Goodwin was prevented by indisposition from being present, or he would certainly have renewed his protest against so fine a mare being excluded from the Burlington College of Arms. After a little skirmishing, Mr. Fog Rowlands got her for 120 guineas, and talked of sending her to Young Melbourne, in the hopes of getting a second Medora out of her. For Guiana there were no volunteers for a long time, for she was mean and poor, and plain as a pikestaff; but just as Mr. Tattersall's patience was exhausted, the Squire of Wantage came to the rescue with the offer of a fiver, which was received with loud laughter. The bid, moderate as it must be admitted to be, at once set the ball rolling; and at the rate of a sovereign per minute, the offers went on, until a large dealer in cotton came with a rush, and got her for 10 guineas; and it was rumoured she was going into the neighbourhood of Whitchurch. Major Nottley, one of John Day's *employés*, got Fairy very cheap. Maid of Newton must have been an unlucky purchase for Mr. Starkey, as he gave 500 guineas for her, and was compelled to take 67 guineas. Honduras was scarcely bigger than a young lady's pony, with the very worst of hocks, so there was no chance of her getting into three figures; and Hopbine, a long way out of her teens, fetched only 32 guineas. Nativity brought Mr. Weatherby to the front; and, although one or two endeavours were made to choke him off, they were fruitless, and he went in alone. Panpipe, barren to Drogheda, was the first of Mr. Blenkiron's selections, and he has worse mares at Middle Park. For a Penalty there are not usually many competitors, but on this occasion it was quite the reverse, and Mr. Cookson 'earned' it by an outlay of 240 guineas. If Perfection had only been in foal, it would have made some hundreds difference to her owner, for she was one of the sweetest Birdcatchers we ever saw, although a trifle narrow across the loins. With Mr. Blenkiron's choice of sires, her barrenness has every chance of being removed, and she is sure to prove an acquisition to her new establishment, although placing her there cost 200 guineas. Why Mr. Cookson wanted Queen of the Gipsies we cannot tell, and we did not imagine she was his style of mare. The moment Queen's Head was put up, *non cuius homini* became the motto on the rostrum. Mr. Padwick made running, followed by Mr. Blenkiron, and Colonel Maude well up. In this order they travelled a short distance, when 'Hill Street' gave way, and left the struggle to the other two, Middle Park beating Hampton Court very cleverly at the end, for 600 guineas. Mr. Pedley got Rio, a great, useful Melbourne mare, which looked all over

like breeding a good foal, for 120 guineas; and some Doncaster Thursday will tell us, unless we are much mistaken, that the owner of Boythorp did a good day's work when he ran over from Chesterfield. Admirals are, usually not much given to the use of perfumes, and one Nelson, we are aware, held them in utter contempt; but the good old times are changed, for with our own eyes we saw another Admiral Nelson lay out 120 guineas in the purchase of Scent, although not genuine enough for Mr. Weatherby to pass.

On Theodora, it had been whispered, a run would be made, like on a bank under suspicion, and the rumour proved correct, although, to our way of thinking, she was inferior to Queen's Head, both in size and quality. Mr. Cookson was the first to get away, but Mr. Blenkiron settled him in a few strides, making the pace better than usual; and at the 500 guinea post, Colonel Maude began to look dangerous, so much so that Mr. Blenkiron thought it prudent to put on more steam, but it was to no purpose, for the gallant Equerry's engines were in better order than his opponent's, and, going within himself, he won, with plenty in hand, by a tenner, greatly to the delight of Ransom, who looked as happy as a sandboy at his new charge. Of the yearlings, we have only space to remark that they were very good-looking, especially the first, Fazaletto, and the two Droghedas, which were very strong and full of quality. Drogheda took the crowd fairly by surprise, and a grander horse is probably not to be met with in the country, being six feet nine inches round the girth, with limbs in proportion. Unfortunately, he was deprived of both his eyes within a short time of each other—one by hitting himself against a post, and the other by the malice of a boy, who knocked it out with a stone—and the vacant sockets, of course, took off in some measure from the beauty of his head. Mr. Padwick, who started him, was the last as well as the first nodder; and if he can only get him a few mares of character, he will want nothing more said for him. Star of the West, as pretty as her name, went for 55 guineas, and was one of the cheapest lots sold. When the Land-Tax came up to be redeemed, Mr. Hill stepped forward as a surveyor, but soon retired, leaving the duties to be performed by a counsel learned in the law. Isaac Walton, who had been trained, and looked beautiful, created some competition, for it was known that Mr. Starkey had given Mr. Gulliver six hundred guineas for half of him when he had been only foaled six hours, and it was said he had done a great thing at home with Twilight. This we are almost inclined to doubt, as the parties who would have known of the fact did not bid for him with any spirit, and a Major Johnson bought him for 570 guineas, with the ultimate view of breeding for him in Ireland; but we fear, although not a bad-shaped colt, that he is on too small a scale ever to suit the Irish market. Prior, however, to his going into practice, he is to have a year's run on the Turf, under the care of George Oates, so we shall soon know what he is worth. Agatha, a clever Ethelbert filly, worth all the money Harry Goater gave for her—viz. 410 guineas—broke up the Ring, and sent Mr. Starkey back to his house rejoicing that the proceedings had passed off with so much *éclat*, and that the balance in hand was of such unexpected dimensions.

Our Hunting bulletins are, we are glad to state, of a more favourable character than those of last month, although for the first fortnight, almost, hounds were unable to do any, frost, snow, and thaw presenting themselves alternately, especially in the North of England. And here let us correct an error into which we were unwittingly led last month about Mr. Hall of the Holderness being in want of foxes, when the reverse is the case; and our intention was to have conveyed the fact that when that gentleman drew Lord Londesborough's coverts the first time, he did not find until 2.30 in the

afternoon, and then only one fox some miles off. Under such circumstances it was only natural Mr. Hall should feel much disappointed; but any expressions he then may have made use of were solely in reference to the Londesborough coverts. An enthusiastic Bramham-Moorite stands up staunchly for his hounds, and we like him none the worse for it. His remonstrance is that we were hardly justified in the use of the expression 'poor fun' with the sport they had last month; and he quotes a number of good runs in his speech in showing cause; but these took place in the far west part of the country. Those of the 19th and 20th of December we are aware were first-rate things; but our communications related only to what occurred on the York side. However, when the Bramham Moor only commenced cub-hunting on the 26th of September, and registered eighty foxes up to the end of the year, they may well object to any lukewarm criticism, which, it is only fair to state, had no origin in any party feeling. And will our informant excuse us, if we say we regret the alleged mistake the less, from its having brought us into communication with so cheery a correspondent, who, after he has toasted the health of The Bramham Moor, which he says he does every night, we hope may take up his pen again in their behalf.

The York and Ainsty Hounds are keeping up their character for sport. On the 26th instant they met at Ancaster, where a very large field was assembled, being much increased by strangers who had arrived to attend the 16th Lancers' Ball. As soon as they put into Stubb Wood a fox was found, and after a run of fifty minutes, with scarcely the semblance of a check, was killed in the middle of a wheat-field. In the afternoon they repaired to a stick-heap, near Askam, where another broke, and after an hour and ten minutes was run to ground in the Bramham Moor country.

In Leicestershire the Quorn have been improving in their sport; and among those who have returned to them lately have been Lord Stamford and Sir George Wombwell. The Grand National Steeple-Chase is finally settled to take place at Melton on the day after Croxton Park Races, and naturally excites great interest. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has subscribed to it, from the value he attaches to its utility, and there is no doubt of its being the turning-stone of the revival of legitimate Steeple-Chasing. Mr. Tailby's days have been better since the frost has disappeared; and no little satisfaction is felt at his keeping on, which he has been induced to do through Captain Baillie guaranteeing him five hundred per annum more. The Grove Hounds have had such good sport up to the frost, that while we are writing a Complimentary Dinner has been given to Lord Galway, their Manager, for the pack are the property of Mr. Foljambe. Mr. Anstruther Thompson gives up the Fife at the end of the season, and we believe the hounds will be disposed of. It is also said the Southwold people are making overtures to young Lord Eglinton to take their country, as in Ayrshire the farmers will do nothing for him. As we feared, Lord Spencer's health has compelled him to retire from the Pytchley, but he offers assistance in every other respect to the management. The Berkeley on the 25th had one of the best runs they have known for a long time. After having had a good twenty-five minutes with one fox they found another in the afternoon, which was a regular traveller, for from Hill's Wood he took them right away through Berkeley Park straight for Falfield and on to Fortworth, without entering either the wood or the well-known copse; then pointing his head for the Hills, and leaving Wotton-under-Edge, got up to Tyley Bottom—time 1 h. 10 m. Owing to another fox having gone away the other side of Hill's Wood, Henry Ayres, who rode like a demon, was without the services of his whips and many hounds; and Colonel Berkeley

having lamed his first horse, was not at hand to render his usual aid; and only half a dozen good men and true were up at the finish. The Duke of Beaufort has had plenty of sport since the frost got out of the ground: his best day was on the 23rd, when, after killing a morning fox in Doddington, they found again in the laurels there, and after a hunting run of exactly two hours pulled down their afternoon gentleman under the Monument.

In Hampshire the Hambledon's very good luck still continues, for they opened the ball after the frost with one of the best runs ever seen in this country from Fisher's Pond, near Bishopstoke; and after traversing seventeen miles of country they were compelled to stop the hounds in the fog at Avingdon Park, the seat of Mr. Shelley, after one hour and fifty minutes. They also had a clipping burst of thirty-five minutes from Morsted Copse, near Petersfield; and in crossing the railway the whole pack had the most narrow escape from destruction, the London express coming up at the moment at full speed, and, as good luck would have it, only killed the tail hound, which was literally cut to ribbons. They then raced their fox to Hogg's Lodge, turning him up handsomely in the open. On the 23rd they had two clipping bursts of fifty minutes each, without a check, from the Petersfield country up to their nursery at Highden Wood, where fresh foxes are always on foot to relieve the beaten ones.

Since the frost the return list of the Vine has been extraordinary, as it comprises six foxes in the same number of days, with five run to ground after really good runs.

Devonshire has been all alive with the Trelawney Banquet, to which upwards of ninety county gentlemen sat down, to present Mr. Trelawney with his Picture and a Silver Cup. Never was tribute better deserved, or more modestly and becomingly acknowledged. Lord Portsmouth was present, and took a lively interest in all the proceedings, as he does in everything relating to the Chase in his native county. Fortunate as Mr. Grant has been in his equestrian portraits, no Master of Hounds ever left his easel so well posed, or so happily depicted. In his subject the artist was especially fortunate, for he had no occasion to have recourse to flattery; and to Mr. Trelawney and his family the memorial will be of priceless worth. The grouping may challenge competition for its natural effect; while the attitude and expression of Lounger, the hound which is taken with him, is equal to any production of Landseer's, and called forth the strongest encomiums from those who were fully qualified to judge of the production. By general desire it will be engraved, and, published by Mr. Hodge, of Exeter, become as naturally 'a county picture' as the portraits of the noble host and hostess of Eggesford. The Cup, the idea of which originated with that good sportsman, Mr. Walter Redclyffe, and but for his active exertions would never have been carried out, is massive, and worthy of the sideboard for which it is destined. Altogether the gathering partook more of a clannish character than is usually observable at Hunt Dinners, and the day will ever be regarded as a red-letter one in the annals of Devonshire sporting.

The Durham and Hurworth have lost their best friend in the late Duke of Cleveland, who, when he gave up his hounds, allowed each of these packs five hundred per annum.

Racing news still continues very stagnant; and Turf reporters are grateful for the most insignificant of 'pars.' The Newmarket trainers and their friends have been amusing themselves with a Billiard Handicap at the White Hart for a Silver Cup; and among those who showed the most form were William Butler, Stebbings, and Rayner; but they all had to succumb to Mr. Wallace. William Bottom has been compelled, by increase of weight and inability to waste, to give up riding, and take to the cultivation of the soil, so that by

making two blades spring up where only one grew before, he may become a benefactor to his species. That the profession of a jockey is now one of the most profitable going, may be judged from the fact of one of the class throwing up an engagement that brought him in at least from three to four hundred per annum in these terms:—Turning to his secretary, who, we may observe, is far better paid than half our curates, he said with reference to his employer, who would not have grudged him a thousand if he won the Derby or Two Thousand, he said, 'Iron out his best cap and jacket, and make out his bill, and send it in to him with them. I shall not stand any more of his humbug, and I am going to town by the next train.' Now we dare say we shall be thought very ill-natured and splenetic; but it occurs to us to be an extremely fortunate circumstance this youth did not enter either the army or the navy, or take orders, or go to the Bar, as he would have been infallibly disgusted with the slow promotion, and ill-paid remuneration attached to these professions. But while these cubs are so pampered and courted by their superiors, it is hardly surprising they should make such exhibitions of them.

Mr. Joy's great racing picture has succeeded the discussion of the Stamford sale, and, daily, hansoms are rattling down to his residence in St. George's Square with sporting peers and commoners, anxious to be incorporated in it. The picture, which is painted for Mr. Tattersall, as a memorial of the Corner, before he emigrates from it, is of large dimensions, being 15 feet long and 5 feet 6 inches high, and represents the Lawn about the Monday before the Derby. The majority of the subscribers are standing grouped about the steps, engaged in discussing the events of the day. As will be at once admitted, there are few artists more esteemed at the Royal Academy than Mr. Joy, and every season his works are more appreciated. His present subject is a most happy and popular one, and it is fortunate for the Turf to have such a limner. As yet, he has not made a great deal of progress, from so many who have promised him sittings having been out of town; but we have seen quite enough of the picture to judge of its effect, and prognosticate its success. Some of the portraits are excellent; and that of Mr. Hill would 'R. A.' any painter. The gentleman in question is standing with his hands in his paletôt pocket, talking very earnestly to a nobleman well known as a great breeder; and if we could interpret his thoughts, we should say he was calling attention to the merits of a mare that would just nick with Trumpeter, and saying, 'Recollect, my Lord, he is only a tenner, for I like things cheap myself.' By his side is Mr. Tattersall, very life-like, and evidently amused at the conversation he has just heard. Mr. Steel is in close proximity to Mr. Stevenson, both on the look-out for a good bet, and they promise to make excellent likenesses. To mistake Mr. J. B. Morris is impossible, and the smile which he preserves when he has got a good book is happily given. He is listening to Mr. Edmund Tattersall, equally easy of identification, and gleaning from that gentleman what the great yearling of the afternoon fetched. Mr. Herring stands slightly aloof from his friends, giving one the idea that he is waiting for an aristocratic commission from a great stable. No picture of the Corner could be considered complete without Mr. E. R. Clarke, and posterity will be grateful to Mr. Joy, that when the owner of Drayton Villa has 'shuffled off this mortal coil' we shall still be enabled to gaze upon those features, so dear both to heir-apparents and younger sons. Probably from being fatigued with a long day in the City, he is indulging himself with a seat on a chair, and at present is the only sitting portrait of the lot. The Admiral, who is occupied in settling one of those endless disputes which occasionally engage his attention, is certain to be appreciated, as the artist is exhausting his energies on the great lawgiver of the Corner. Lord Frederick,

attired in the well-known brown cape, comes out in tremendous force, and is what is called 'got up to the nines.' Taken with the hat on he won of Mr. Gordon, he looks as fresh as paint, with an eye as clear as a crystal, and a confident expression, such as he assumes when the money is well on, the provinces well drained of their last guinea, and the animal prepared to go in alone. His private and military secretary, and the rest of his staff, will, we understand, be grouped around him in true conventional style.

From this slight outline some idea may be gathered of Mr. Joy's work, which is certain, from the recollection of Tattersall's, to find its way into all 'Corners' of the globe.

In dealing with the mortality of the month, we regret we must award *place aux dames*, for we cannot allow the fairest and most accomplished *equestrienne* of the age to pass away unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. Miss Gilbert, who, we believe, was a Hampshire lady, flashed on London and London society a few years back like a meteor, and by her magnificent horsemanship quickly acquired a renown that brought her both fame and reputation. For a tall woman she was singularly graceful, and wonderfully strong on a horse; and it was a treat to see her in Rotten Row, with the complete command she had over a restive animal. When Mr. Rarey opened his Academy she became one of his pupils, and soon acquired such a proficiency in the art, that, by the recommendation of several Noblemen of the highest rank, she was induced to establish a private school for them and their female relatives to practise by themselves, and which proved a complete success. With the Queen's Hounds she was the best performer that Davis, who was a great admirer of her, ever saw; and in the course of his long tenure of office he considers there was only one lady who could come near her; and as she has now retired from the hunting-field there is no occasion to mention her name. Brilliant was her favourite hunter, a sportive-looking chesnut, and she rode him for three or four seasons with great determination and decision; and when once she took a line of her own, nothing could stop her. In private life, as well as in the saddle, Miss Gilbert always took a commanding position, her conversation being remarkable for its *esprit* and freshness. Riding one day with the Queen's Hounds, she was asked by a Noble Duke, who then held high office under Lord Derby, why she rode her horse with such a powerful bit? 'Because, your Grace, like 'you I like to be "Master of the Horse."' But while working hard in her profession, riding frequently ten different horses a day, she was suffering very much from a disease of the heart, which ultimately assumed such proportions as to compel her to give up her avocations, and retire into private life. In vain she tried the Sunny South, and visited those cities which are prescribed for invalids of her class, in the hope of staving off that relentless foe to woman, consumption. All was of no avail; and a few months back she returned home to complete her earthly pilgrimage; and she died in peace with all. In Highgate Cemetery, within a short distance of the spot where Woodman was killed after that famous run in which she so distinguished herself, she sleeps her last sleep, regretted by every member of that class of society with which she came in contact. Landseer, we should add, made her the chief subject of his famous picture 'The Pretty Horsebreaker;' but, strange to say, he failed to do her justice, as he represented her asleep, with closed eyes, and half enveloped in straw, instead of in the midst of her Aristocratic Pupils, teaching them the noblest lesson of humanity to that companion of their pleasures the horse.

The Dukes of Athole and Cleveland have been gathered to their fathers. Both were keen sportsmen; but the former's range of sport was more extensive than that of the latter, who must have died enormously rich.

The arrival of a number of parcels marked for special delivery compels us to omit many articles we should have inserted in our invoice. But we must find room for 'Cavendish's Treatise on Whist,' at the risk of any inconvenience. What Brunel and Stephenson have done for travelling, Cavendish has accomplished for whist, and Major A—— and Mrs. B—— will share the fate of decayed postboys, who have been supposed to be converted into milestones. To be brief, the laws of Cavendish are those of a righteous judge, and his calculations those of a thorough mathematician, and by following them with attention a distinguished position among players is certain to be attained. On one point only can we differ from him, and that is on the subject of shuffling, which is at present carried on to an extent to become a nuisance to nine players out of ten. And we contend that no cards, after being dealt with, should be made *on* the tables; and only the left-hand adversary of the player next to deal should touch the cards. We may also remark here that the Author has been engaged to contribute a series of papers on the subject to 'The Field;' and the reception they have met with proves the estimation in which they are held.

#### ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

IF Harlequin Rich could again visit this mundane world, he would be not a little amazed as well as pleased to find that his favourite amusement of pantomime formed so important an item among the entertainments of the Metropolis. He it was who founded pantomime in this country, and who fell under the lash of Mr. Henry Fielding for his rivalry of the legitimate drama; and of whom, moreover, the anecdote is told that, peeping through the green curtain one evening of performance, he apostrophised the assembled audience by a 'You are there, you fools, are you? 'Much good may it do you!' An anecdote recorded by Mr. Cibber, and which certainly proves that Mr. Rich possessed all that enthusiasm and faith in his mission which becomes one who is founder of a *régime*, or a new dynasty. A century has passed, and now for a month or two in the year, pantomimes form the most absorbing feature in managerial programmes, and the theatres are more crowded than at any other season. Men give themselves up wholly to the delights and glammers of fairy land. Little children sit fairly entranced at the wonders they see, and go about perpetually in a waking dream of fairies and 'halls of inextinguishable light' and 'charmed dells,' such as neither Peasblossom, nor Mustardseed, nor Cobweb dreamed of, and into which no suspicion of gold leaf or red paint or padded legs ever intrudes. Happy children!—happy that they can be so deluded by a picture of the players', but never so happy at any season, by any species of enjoyment, feast, or treat whatsoever as at a pantomime. We ourselves, on an evening very recently, were witnesses of one of the most pathetic leave-takings, to which that of Leander and his love, or of Conrad and Medora, was as nothing. It was by a young gentleman, aged, perhaps, seven, with the closing scene at the Princess's. His papa—who evidently did not quite sympathise with pantomimes, and who was at the theatre rather against his inclination—dragged his children away as the last scene was in all its glory, to get out before the crush; the little boy, all eyes, who had been sitting for three hours as one entranced, clung pathetically to his seat, and pleaded hard for 'one more minute,' and at last was lifted away, still with his eyes over his shoulder, like Hamlet, as though he could never gaze his fill, and was leaving all hope, all joy behind.

Pantomimes and burlesques have been the 'be all and end all' of the stage during the past month, with two or three exceptions. These have been at the Olympic, Lyceum, and Adelphi, respectively. At the first named the 'Ticket-of-Leave Man' has still run on, burning out the embers of its long-sustained popularity. At the Lyceum Mr. Fechter has continued to

assemble fashionable audiences, 'fit, if few,' to witness one of the most trashy dramas ever produced on any stage, but which has the merit of being admirably cast and mounted, as well as illustrated by striking and effective scenery on the French model. At the Adelphi '*Leah*' has been the lion. Miss Bateman as *Leah* has become indeed one of the features of the Metropolis, and the one favourite celebrity which every season yields. Mr. Fechter it was once; then Mr. E. Sothern; now it is Miss Bateman. Young ladies at evening parties already ask between pauses in the quadrille, Have you seen Miss Bateman? or, How do you like *Leah*? to which the answer is perhaps—the person questioned being a cynical male—she is stagey, forced, awkward, and speaks powerfully through her nose. Whereupon the questioner shrugs up her pretty shoulders in derision, and thinks her companion 'a brute,' as doubtless he is. But if the question had been asked of the other sex, the answer would most probably have been, 'She is lovely, and she has such beautiful arms, and her curse is the most beautiful thing I ever heard; and the scene with the little girl when she cries is splendid—it is 'lovely;' which combined criticisms will perhaps give the reader as precise a notion of what Miss Bateman's *Leah* is, as if it were written in more formal and conventional phraseology. To an old play-goer, or to those who have seen Ristori and Rachel, Miss Bateman is awkward, and her curse is mere Billingsgate, and blasphemy into the bargain, that would be painful from its coarseness if it were not absurd enough to be comic. On the other hand, there is a semblance of earnestness, a simulation of *abandon*, and a real power in the pathetic and more human passages of the play that makes the character effective with female audiences. The story is moreover such an one as appeals powerfully to women. The surrender of one woman fondly loved, and the first grand passion of a man's life, for some decorous, loving, divine, saintly maiden, to gratify parents and kinsfolk and the demands of a rigid, respectable, and censorious world, is a chord which, handled how roughly soever it may be, is sure to awaken some correspondent sympathy. And so '*Leah*' continues popular, and will doubtless, aided by judicious advertisement, prove so for some time to come, in spite of its general casting being very feeble and ineffective. The scene in the last act in which the outcast, the rejected of the contumelious world, clasps to her bosom the child of one who was to have been her husband, strikes direct to the very fountain of tears in the feminine audience—not because the acting is fine or refined, but for the reason indicated; and with this lever of emotion at hand, '*Leah*' will doubtless run its round of sessional popularity.

The first question usually asked by papas during the holidays is, Which is the best pantomime? and the question is not so easily answered as it was of yore. Every theatre establishes or tries to establish a reputation for a *spécialité*, and the result has been much diversity of opinion on the respective merits of different houses. The Princess's Theatre is declared to have the best child's pantomime, and the finest transformation scene. Drury Lane presents a ballet scene, by Beverley, one of the most extraordinary and magnificent in the history of pantomime—a scene that might have been plucked bodily from the '*Arabian Nights*' descriptions, or from the mirage created in the mind by reading some Eastern fairy tale. Master Percy Roselle, who plays the *Old Man of the Sea*, is also a histrionic phenomenon to be seen. At Astley's the story set forth is the love of Geoffrey Chaucer for

'You would scarcely imagine it,  
The fairest white rose of the house of Plantagenet;'

and is called 'Harlequin Friar Bacon; or John of Gaunt and the Enchanted 'Lance,' and is noticeable for its striking and effective representation generally, and a very capital transformation scene by Gates, in which a cascade of real water plays its part. Covent Garden, moreover, it must not be forgotten, has a large number of advocates and admirers, 'St. George and 'the Dragon' being declared to be equal to the majority of pantomimes which have preceded it at the same house; Mr. Payne being not less admirable than of old, and the scenery being on the most splendid scale.



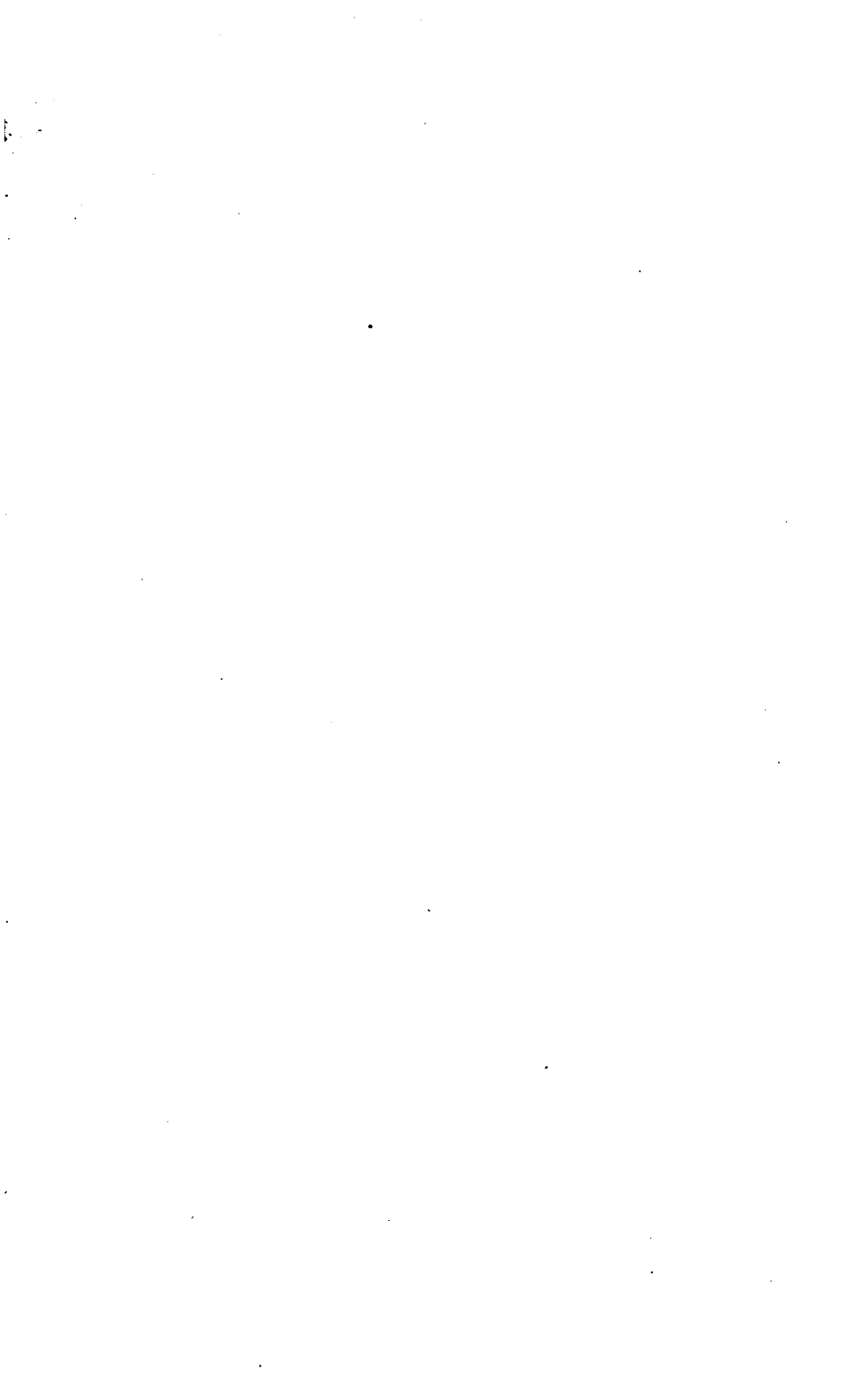
In burlesque, as Mr. H. J. Byron is this year the chief and indeed almost the only contributor, few contrasts can be drawn. Excluding 'Manfred,' which the Cockney population very generally attributed to the modern burlesque writer, through a confusion of names, the best of his Christmas efforts must be on the whole considered to be 'Orpheus and Eurydice' at the Strand, in which Mr. Honey acts most admirably as *Pluto*, and of which the dialogue is really as smart as any ever written by the same author. At the Adelphi the piece is called 'Belle Belle; or Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants,' and is as thoroughly stuffed with puns as Mr. Byron's usual contributions are; Mr. Clarke, late of the Strand, taking a prominent part in the cast. At the St. James's, 'A Shameful Revelation of Lady Somebody's Secret,' with Mr. Toole as its *Lady Audley*, also by the same author, is filling that house in an altogether unprecedented manner. Of these three burlesques it is necessary to say little more than that they are in Mr. Byron's usual manner, as busy, bustling, and smart, and possessing as many claims to that popularity, which the author seems so especially to have achieved.

At the Haymarket the enchanter's wand has resuscitated 'Lord Dundreary,' not in his old guise but in a new aspect, as if, under the influence of the too potent spell of Christmas, he had assimilated himself to Clown and Pantaloon. He now humbly emulates Grimaldi. He is no longer the fastidious gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche*, but a somewhat loose and fatuous nobleman with softening of the brain, who sings comic songs in the drawing-room, gets fuddled after dinner, and then goes to bed with his feet to the bolster like Clown in the pantomime. Otherwise, however, he is unchanged. He dresses not a whit less scrupulously, his handkerchiefs are as faultless, and he has, moreover, taken advantage of the recess to acquire dancing, in which accomplishment he now appears to advantage.

How far the innovations made in the 'American Cousin' are considered improvements by the judicious is uncertain; but the test of popularity suggests that his lordship is less popular than he once was, and that the world has ceased to regard him in anywise as a wonder. The story itself has been compressed. The bureau scene with *Coyle* has been cut away, and the first act closes with a dance and the last with a rhyming epilogue, or tag, by Byron, of his usual smartness; and these changes may perhaps compensate for the distressful change wrought in the character itself by the remodelling of the piece. For ourselves, however, we mourn the lost Dundreary. Our Lycidas is dead—the Dundreary of Mayfair—and alack-a-day that we should see the time when he plays Pantaloon to *Asa Trenchard's* Clown, and joins in inharmonious chorus with the guests in the drawing-room at Trenchard Manor in a 'ribald song.' But alas! as poor Ophelia says, we know what we are, and know not what we may be.

At the Princess's, a comedy by Westland Marston, from the German, called 'Donna Diana,' has been produced. This play, as popular in Germany as the 'Lady of Lyons' in English provincial towns, is admirably written, and is a most effective and admirable, and withal most legitimate dramatic result. At the Strand, a new farce, by Mr. Hancock, 'Margate Sands,' full of practical fun; and another version of the 'Scrap of Paper,' much inferior to Mr. Wigan's, by Mr. C. Mathews, has been produced at the St. James's.

At this last-named house Mr. L. Buckingham has a comedy in rehearsal, with Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mrs. C. Mathews, Miss Cottrell, and Mrs. Stirling in it; and the theatrical world looks forward with confident anticipation to a very effective play, admirably presented by so strong a feminine cast. The month closes with the production of 'Sense and Sensation,' a burlesque by Tom Taylor, at the Olympic, deferred from Christmas; a new drama by Brougham, promised at Astley's, and some time in rehearsal; the recommencement of the Monday Popular Concerts, in all their vigour and excellence, at the St. James's Hall; and Faust, in English, at Her Majesty's.





*J. B. May del.*

*Joseph Percum.*

*C. Wemyss & March*

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### THE EARL OF WEMYSS AND MARCH.

HITHERTO it has been out of our power to illustrate either the features, or the sporting career of the Nestor of Scotland's Sportsmen—the Earl of Wemyss; and in bringing him forward late in the day, we can only urge in our behalf, the old-fashioned excuse of 'better late than never,' and express our regret that the task of recording his performances on field and flood, had not fallen to the lot of those, more familiar with them than ourselves.

The Earl of Wemyss was born in 1796, and belongs to one of the most ancient families in Scotland, tracing his origin from the first Earl of Fife, the vanquisher of the tyrant Macduff. The surname of Wemyss, like many others, is local, and was first assumed by the proprietors of the land called Wemyss-shire, which consisted of that tract of land lying between the lower part of the Ore, and the sea. In the troubled times of the early part of Scottish history, the ancestors of the Earl of Wemyss are constantly mentioned as being engaged in matters of the deepest importance to the State, involving the exercise of the highest courage and discretion. So far back, indeed, as 1290, we read of Sir Michael de Wemyss, accompanying Sir Michael Scott, by the desire of the Lords of the Regency, to Norway, to escort the young Queen Margaret, who, unfortunate to relate, unlike another Princess of our own day, was never destined to reach the land over which she had been called to reign, as she died at the Orkneys. On that occasion, the King of Norway presented to Sir Michael an antique silver ewer, which has been ever since used as the font for baptizing the heirs of the family.

Lord Wemyss was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, a seminary which can vie with any similar institution in the world for the number of talented and distinguished scholars it has brought forth. Here, like in other great Nimrods, the man shone forth in the boy, and Lord Wemyss early acquired a distinction in all boyish games by his manliness, determination, and steadiness of

character. Foxes were not then obtainable, as may be imagined, and in his juvenile ardour he substituted the feline race, and a blank night's sport was never known. From Edinburgh Lord Wemyss, as befitted his position, proceeded to Oxford, and was entered at Christchurch, where he went through the best of all ordeals, the friction of the world with men of his own age. Here, as may be imagined, full scope was given him for developing his passion for fox-hunting, and he quickly acquired the reputation of being one of the hardest men across country in the University, and was once very nearly killed by a fall over a gate. On finishing his studies on the banks of the Isis, Lord Wemyss was appointed an attaché to the Embassy at Vienna, and married in Paris, in 1817, Lady Louisa Bingham, sister of the present Earl of Lucan. Returning home to England soon after his nuptials, he took up his abode at Ashaby, near Melton, where for eight years, in the Assheton-Smith age, he was second to none; and when his colleagues comprised such men as Sir David Baird, Sir James Musgrave, Jack White, The Squire, and the late Lord Jersey, we have said enough to give an idea of his 'form.' The horses he then hunted were all thoroughbred, and stood on short legs; and in such esteem were they held, that five and six hundred pounds were constantly offered and refused for them. On giving up Leicestershire, Lord Wemyss settled in Scotland, and hunted with the East Lothian fox-hounds, then kept by Mr. Baird, father of the late Sir David Baird. These hounds were subsequently kept by the Duke of Buccleuch, who, during his minority, entrusted their management to Lord Wemyss, and for eight years it was productive of the finest sport, and the most uninterrupted harmony that Kelso has ever known. At this period, also Lord Wemyss kept a pack of harriers, with which he had some excellent sport; occasionally, quite by an accident, over which he had no control, getting on the trail of a fox on the edge of the Moorlands. These harriers gradually developed themselves into a pack of fox-hounds, with which, in 1832, Lord Wemyss agreed to hunt in the Berwickshire and East Lothian countries, the former kennel being at Dunse, and the latter at Armifield, where he resided. His pack was got together by large drafts of old and young hounds, most liberally and kindly given him by his old Leicestershire friends; and among them were to be found the best blood of Lord Henry Bentinck, Sir Richard Sutton, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Beaufort, and Mr. Drake. For twelve years his lordship showed capital sport in this country, improving his hounds by the introduction of the best strains, and never having to complain of a want of foxes. These two countries are divided by the Lammermoor range of hills, sacred to the lovers of Lucia; and as Armifield is distant from Dunse no less than twenty-four miles, his Lordship's pluck and endurance in continually crossing these hills to hunt the Berwickshire side, returning the same evening, none the worse for wear, comes up to some of the best feats of our own Squire. The great inconvenience, however, of changing countries, stables, and kennels could not escape

the discernment of so clever a sportsman; and his Lordship, who had purchased the Lambton Hounds, resigned the East Lothian country, and took the Berwickshire and North Northumberland, then hunted by that Prince of good fellows, Mr. Robertson, of Ladykirk, who resigned it in favour of his friend, without one selfish feeling. His head-quarters were fixed at Coldstream, and have since remained there during the season; and by vanning the long distances, he can easily accomplish both sides of the Tweed.

In this district there are no large coverts for foxes to hang about in; and as they are generally wild and stout-running, from the low country to the hills, they have had a greater number of fine runs than fall to the lot of most packs. In the selection of his hunters, Lord Wemyss exhibits the same care as he used to do when in Leicestershire, for it requires a very well-bred animal to live with hounds in Berwickshire, and he mostly gives the preference to Irish animals. Although in his sixty-eighth year, Lord Wemyss rides as hard and as well as ever; and whether he has to travel through the stiff plough, and double fences of Berwickshire, or flying up and down the steep and broken slopes of the Cheviot, or Lammermoor Hills, he is always with his hounds, and no one can precede him. As a breeder of hounds, Lord Wemyss is what is called quite a 'top sawyer,' and his devotion to the subject has been rewarded by his getting the first prize at the first exhibition of fox-hounds held at York three years ago. That the sportsmen of the neighbourhood in which he resides have not been indifferent or ungrateful for the many years' sport he has shown them, may be inferred from the Testimonial which was presented to him last spring. This took the shape of a full-length portrait of himself in hunting costume, on his favourite hunter Dumfries, surrounded by his huntsman, Channing, and his pet hounds, Harbinger, Hector, Hermit, and Chorister. The offering was made at a magnificent banquet held at Coldstream, presided over by Mr. Robertson, and supported by the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Dalhousie, and all the *élite* of the Scotch fox-hunters. The speeches of the several speakers illustrate far better than we can do, the estimation in which the subject of the picture was held; and although Scotland can reckon many good sportsmen among her sons, it is questionable if she will ever find a more enthusiastic one than the Master of the Berwickshire and North Northumberland. As a shot, Lord Wemyss is quite as conspicuous as a fox-hunter, and he is the first man who ever killed a hundred brace of grouse in one day, which he did some thirty-five years back in Braemar. In early life, Lord Wemyss commanded the Edinburgh troop of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry, and used to amuse himself with a little racing, winning, on one of his animals called Gondolier, a great many races. As a public man, his lordship, from his abilities, sound judgment, and readiness of speech, has rendered the most useful services to his community; and had he devoted himself to politics with as much ardour as to the chase, he would have attained an equally high position. And we may sum up

this sketch of him by saying, with Mr. Robertson, that by following straightways in the path of honour, the Earl of Wemyss has ascended the ladder of life, and has gone forward, upwards and onward to the summit of human happiness—viz. to be beloved, esteemed, and regarded by every one who has the honour of his acquaintance. His Lordship's eldest son, we should add, is Lord Elcho, the Champion of the English Volunteers.

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## MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THE world always had a crotchet of some kind, and it is quite as well that it should be innocent. It occasionally plays with edged tools, and being a perfect Frankenstein in power and *abandon*, requires considerable discipline. It is supposed to get this at the hands of the Press—the Fourth Estate, as our flatterers call us, or we love to call ourselves. I am by no means certain that we merit all the good we appropriate, but with the power we wield, it is at least a merciful dispensation of Providence that we are no worse than we are. We have had dinner-giving, matrimony, domestic servants, and other social evils descanted upon with considerable breadth, and I trust with some beneficial effects to society. Cheap sporting papers, not always in the purest Saxon or the choicest grammar, invariably claim for themselves an honesty of intention which is certainly required to render their personal effrontery on any wise commendable. Those papers have at length joined their feeble voices to the general cry for the increased efficiency of the turf system, and have been honest enough to quote Colonel Cotton on the subject of breeding, in full. I can only say to them that if they can assist in agitating the question until it be thoroughly ventilated, and its merits so laid before the public as to produce conviction of the present degenerate state of the Turf for any really valuable purpose, I shall be happy to give up all share in the credit for the sake of the actual benefit to mankind. My sincere hope, as the Turf now exists, is that the Prince of Wales may have nothing to do with it. That his Royal Highness is fond of sport must be a subject of congratulation to every Englishman; but that it has taken the form of hunting or shooting, instead of racing, enhances the feeling of satisfaction all over the country a hundred-fold. A monstrous assumption has grown in some quarters out of the fact that the Prince was at the Windsor Steeple-chase, and that he has headed the list of contributors to the Melton Mowbray affair. In the first of these two cases we see nothing but the natural liking of a young man for a very generous pastime when carried out in its integrity; and in the second, a princely desire to associate himself with the gentlemen of England in contradistinction to that heterogeneous mass of petty tradesmen, sporting butchers, amateur trainers, lessees of courses, gamblers, and card-sharpers, in whose hands steeple-chasing has been a profitable business rather than a

healthful sport. I do not hesitate to say that racing has taken precisely the same form from which steeple-chasing seems to be slowly emerging, and in which prize-fighting is hopelessly buried. All these have been foisted upon us at different times by various means ; truths have been glossed over, falsehoods have been propagated ; they have been written up by, and for, the very men who were profiting by their enormities ; but the one thing which has kept them long and will keep them to a certain time before the public is the false flag under which they sail. They are paraded as the signs of a healthy, generous, manly, English disposition. The youth will be patted on the back by the mob, and raised to heaven *tergeminis honoribus* who shall sacrifice everything to these notions of sport. If you can once persuade the youth of the middle classes that this is to be a sportsman, that thus he is following in the wake of those who are gone, of whom he has read or heard but whom he has never seen, or that thus he will be able to ape the upper classes, the young guardsmen, and crack cavalry men, our chance is up, and an easy road, mentally and physically, to the devil, a '*facilis descensus Avernus*' is secured to him. We hope better things.

Hope, however, is of very little use unless it be accompanied by some sort of practical exertion for the attainment of its object. With this view of the business I propose to address ingenuous youth on some topics connected with their daily habits and manners, more especially such as have reference to a good sound mind in a good sound body.

You young gentlemen who may be considered as the aristocracy of this enlightened island are but few in number comparatively speaking. Formerly, I should have said, Eton and Harrow, a tenth part of each university (then, thank heaven ! there were but two), the household regiments, especially the Foot Guards, and a few good men in a few crack regiments—cavalry and line, with the Rifles,—would have comprised you all. Alas ! something, competitive examinations, or steam, or that vulgar habit of thinking for oneself, has changed all that. That sort of test is entirely done away with. I never meet an old friend, be his means what they may, who has not a son or two at Eton or Harrow : it seems to be quite as much a necessity as a cold shoulder of mutton and a potato was when I first made his acquaintance ; and I never meet any of my tradesmen—that is, men of substance,—who have not sons in crack cavalry regiments. In one of two extravagances they always indulge ; they either do that for their children or keep a racehorse for themselves.

Well then, '*Vos fruges consumere nati*,' I speak to you first, one word. I believe there's very little difference between this and a former generation. I have the same good opinion of you. Your pursuits are as vicious, your pluck as great, your organization as delicate, and your linen as irreproachable as ever theirs were. I do not see you colouring dirty pipes, dancing in ladies' houses with your hands in your breeches pockets, adorned with a profusion of sham jewellery, nor swaggering along the streets, clothed by Moses, or



Nichol, or any other member of the House of Commons. You are not so noisy as you were, and if it were not for Pratt's, the Arlington, and that eternal habit of taking the odds or laying them upon every subject, from the weight of a newly-born infant to the greatest certainty on the Turf, gambling among you would have decreased to an alarming extent since the death of old Crocky. Altogether, you look like gentlemen, which is something, and you act like it generally, which is more; and without the eternal conditioning and training, pole-climbing and gymnasticising, so much commended by the Press and the present generation, the swells appear to me to be pretty well up to the mark. I would pass on them the verdict which Thucydides put into the mouth of his greatest orator, Pericles, when addressing the Athenians,—‘*ἡμεῖς ἀναιμένως διαιτώμενοι οὐδὲν ἥσσαν ἐπὶ τοὺς ἰσθπαλεῖς κινδύνους χωροῦμεν.*’ They have always done their duty.

But the sinews of a country like England cannot depend upon its aristocracy. A good wholesomely cultivated mind and body, taught to endure, disciplined to obedience, self-restraint, and the sterner duties of chivalry, should be the distinguishing mark of our middle-class youth. Ah! here comes one of them without doubt;—the sort of person one meets or should meet between Temple Bar and Capel Court, or in some of our public offices, or in some occupation by which he may be learning to be useful, and be laying up a store of respectability against a time when the graces of juvenility shall have left him. On his head he wears, not a hat, but a cap, be it pork-pie, sombrero, coalheaver, Tyrolean, wide-awake, or what you please. That head might be held upright, but that anything like an erect or manly carriage would be out of keeping with the slouched gait consistent with that noble institution—the Zouave breeches pocket. If the Briton had (as has been said) a difficulty about his hands and what to do with them, his Gallic neighbour has solved the question for him, and bid him plunge them deep into the regions of his knee. It will be seen that walking in that position must be rather peculiar than elegant. Once we prided ourselves upon the smoothness of our chins. Cavalry officers and Mr. Muntz enjoyed alone (I beg the late Colonel Sibthorpe's pardon) the privilege of those hirsute appendages now so common. Again, we have to thank that Gallomania which permits the masses to adopt an appearance occasionally akin to that of a young gorilla, at other times to that of a French hairdresser. A very neat specimen of the latter kind is young Nokes, the stockjobber, who assures us that his moustache and the tuft on his chin are preventives to sore throat; while our family solicitor's eldest son rather affects the gorilla cut as giving him a high Crimean tone: he appears at the masked balls of the metropolis as a certain Duke de Guise, from the Pitti Palace at Florence.

In the matter of tobacco we have become equally curious. The energies of our middle-class youth are now thrown into pipes, and the attenuated youngsters are riling away their health in dignified efforts

at colouring a meerschaum. I can appreciate the pleasures of a good cigar, but I cannot understand, in the present rage for pipes, how the article which I formerly smoked for threepence should have reached double the price. The most distinguished characteristic of true respectability, for which so many strive, seems to be attained by these young gentlemen by a seat on the knife-board of an omnibus with a very short black cutty or highly-polished meerschaum. Every man to his taste; and I know that respectability is conventional—in the parish in which I live it consists in keeping a brougham: but how it ever took the form which it seems to have taken with Young England I am at a loss to conceive.

I have just touched here very slightly upon the externals of our youth. Prejudices are strong things, and I may be altogether wrong—very likely I am. But I cannot say that I think, if such be the letter of recommendation, and every man's appearance is so, that I should like to break Young England's seal. Nevertheless, a great deal has been said lately about the training and condition of our young men; their military tastes and inclinations; and, above all, that increased love of sport and hardy exercise which I promised myself, when I set out, should be the basis of this essay. Let us look more closely into this part of the subject, and congratulate ourselves, if we can, upon the genuine ring of what looks very like electroplate only.

Training and condition, as employed in their ordinary sense, appear to be nearly the same thing. They are not so. Training may produce a very high and efficient state of condition; but condition, as I understand the word for my purpose, often exists without any training at all. For example, a public schoolboy, unless given exclusively to the Choruses of Aristophanes, the Greek particle, Sapphics and Alcaics, or toffee and ginger-beer, ought to be always in condition, and never in training. Some men are never out of condition—that is, out of a state for very active exertion at a moment's notice—at any time of their lives. Such condition is far from exhaustive: on the contrary, it is the veritable *sanum corpus*. Such men have been in training, perhaps, for some exceptional feat—a boat race or a match against time. Occasional training of that sort is essential for such cases, and many an amateur steeple-chase has been lost more by want of condition on the part of the man than of the horse. A man constantly in the open air, and taking strong exercise daily, is in a position to do many things that cannot be done by those apparently in like form; he may be said to be in excellent condition, but he will stand no chance with a man of equal calibre who has come out of the professional trainer's hands. Some analogy may be said to exist between these cases, and the circumstances of the race-horse and the well-conditioned hunter. It is a positive advantage to the latter to go for years without loss of condition, only allowing during the summer such a relaxation of system as shall require no forced appliances to restore his form. I prefer, myself, a hunter that can be used for gentle hacking from May to October; and the horse would

be more healthy, more available for service, and quite as long lived as under the most favourable circumstances of entire rest. The race-horse, however, cannot live one twelvemonth in training. It is true that there is no necessity for such a state of things ; but were there, it would not answer. The strain upon the constitution would be too great to last, and he would become infirm, decrepit, and even more quickly and thoroughly exhausted than at present. Idleness is never wanted for the body, unless it be dilapidated and infirm ; in youth, lounging and every sort of sluggishness is unnatural, though not uncommon ; and even an overworked mind is better pleased with variation and change than with total suspension of its faculties.

I cannot believe that short meerschaums, and that peculiar form of elegance which has for its basis the breeches-pocket, can be conducive to that general hardness and condition on which we formerly prided ourselves. I do not mean to say there is less boating, less cricket, less riding, less shooting than formerly : on the contrary, numerically, clubs have trebled, and the number of young men out hunting and shooting in every direction is appalling. But it is done in a different way. It is done just as if we all had our hands in our pockets and were very little inclined to take them out. I shall have Lord's, and the Oval, and the vast amount of cricket going on through the provinces and the colonies, and the gallant attempt of Stephenson in Australia, which has produced an ambitious rivalry in the same line, adduced to prove the reverse. I shall be told that Avis's and Bachelor's were never so full during the season ; that Oxford and Cambridge were never so vigorous on the water ; that Kingston, and Gravesend, and every place above and below bridge teem with stalwart forms ; that cottages at Twickenham, Teddington, Richmond, and other places are tenanted by men who live for boating. My opponents may triumphantly point to the hunting-field and to the hills of Scotland as an answer to my insinuations that the youth of the present day are not imbued with those general characteristics of physical hardness or endurance which certainly distinguished a past generation.

If I admit the truth of this numerical superiority, to what does it reduce me ? To this assertion. That these things have become a fashion ; that the population has increased ; that there is infinitely more money, and more to be got for money, than formerly ; and that the things are done in a more feather-bed fashion, and with less true love of sport than they used to be. Let me give one single instance of what I mean in a general way, and we can descend to particulars afterwards. I am so unfortunate as to know but little of Cambridge, and in speaking of university life I must be responsible only on the side of Oxford. Undergraduate life is not what it was. There are, of course, and always will be, a certain number of hard-riding, open-air, country-gentleman undergraduates, who never vary, and who will be found hunting with Tom Drake, the Duke, the Heythrop, or their successors, to the end of time—men who will go on hacks to Bullingdon and Cowley Marsh ; who will shoot pigeons, and jump

hurdles, and ride races, and be bowled at for hours; who attend Quentin, or its equivalent; who dress like gentlemen, but eschew effeminate neck-ties, and that prevalent taste for the mosaic and cheap dandyism common to the mass of the *Pubes Anglicana*. But that, is not the fashion of the university. Cabs, *proh pudor!* have taken the place of hacks; professors of every science, but the science *par excellence*, fill the lecture-rooms; and the reappearance of Johnny Broome, or Mr. Sambo Sutton (who ought to be assisting President Davis in the Confederate States), would be infinitely more terrible than Pepper's ghost. Indeed, the Polytechnic is about the pattern of the modern and model young gentlemen, who form at least a majority in universities, which have become too numerous for insertion.

I do not mean to say that this state of things is not far more desirable for Paterfamilias, who certainly had occasionally to pay for the whistle his son had been blowing to a very handsome tune. We have not, of late years, had such striking examples before the public of reckless proceedings; but it will scarcely be denied, as a matter of argument, that the effervescence, which formerly ran over in a somewhat extravagant emulation of the British sportsman, has subsided into a less expensive but less healthy tone of turn-down collars, spurious jewellery, and cheap tobacco. In a word, it rather strikes me that in the absence of spirit and character to follow a strong lead, they have 'intrenched themselves in the dignity of a ladylike 'languor.' That's Sir Bulwer Lytton, I rather think.

What are the chief occupations of the youth who spend from ten to four on three-legged stools in some stifling office between Somerset House and Leadenhall Street? Well! happily not those of the cock-pit, nor of a boxing crib, nor the amusements of rat hunting nor badger drawing; nor, I regret to add, is it in the schools of Angelo or Hammond. The country is accessible indeed—which it was not before—to almost everybody, and is probably more *recherché* than ever. But ingenuous youth may pass much time on a hog-backed stile colouring his pipe, or watching the dairymaid milking the cows, without doing much to strengthen his manhood. He has the Turf, to be sure; but that is but a miserable subterfuge for national pastime, and the grand stand or the betting-list but a sorry exchange for the Burlington Arcade and the pulverulent breezes of Rotten Row. Not many days back we heard of an *assaut d'armes*, but it was regarded as so exceptional a recreation that the promised presence of the Prince of Wales was called in to aid its otherwise questionable claims upon attention. The promise was without fulfilment. I am no admirer of the modern prize ring; I have no sympathy with the brutalities of professional pugilism; but I was glad to see that a fine manly exhibition with the gloves formed a part—and a much applauded part—of the exhibition. A man may learn to defend himself or his friend in a street row without participating in the pleasures or difficulties of a scene of outrage and indecency which was unknown to the ring of days gone by.

The hunting-field and the trigger would appear to be great outlets for the pent-up energies of British youth. But we doubt whether the rail, or the watering-place fly, which discharges its load at the cover-side, is quite so conducive to mental or physical condition as the more modest but more invigorating proceedings '*temporis acti*.' I have known insane youth with one or two horses stealing as many days as could be well afforded from heavier duties, discarding the expense and luxury of grooms and horses sent on, and galloping hack, or the above-mentioned mode of conveyance, working its toilsome way by an early start on its own hunter. Rising in the dark, and jogging gently on at that *steady* pace which kills your modern swell with a pain in the back, some fourteen miles, to cover, is hard work: but it was no very uncommon thing five-and-twenty years ago. The present mode is the pleasanter of the two, but if I had to pronounce a confident verdict on the true sportsmanship of the two epochs, it can hardly be doubted to which I should give the preference.

Shooting is certainly made easy. Excepting in Scotland, only one sort of dog is ever made use of, and that is a retriever. Anything to save trouble. I'm old and stiff in the back, and deserve a battue. It suits me remarkably well to lean against a tree for half an hour, only shifting my place according to orders, with an amiable man Friday to load and hand me my second gun; but I beg to say I have earned that glorious repose by some years of hard walking among the stubble and turnips of a thinly-partridged country. When I can catch a man of five-and-twenty who has been known to ride his own horse above eight miles to cover, in the hope of a day's sport, or who admits that he is in the habit of trudging from 'morn till dewy 'eve' on a broiling September's day, after a brace of pointers, with an outside prospect of half a dozen shots, I'll endeavour to put him in a glass case, and have him exhibited in the 'Field' window, in lieu of the Bengal tiger now there: he is much the rarer animal of the two.

The great Napoleon is reported to have called us a nation of shopkeepers. About Christmas time of each year I used to go with him; and though, as it gets later in the season, this opinion becomes much modified, still I was, at no time of life, prepared to assert that the honours of military life were peculiarly English. However, the Rifle Volunteer movement has removed all doubts upon our capacity in that way. In condition or out of condition, whether leading the forlorn hope at the attack of a fir plantation on Brighton Downs, or toiling hopelessly in the rear, and blowing like a grampus tip those gentle slopes, the youth of England are soldiers, bristling with bayonets, and as much in earnest as a tom cat in a beehive, with his tail through the bung-hole. I do not think the world produces a parallel to that national enthusiasm; but then enthusiasm is not endurance, and a weekly drill is not an epitome of the confidence, the sparkling eye, and elastic step of what I understand by condition. If that stand in need of any eulogium, or any further explanation, it

may be observed that it has this striking advantage. The possessor of it will be infinitely more healthy and more able than the man who is now in trainer's condition, and anon in none at all, and will be at any moment prepared to put on the polish of the highest form, should it be needed, with ten times the effect of the clock that has been allowed to run down.

So much for one of those topics of the day which must have a singular interest for England in general, and for the British mamma in particular. If I were disposed to lay so much stress on over-exertion, over-training and its effects, as some men are, which I am not, it would only confirm me in my admiration of a course of education and self-discipline, which should keep boys and men of the middle classes ready for anything; which should give them a cheerful, active, confident tone, an upright carriage, and a graceful ease, instead of that lounging, semi-swaggering, confoundedly lackadaisical manner which they have adopted in compliment, I presume, to the real swell, and the man of fashion. The real swell is exceedingly obliged to them, but begs to repudiate the ridiculous imitation, and to point out that a man may be the admiration of Laurent's casino, without necessarily enjoying a reputation in Belgravian salons. If mamma wishes to see her darling anything like the thing he affects to be, a man at eighteen or twenty, let her sew up his pockets, cut down his cutty pipe, hang up his pork-pie, and invest in a subscription to Angelo's, a jumping screw, and an accidental insurance ticket. If there can be no moderation, better, far better, is the fragrant but expensive Havana, the well-cut though horsey pantaloons, the neatly-polished boot, and the varmint puppy-dog style, than an inglorious affectation of loose dandyism.

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## HOW THE LATE FROST WAS ALL OWING TO CHARLEY GREY.

'PLEASE, sir, master presents his compliments; and as it's a hard frost, and you cannot hunt to-day, wishes to know whether you'll share a dose of salts with him?'

Charley Grey was at that moment dreaming that he was going best in 'The Run of the Season;' and thus was he suddenly roused to be told that the ground was covered with snow, the stable-buckets coated with ice, and that, as far as hunting was concerned, he might as well be in Siberia—

'Where your nose and your ear  
Are not quite so safe on as people's are here,  
Inasmuch as Jack Frost, that most fearful of bogles,  
Makes folk leave their cartilage oft in their fogles.'

Poor Charley Grey! Thus was he made painfully to realize what a humbug he had been in assuring Mary Brandling the night before that he would much rather enjoy pleasant dreams ('They are always about you, Mary dear!') and awaken to find his happiness

illusory, than have his 'soul perturbed in sleep,' and experience the great relief of waking to find it all—a dream!

'Which is happiest,' said Mary Brandling, as he was lighting her flat candlestick—the ladies being all booked for Bedfordshire—'which is happiest, the king who dreams every night he is a beggar, or the beggar who dreams every night he is a king?'

'Oh!' replied Charley, 'no nightmares for me! There is disappointment enough by day; so let us at all events be happy in our dreams!' adding, in a low whisper, 'Didn't I dream of you last night? and wasn't I just falling——'

Here it is charitable to suppose that Mrs. Brandling came within ear-shot, for I can in no other way account for his sudden exclamation of 'Rising, by Jingo!'

The mercury in the barometer he was passing was certainly rising a little, but Mary Brandling's face fell a good deal. 'Oh!' said she, 'I believe you hunting men never dream of anything but what Dean Ramsay properly described as "a wee bit beastie that is "nae worth eating when they have cotched him."'

'Not so,' replied Charley Grey. 'One may flirt a little with the chaste Diana by day, without being faithless to Venus. And if I dream of hunting to-night, may—yes, may the gods above be taken with such a fit of economy in coals as to bring on a frost that shall last to the end of the season.'

Mary Brandling could not refuse to believe in the sincerity of such an oburgation as this, and went on her way rejoicing; and Charley Grey turned into bed. Thinking in a dreamy sort of way of her, and also a little of his favourite mare The Abbess, which he was going to ride on the morrow, the black hair of the one and the silky mane of the other became blended in a confused picture, till a bystander would have fancied him enamoured of a centaur.

'Such an ankle!' murmured he. 'But that off leg is certainly getting a little gummy! Such a sweet temper! But kicked poor Bill, and be d——d to her, last week! Such shoulders! such limbs! such a back and loins!' Here it is evident the lover of Mary Brandling was fairly merged in the owner of The Abbess. And thus it was this recreant knight dreamt of his ladye love.

His worthy host lives in a provincial country, but in dreamland he is already far away, occupying a cottage near Narboro', which he has always looked upon as *Angulus ille*. He has just breakfasted, has looked in the cheval-glass, and ascertained that his boot is 'hung to perfection.' It is a charming hunting morning, and he feels very keen as he sees his hack led round to the door.

Now all grooms think it an especial part of their duty to make their master's existence a burden, and Mr. Weller, perceiving that his master is in high feather, immediately proceeds to bonnet him, and knock such exuberance of spirits on the head. He therefore informs him that—'Confederit, as you rode yesterday, is lame in the far fut; and as to the new oss as cum down the day afore yesterday, he ain't no good at all. He won't look at a hoat. And

'though you says as he's been starved, my b'leaf is as he's rotting.' Mr. Weller, however, is pleased to add that 'The Habbess and 'Bolero are gone on;' and gives the comforting assurance that both are 'fit as fleas.'

Charley Grey drops his hand, and canters away with a loose rein, having, of course, to alter his stirrup-leathers, as there is a legend in everybody's stable that the master has one leg six inches shorter than the other. Now it is a curious fact that of the many miles every hunting man rides to meet hounds in the course of the season, he hardly ever goes half a dozen in company, unless, indeed, he has a playfellow at starting. All start about the same time in proportion to their distances, and it is seldom a neighbour is overtaken till all converge together almost at the same moment into the same field or village. Now man is certainly a gregarious animal, yet there is nothing more exhilarating than this solitary canter to covert. The pleasures of hope are always greater than the pleasures of memory; and though in all things hope is a good breakfast, but a very bad supper, and in nothing is a sandwich-box more necessary than in the hunting-field, yet, still, when knocked down by frequent disappointments, we rise, Antæus-like, from the ground, and start again on the morrow as keen as ever. Then the fences; how small they look from the road: and the brooks, too; really they are nothing; and the water decidedly does look half as damp from the bridge as we actually find it when we are '*Nantes in gurgite vasto*.' Charley canters away, supremely happy, and as he passes an oxer, and looks to see where it should best be negotiated, he thinks he will be a leetle more agreeable on his wedding tour than that loquacious sportsman who, after posting thirty miles from the church door without hazard-ing any observation to his blushing bride, at last pointed to the only weak place in a fence, and said, 'That's where *I* should have it; 'where would *you*?' He knocks off the nine miles in forty minutes, and cordially greets the first friend he meets, little Frank Thornhill, of the Foreign Office, who being only down from London for the day, and, as it were, a ticket-of-leave, is warmly sympathetic, and far more genial than his brother, Lord Toppington, whose 'How 'do?' to Charley clearly implied, 'How are you? Not that I really 'care a farthing how you are, but how are you?' Charley nods to one, and shakes hands with another, till he approaches the central group, where Will, surrounded by his beauties, is holding some such conversation with Hays of the Royals as has been already immortalized by Leech. 'If you see Captain Harry, sir, I beg you'll give 'him my respects.' 'Oh! but my brother is in the East Indies, 'and I am going to the West.' 'Very likely, sir; but maybe 'you'll be meeting at the covert-side all the same.'

But it is 11 o'clock, and 'we are all there.' Lady Willows has arrived with her pilot, Jem Carpenter, and as there is no celebrity to wait for, on to All Hallows Gorse, a sure find in the cream of the country. Thirty yards before the gorse is reached Will waives his hand, and before he has said 'Loo in, my beauties!' not a hound is



at his heels. In an instant the gorse is alive with waving sterna, and a less keen observer than Charley Grey would have noticed, in the extra keenness of the hounds, as they jump over the patches of gorse, unmistakeable signs that pug is at home. Not a whimper as yet, but Charley Grey sneaks quietly down wind, and just runs his hand under his saddle-flap to see that his girths do not want tightening. He has just reached a point beyond which he hardly likes to proceed, lest he should do mischief, when chancing to look at Jack, the first whip, who is standing at the extreme end of the covert, he sees the countenance of that worthy suddenly illumine. Jack holds his cap above his head, and standing up in his stirrups, watches the fox clear through the fence into the next field, and then gives that ringing view halloa! the music of which those only who have heard it can ever appreciate. The fox has found himself, but there is evidently a scent, for before the cheer dies away eight couple of hounds come out simultaneously, and stream down the headland.

'Hold hard, you sir, and let the hounds settle!' cries a voice behind, the speaker immediately scuttling by, forty miles an hour, and smothering poor Charley from head to foot with black loam. 'Go ahead, Charley!' exclaims little George Mallard, coming up, hands down; 'go ahead; it's only that jealous fellow Crawley, who 'wants to get a start. I think there's a scent; but he needn't be so 'jealous, for, thank God, that first fence is a rasper, so we shan't be 'much mobbed at the start.'

Sure enough, the majority hang to the gate, while Charley and a select few charge what the French call 'un obstacle,' and at once settle in their places. There is no mistake about the scent. 'That 'fallow will carry,' says Spoon to Craner, 'and we shall get to them 'there.' Not a bit—over the fallow and across the new enclosure, till they reach the great dairy-ground, down which they stream, heads up and sterna down; but though the fences are big, and there is no time for picking places, yet it is good larding, and good taking off; so that there is no grief up to this time. It is true that young Lord Ravensdale, who always displays great liberty of seat, and has been riding his horse with his usual fairness—sometimes on his tail, sometimes between his ears, spurring his eyes—has been down, and having been dragged a few yards, is a good deal 'shuk.' Indeed it is doubtful whether his noble and affectionate parents would now know him for dirt; still his horse never fell, and as it was 'a 'voluntary' that don't count—(the 'Morning Post,' however, will doubtless, give a flaming account of his lordship's horsemanship on the morrow, concluding with the somewhat dubious remark, that 'providentially, the noble marquis fell upon his head')—as yet, therefore, there has been no kissing of mother earth; but as they near the next fence, Charley Grey observes a suspicious look about it, which makes him think that he had better ride at it slowly. He therefore steadies his mare, and in an instant, Raffles and Barwise rush past him, crowding all sail. 'Double, Charley!' cries Raffles, who is over and down, but on his legs in a moment; then seeing it

is Barwise (better known in his regiment under the *sobriquet* of Sam Slick the Clockmaker), he shouts—'Duplex movement, Sammy!—Duplex movement!' as Sammy comes a regular burster into the next field. 'Mainspring not hurt, I hope,' says Charley Grey, who having been at Eton with Barwise, thinks the chaff all fair, as The Abbess drops her hind-legs and lands him safely on the other side. The field in which they now are is full of stock, and though hounds hold on, those in front are able to ease their horses a little. At this point Charley Grey observes that the next fence is into the road, and seeing a man carting manure in the field on the other side, who he feels certain must have turned the fox, he pulls fifty yards to the gate, and stands on the inside, not going through, but ready to open it. Young Bagot, who thinks this a good opportunity to distinguish himself, keeps straight on his line, makes a double of the lane, and of course drives the hounds across with him. He then pulls up with a 'What do you think of that, now?' sort of look, receiving an immediate answer in the shape of an apostrophe, 'You on the grey oss, I wish you was dead,' from Will, who adds in milder tones, 'Steady, gentlemen, if *you* please; one moment, gentlemen!—Challenger has it down the road:' and sure enough, Challenger and Benedict hit it off together, carry it fifty yards down the road, and start through the hand-gate into a wheat-field. The momentary pause has given time for two or three more to come up, who push past Charley Grey at the gateway he has been protecting, and clatter down the road, hallooing—'Ware 'wheat!' not that they care a farthing about Farmer Hobbs, but because they know that a few grass grounds beyond is the Ullington Brook. The Abbess being twice crossed, and having a spice of the temper of most abbesses, refuses out of the road, and it is only by a happy combination of Cremona finger with merry heel, that she is persuaded to leave the ruck of horses. She rakes and snatches across the next field, and is fairly on her nose, as she lands through instead of over the next fence. Charley Grey sits well back, still as a mouse, without interfering with her (recovering horses is all bosh!) merely observing to Will, who cheers, 'Well recovered! She's a little bit whimmy this morning.'

This field Charley Grey perceives has been only just drained, so he turns short up the headland, and, though making nearly two sides of a triangle, he yet gets to the next fence before those who have gone the shortest way. And now in front are seen the willows, and the hounds make straight for the brook. 'What sort of a bottom is it, Jem?' says little Durham to Carpenter. — 'Very wet,' replies he. 'No, but seriously.' — 'Well, seriously, a very good one *when you get to it.*' 'It does look a biggish place, Charley,' says Fred Marshall, who has been going right well all the way, and evidently means business. — 'I believe it is,' replies Charley; 'but my Abbess not being in the 'odour of sanctity is not afraid of water,' and taking her by the head he sails down to the brook and skims it like a swallow. At

the same moment, Carpenter turns to Lady Willows, shouts one word—'Powder'—and sitting down on his grey, charges ten yards to the right. They are well over, and so are six or seven more; but the recusants are many and the baptism very general. Captain Faulkner, apparently *ætat.* thirty-five, with a profusion of black hair, charges it like a man, but disappears beneath the wave. A something that looks like the top of a man's head is seen bobbing down the tide, and an elderly party, now apparently *ætat.* fifty-five, with a particularly bald head is being assisted out by a yokel who has come down to pick up stray half-crowns. 'Oh, never mind that old 'buffer,' says the second whip, who has just come up, 'save Captain 'Faulkner.'

After crossing the brook, the fox goes right across Keffington Lordship, and makes for Hollerton Gorse; but on getting there, he is too hot to venture in, and turns over Hollerton Bottom. Horses are now a good deal puffed, but vain the look for second horses, for the fox has come as straight as a line.

'Mare a little tired?' says Charley, as he observes little George Mallard giving her one down the shoulder. 'Fresh as paint,' replies George, 'only rather slow and very 'lazy,' and at once rams her at the Bottom, into which many a fresher horse has fallen ere now. His brother Tom sees the junior member of the family entirely disappear with philosophic spirit; and, as he rides over, quietly and quaintly observes—'Halloa! little George has buried his'n.'

The company now is unusually select, and Fred Marshall compounds at the next fence—not a big one, ditch to him, where his horse runs straight into the ditch, and pokes his nose into the fence beyond. Here Tom Mallard again administers the cup of comfort. 'Why, your donkey is playing at sheep. Shall I lend you a knife to stick him? I see you've been keeping down inflammation with your spurs.' At this moment Will exclaims—'Yonder he goes! 'See how he's mobbed by the magpie and rook; he can hardly make 'a crawl of it.' 'Come on,' cries Jem Carpenter to his charge, 'come on;' and holding up his arm to protect his face, he crashes through a thick bullfinch. Bravely does the gallant lady respond to the call, though she leaves a piece of her habit as a streamer on the blackthorn. Her horse, however, lands in a rut, and being blown, rolls over like a shot rabbit, giving his fair rider just such a crumpler as was reported by little Will Sebright to have befallen one of the Ladies Fitzwilliam off a mare called Arachne.

'Bill,' says she.—'My Lady,' says oi.—'What do you think?' says she. 'The Rackney mare; she put her foot in a hole, and 'end over end she came, by G—d.' Charley Grey turns sick at the sight. Though 'the pace is too good to inquire,' and though having gone A 1 during the whole run, he would not like to lose his place just as the fox is being killed, I incline to think that he would have stopped, like a *preux chevalier*, but that it suddenly occurred to him that Mary Brandling might be jealous. (Confound

(the fellow! he has never thought of her before.) And sure enough—who's that at the cross roads, in a pony-chaise, watching the whole scene?

The fox is making straight for the road, and the hounds are now coursing him in view. Will they catch him before he reaches the fence? 'Yes; that dark hound will surely turn him over. He makes an expiring effort, and is clear of him—but 'tis only for a moment. The next, fox and hounds roll pell-mell into the ditch together. Charley Grey should have been satisfied with his performance; but seeing Mary Brandling in the road, he is foolish enough to wish to claim her congratulations; and as the rail, though stiff is a low one, he will just 'nip' over. The Abbess being always 'whimmy' on leaving a crowd, and, moreover, not seeing the object of this work of supererogation, puts her ears back and sticks her toes into the ground. Charley thinks the mare is right, and he is just about to call to a boy to lead her about, and himself vault over, when he overhears Tom Mallard remark—'*more suo*'—'That mare 'ain't half a good one. I've seen her stopped scores of times.' On this, Charley holds her like a vice, and sends in both Latchfords. There was a crash, a sudden dizziness, a stunning sensation in the temples, and then a sort of semi-consciousness that his hot head is pillowed on Mary Brandling's lap, and that she is whispering soft words, which, however, his bewildered senses cannot follow. He opens his eyes, languidly. What's this? His head reposes, but 'tis on his own pillow. It aches, but 'tis 'Oh, that second magnum of 'last night!' A face is peering into his, but 'tis the whiskered and somewhat unwholesome countenance of Mr. Eatanswill, the butler, who says, for the second time—'Master presents his compliments, and as you cannot hunt this morning, wishes to know whether you'll share a dose of salts with him?'

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## THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

### CHAPTER VI.

'HARDING minor's in, and Keate calls six o'clock absence at the 'end of Fellow's Walk!' shouted a lower boy, running from Weston's Yard into the Long Walk to get his master's tea and rolls, which he had to carry in a bottle, ready mixed with sugar and milk, to the lower shooting-fields. Boys left their ices at Spiers'—each shop disgorged its lot of idlers—the news was carried on to Barnes Pool, '*Fama mobilitate viget*,' &c. (see Virgil, lib. 4)—for the want of knowing which we were once put in the bill, and told to stay—nothing like a birch to enliven memory—and then on up town to Charley Carter's at Windsor Bridge. A stream of upper and lower boys ran down Eton, through the Long Walk, Weston's Yard, the quad and cloisters, out into the playing-fields, down the well-worn paths, and over the bridge into the shooting-fields, so

potent was the spell that accompanied the cry of 'Harding minor's 'in!' The cricket-match of Marylebone against Eton was being played. The old Club had sent down a strong team, with Aislabie, Ward, Vyne, Price, Slingsby, and other good men and true; and it was decided that Eton had but small chance against the mighty ones of Anak.

It was the grand event of the half, conned over for weeks before it came off, and books were made for and against; bets were hedged according to rule, and the scores of the favourites had their scale of odds with the precise regularity of Tattersall's. The substantial business, the careful bookmaking of the Corner and Subscription Room, was carried on in eleven o'clock chapel on whole holidays. There, as the boys in the long rows of benches knelt down, pencils were taken out which the masters in their high desks failed to detect, and the odds, given and taken, were duly set down in the blank leaves of such as had brought prayer-books with them. 'Five to three against Vyne's stumping four in the match.' (He was a noted wicket-keeper.) 'Done, Barker! if you will lay four to one against Barnard for the same event with catching, &c.' 'How do you mean?' says Barker. 'That Barnard,' replies Greenwood, 'does not get out four—bowl, stump, catch, or shy.' 'All right!—in crowns.' 'Hold hard; Botch Bethel is on the look-out.' A few moments of respectful inanity, and then Oxenden passes up. 'Even between Harding ma. and Ward; and a Coventry cake at Mother Hyde's for choice.' 'Cakes be devilled! make it half a dozen strawberry-creams,' whispers Montague. 'Done! I take Ward.' And the noblemen and baronets who sit in the stalls of exaltation poring over the massive folios, how wistfully, and with what envy they look down, and long to be amongst the busy whisperings and dealings of their fellows doing real business, whilst the priest-vicar is praying for the High Court of Parliament under our most religious and gracious King—the Regent of the twopenny-post bag, the Fourth George of William Makepeace Thackeray, and Fum the Fourth of 'Don Juan'—at this time assembled. On we go, Oxenden hard at it, and not to be stopped. 'Who lays seven to four against Eton?' 'We will,' said Duncombe and Montague, 'in tens; and take the long odds in pounds against Harding minor's getting thirty in the double innings.' 'Or give them, Montague?' 'I'm wide awake, old fellow. We will take six to four.' 'That will do,' rejoins Greenwood. And 'with me,' and 'with me,' is passed up by the backers of the favourite bat, and a shilling is booked for a lower school boy who is just beginning his 'As in presenti.' 'Wait a moment,' says Montague; 'I cannot put it all down, on account of this writing.' His grandmother had placed the name of her eldest and favourite grandchild in the prayer-book, and underneath, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;' so the remainder of the bets were set down in the blank half-page after the words 'Here endeth the order of Morning Prayer.'

' Roper ; by Jove, Roper, Champneys has the mulligrubs, and ' the tugs are not in surplices !—short church, and no Litany. ' Hurrah ! by Jove, we are in out-and-out luck !' exclaims Harry Oxenden on the morning of the match, as we are going into chapel. Roper was our favourite reader. It was said that he could give any other clerical in England or the colonies down to the words ' Pontius Pilate' in the Belief, otherwise called the Credo, and beat him hollow. It was Derby and Oaks reading—*prestissimo e con' fuoco*, with the Sellinger in hand—no waiting, but strong running throughout, with plenty to spare. Moreover, the Reverend Roper was given to have a nervous twitch with his chin, now to the right, now to the left, and the boys backed one side of his face against the other for the number of twitches during service, the odds being always steadily in favour of the right side. Boot and saddle, Roper ; sharp's the word. Hog Roberts, the obese Fellow, is snoring ; Peelipo has not come to time ; Yonge is nodding like Homerus Aliquando ; little Knapp is winking at a pretty girl in the organ-loft ; and even the ferret eyes of Keate are less vigilant than usual. Never mind, Gray, fast and honest clerk, if you did cut in with ' Amen' before the appointed time ; we're off for the match. Eton for ever, and away ! And the wild rush of the boys out of chapel almost drowns the notes of the organ.

Let us change the scene. It is Sunday. There, in the long aisle, are assembled six hundred boys and youths—the pick of the aristocracy of the kingdom—the sons of the mothers of England—the very bright beings—*dieu donnés*, of whom the low-born Yankee, knave and cur, has described to be ' spectacles to howl at.' There are the sons of those noble mothers, attired plainly and fitly, as becomes gentlemen, each with his prayer-book, decorously attentive to the holy service, joining in the responses, and embodying the devotion inculcated at the apron-string ; and not one but remembers and cherishes in his heart the time when, kneeling before his mother, morning and evening, his little hands were joined together by her, and he was taught to lisp forth the prayer of prayers. Not theirs the fault of indecorum on the week-day—not to them the blame if custom, sanctioned by authority, has converted a church into a temporary gathering-hall to save scholastic trouble, and in obedience to the command of a mediæval statute. With them it is chapel on the week-day and church on Sunday. When the Sabbatic Festival arrives, which the old Cromwellian Puritans and Calvinists have turned into a day of purgatorial lamentation instead of jubilant thanksgiving, the memory of the early homily, ineradicably impressed on the mind, asserts its designed supremacy, omnipotent and all-pervading.

' No more,—no more,—oh ! never more on me,  
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,  
Which out of all the lovely things we see  
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,  
Hiv'd in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee,'

were the words of a mighty spirit sorrowing for the absence of that early teaching of which an unhappy neglect had deprived him, and seeking in the simple remembrance of untutored innocence a solace and a balm for the corroding thought within. There they are, the flower of the youth of England, handsome as their mothers, brave as their sires, congregated together, and joining devoutly in the psalmody of the Minstrel King—‘O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands: Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.’ Different, indeed, from that other public school, where, under materialistic teaching, Providence is rejected and Reason deified. Do you see them, you, twin republicans of the Manchester platform? Look, there stand the very sons of those whom you teach your followers to call and to regard as THE ACCURSED RACE, and for no other reason than that you yourselves do not belong to that race. There are the heirs, by primogeniture, of those whose power, whose station, and whose authority, personal and territorial, you compass to destroy; and, in order to crush the first, you are striving by artifice, deceit, and hypocrisy to devise, through a bastard legislation, the means whereby the second shall be impaired. ‘This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours.’ How say you—Guilty, or not guilty? And how will you be tried? By your peers? From whence, and from what lazar-house of mendacity, are they to be dragged? Look again. There are the future warriors, statesmen, hierarchs, divines, authors, poets, philosophers, historians, and eke hereditary Masters of Hounds of England. You sneer, and say that hunting is contemptible, and at variance with the principles of Utilitarianism. Is that the extent of your political knowledge? Turn to the last edition of John Stuart Mill, and you will perceive that some passages are not precisely in accordance with Jean Baptiste Say and the old doctors; and you may find it is there predicated and taught by inference that a recognized profession or a systematized and public amusement cannot be carried out without conferring benefit on the community at large in its proper scale of gradation. We have before us a letter from an old and affectionate friend, now no more—gone to his long home before his time—not, however, before he had given rare signs of greatness, wherein he speaks of you and your selfish, low-live, and ‘lying’ (*sic in origine*) school of Manchester in disparaging and contemptuous terms. And yet Molesworth was once the god of your idolatry, when you were literally fed with the crumbs that came from his table.

And you complain that our Eton masters, whom your fellows term ‘the gentlemen in white chokers,’ only impart classical knowledge, and teach the theory and elegances of composition, which you declare not to be worth, in all their fullness of grace, a page of Cocker or MacCulloch. There is not a doubt of their being gentlemen, Etonians themselves, called upon to—and they do—educate gentlemen; and the masters are worthy of their pupils, and the pupils of their masters. And these same pupils have administered to

you republicans and sinners against truth many and many a sound trimming, and will do so again and again, proud in the consciousness of their honour and power, so long as shall be reverberated throughout the length and breadth of the land the soul-stirring and trumpet-tongued cry of 'Floreat Etona.'

'Well done, Harding mi.!' and cheers resounded long and loud throughout the shooting-fields as Harding cut a ball to the leg from Ward, scoring 4. The game had gone against Eton in the first innings. In the middle of the Marylebone second innings the dinner-bell rang out, and one and all repaired with alacrity to the tent for a wash and a participation in the creature comforts. The dinner took place during evening chapel, and by the time that the boys came out the match had been resumed and the Marylebone second innings had terminated—108 to tie and 109 to beat: a long score for boys to make, whose strength had partly evaporated from the eager energy of a first innings. It is the pace that tells upon the young ones at cricket and elsewhere; their stamina cannot compete with the more aged in the mouth, who make running throughout on the calculation of possessing greater powers of endurance. Often, however, does a dinner and the absence of the muzzle alter the case and turn the scale. It is as the pail of water to 'Escape,' or the three beans given to the 'Sunshine' of stable secrets. After a quick innings and sharp fielding out the middle-aged will sometimes look with greater relish than prudence on the viands that are set before them; and the appetite that exercise provokes is not always accompanied by an equally facile digestion that will allow a man to go to work again on the spot with renewed vigour. Forty winks and a nip of brandy, peradventure, might set all right; but the forty winks are not to be had in a cricket-match. It is only in the 'calidâ juventû, Consule Planco,' that the irresistible desire to fall to largely upon whatever the gods may have provided can be indulged with impunity. 'Field out,'—and the merry Eleven of Eton, redolent of the favourite dish of ducks and peas and other choice comestibles, exhilarated, moreover, by profuse libations of cider-cup, shied the ball from one to another. 'Ha! ha! butter-fingers!'—'Well done, Barnard! single-handed, too!'—'A catch, a catch, Wilkins, from 'the long fag, leg!' and in the air the ball goes, high up—high, and is received with a yielding motion of the arm, that cradles it in safe hands. 'Well caught! Play!' shouts the captain of the Eleven; and forth from the tent comes the rotund form of Aislabie, with a sunny smile and flushed countenance, pondering on the disadvantageousness of having eaten that demi-tail of the lobster, which, with the pale and crisp lettuce from Covent Garden, had seduced him. For him the goddess had risen from the sea in a crustacean state. He applies his hand soothingly to the ample domain, the 'Ventrem 'non bene moratum' of Seneca, and remembers, a day after the fair, the safe caution of Burton in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy'—'Beware thee of raw salads, with the lamprey and crayfish of muddy 'and standing waters,' the *Cœnas sine sanguine* of the *gourmet*



Horace. However, he consoles himself with the trite saw, 'In for a penny in for a pound;' and determining to appropriate the twin half, the *alter ego* of the aforesaid tail, when his bails are off, he takes his stand at the wicket with a sigh not of regret but of repletion. 'Come along, Ward,' he calls out to that tall and portly hero of bygone times, who, leaning on his bat, drains the last drop in the pewter to harmonize, if it be possible, with the savoury profusion of venison-pasty that has not added to the activity of his welter weight. In they go again, young Eton all joy and elasticity, and old Marylebone happy, but rather lazy and inert in carrying the abundance of Benjamin's portion.

What a difference of costume did the cricket-field of a former day display to that of the present! Take John Barnard, for instance. A white jean jacket, fitting easily to the figure, with the blue tie of Eton; nankeen shorts and ribbed silk stockings, with socks tightly folded over the ankle; and the white hat jauntily put on. He was as neat as a pin—a finished Eton gentleman from top to toe. But against the terrific pace and rotatory twist of modern bowling breeches and silk stockings cannot make a defence; and the cumbersome pads and caoutchouc-lined gloves, ungainly soever they may be, are a paramount necessity.

'No ball.'—'Steady, Wilkins.' He was furiously overbowling himself, and the balls, given left-handed and with a smart delivery, were shooting wide of the wicket. Slow bowling and lobbing were unknown in the Eton matches at that time. 'No ball again!' This second reproof from the umpire balanced Wilkins, and he became cautious. Not so the well-cargoed Marylebones. They judged the young ones to be overmarked at all points, and that, to use a homely phrase, 'the liquor was dying in them.' A ball, pitched short, enticed Ward; he stepped out, swung at it, missed, and Barnard, standing immovably over the wicket, with a scarcely perceptible motion of his hand, had his bail off. 'How's that, umpire?'—'Out, and prettily done.' In came little Slingsby, 'totus, teres atque rotundus,' and hitting an off-ball with his whole force, it glanced from the edge of the bat and was caught high in air by Vivian, with his left hand at covert point. A rare good catch, which elicited applause from all parts of the ground. Aislabie was soon out; the crustacean deity had overweighted him, and he retired to discuss the other half of her rubicund tail, with the undeveloped berries voraciously gorged before the time of quickened existence. 'Ain't they good, though?' says a lower boy. They were all out and Eton went in.

Wilkins and Harding major were at the wickets. They played carefully and the score increased gradually. Harding major was tall and strongly built; he hit powerfully, and drove a full pitch into the Slough road for six, and was long and loudly cheered by Ben Drury, the favourite master, and the boys crowding around him. Barnard followed, making his usual dapper strokes from the bails to the off, and giving evidence of that classic superiority of play for which Eton,

in the olden day, was proverbial. The boys waxed warm and hopeful; five wickets were down for forty-seven, leaving sixty-one to tie, and the popular bat to go in. The upper shooting-fields were crowded. The ladies descending from their carriages formed an extended outer circle of many colours, and made a promenade on the soft sward. It was a scene that, amidst the rich foliage of the branching trees, the 'silver winding way' of the royal stream, the dark-red turrets of the college in the background, and the grand old castle of the Plantagenets, with the meteor flag of England heavily floating over the battlements of the Round Tower, was one that no other nation could produce. Neither can England furnish another such. Contrast this assemblage of high-born youths—gentle, haughty, and brave—'la jeunesse dorée d'Angleterre,' who—

'disporting on the margent green, the paths of pleasure trace,'

with the swashbuckler canaille of Germanic Bonn, ignobly shrieking out Bacchanalian songs on their truly noble river—drinking beakers of sour Rhenish in honour of the Vaterland of sour kraut, its best article of produce, and threatening fire, sword, and murder to the next army of France that shall dare to appear upon the banks of the mighty river; and whenever the Imperial bearskins of the 'braves quand même' do march forward, they will whip the sour krauts into ribbons as they have done before at Jena, Austerlitz, and Solferino; and ever and ever will it be the same story when the high Celt and the low Teuton meet together in exterminating conflict.

Harding minor goes in, and as he walks up from the tent, a cheer from the Etonians commences at the lower end, and quickly extending round the circle, the favourite bat—a desperate swipe—is greeted with a burst of acclamation, loyal and hearty, reiterated again and again with an enthusiasm wild as that with which Napoleon was saluted by his old Guard at Waterloo. A glance at him sufficed to show that he was going in to do or die. 38 to tie and 39 to win, with four wickets to go down. Radcliffe was a neat and safe player and a fast runner, and Harding was active as a monkey and where-withal as wicked, in a jovial sense. They both guarded their wickets, at first, with caution. 'Well and properly played; don't be in a hurry.' But the unsolicited advice fared the usual fate of that unbidden act of a stingy benevolence. Harding, feeling the Madeira, that had been forty years in the wood, permeating through the inner man, greatly to his advantage and comfort, turned round to his well-meaning Mentor, and holloaed out 'Jack's alive!' We all knew what that meant. He had got a sight of the ball and was going in to hit. When the system is a little up in the market, slightly stimulated, and the nerves well braced, there follows an immediate keenness in the youthful organs of vision that is unerring in its power. Whether the balls were of good length or short, fast or slow, it was now all the same to Harding, for he hit them to every part of the field. All was confusion, accompanied with shouts of gladness, from the loud tone of the upper to the shrill scream of the lower boys.

Change of bowling had no effect; away they went, and the Marylebone Eleven varied the places of their men, now here, now there, without being able to prevent a succession of splendid hits and fast scoring. Radcliffe was run out and Vivian came in. There was a pause, and Harding, much exhausted, called for some beer. 'No, my young friend, none of that,' said Aislabie; 'take the advice of an old fellow, and have a thimbleful of brandy and no more.' He wanted and had one himself to pacify the Cytherean 'moles,' that, undigested and mutilated in its proportions, he was carrying inside. All right; 11 to tie and 12 to win. Play! Ward had been bowling well from the upper end in regular lengths, and Harding, at the Slough wicket, had carefully watched the delivery of the hand. The ball came again in the same spot, and holding his bat rather high up, and summoning all his strength, he ran out and took it at a half volley with a swing from the shoulder and a jerk that sent it away and away—a rocketeer—still away above the crowd, and then down, down, crashing through the branches of the horse-chestnut trees, and, falling upon a bare spot of ground, the ball bounded away into the lower shooting-fields. 'Well run; again; again, no lost ball.'—'I see it,' cries one boy.—'Yes, there it is,' says another, 'and he can't shy.'—'Go it, Harding! one more, now another, and again; all safe, hurrah!' Ten notches fairly run out, and what cannot 'young legs do?' This was the celebrated hit that has been handed down from generation to generation in the cricketing annals of the dear old shooting-fields, and now recorded, howsoever unworthily, in the pages of 'Baily' has received a local habitation and a lasting fame.

Harding is still at the Slough wicket. A ball fairly delivered at half pace, turns rather wide of the leg, and holding his bat in one hand, he lurches round with a back hit, catching it full, and driving it away beyond hough fag, now square leg, as it is termed. Run hard—again—a short shy—the markers stand up—Vyne, the wicket-keeper, runs forward out of his place; he shies at the stumps, misses, no one backing up, and all running one against the other. 'Now, now, Harding!' Hurrah and hurrah! the match is won out of the fire, and all by a grateful glass of Madeira and a nip of brandy. 'Hurrah! How say you, Dr. Keate, all right? take a glass yourself: Madeira or cognac, eh? Brandy—just so—a wise man—power condensed in a small compass, like yourself.'

Seated in a chair, and carried on the shoulders of the collegers, Harding minor was borne in triumph through the playing fields into college. His bat, after having had the baptismal wine poured over it, which was licked dry by the lower tugs, was named Mrs. Keate, and wreathed in laurel, like the sword of that respectable cut-throat Harmodius in the Greek anthology, whose past glory pales and is smothered outright by the heroic effulgence of the present cricket match, was placed in a niche of honour and never afterwards used. Long after the houses of the tutors and dames had been closed for the night, the boys at the windows shouted the *Io triumphe!*

From Slingsby's, Bearblock's, and Hexter's, the pæan went up to Slinker Heath's and Carter's; then it was caught up by Bethel's, Kaganeau's, Holt's, Yonge's, and Drury's, and echoed by the far-off Angelo's, until, at last, it mingled and died away amidst the peals of exultation from the long chamber in college. Then, as darkness fell upon the venerable towers, the sounds of mirth became faint and more faint, and the weary boys, tired by the exertions of the day, sought each in his turn-up bed for the happy slumber that 'lights on 'lids unsullied by a tear.' Unsullied by a tear? Pause a while, stern philosopher or shallow sciolist. Those young thinking souls, that now in sleep are lulled by the shapeful visions of an inventive fancy, are intensely alive to and animated by all those inclinations and instincts—the duties of a spirit with the wants and appetites 'of an animal,\* the penalty of original sin'—which, at a future hour, will mar or make their happiness. 'And the understanding and the will, the reason and the fancy,' the four 'principal branches of human consciousness from which all other mental powers or faculties of the soul emanate,'† are vivid with that radiating force which the young in years are wont to use and abuse until beyond the power of moral or physical regeneration. Even now, at this early stage of their livelong day, the first-fruits have been tasted; the illusions of innocence have been dispelled, and the varied passions have waged a successful war against reason and against right. How many a little heart has been stung by the venom of unkindness and ingratitude; how many a little form has writhed in agony under the keen torture of exasperated malevolence; how many a noble heart has been angered by the unprincipled act of foul dishonour; and how many a pure nature has turned away in loathing from the coarse outpouring of innate profligacy. Yes, it is a little world this same Eton, with its violet hopes and shadowy fears, its miniature ambitions and pimple failures—petty in the eye of the ancient and cicatrised, but how real and soul-subduing to the fresh and innocent beings that, shrinking, take the first headlong plunge into an unknown state of existence. Yes, it is a little world that same Eton, wherein every species of nature is designed for a particular way of action, to which the capacities, temper, and qualifications are as necessary as their external circumstances. 'Indeed, we should never have had these capacities of improving by experience, acquired knowledge and habits, had they not been necessary, and so much intended that without them we should be utterly incapable of that which was the end for which we were made—the employments and satisfactions of our mature state of life.'‡ Well said, Butler! Yes; Eton is a little world of preparatory experience. It has its roseate pleasures—true—it has its valley of sweet waters at Surley Hall and a garden of delights at Salt Hill—true again: but above all and beyond all, it has its tiny hell—a very hell—the seven

\* S. T. Coleridge, 'Aids to Reflection.'

† Frederic Schlegel, 'Philosophy of Life.'

‡ 'The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed,' by Joseph Butler, D.D.

times heated furnace of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and let us hope, with the blessing of God, that the accompanying angel may be there also. Dream on in happy unconsciousness, young and noble natures,—

‘No sense have they of ills to come  
Nor care beyond to-day.’

‘Pax vobiscum!’ The blessing of an old fellow-Etonian, weak in the flesh though he be, can never do you harm, and well do we feel assured that in the rich and spontaneous overflowing of your young hearts you would heartily pray and say—‘Et cum spiritu tuo.’ Amen.

‘Tall talk this,’ Butcher Bell, ‘for a simple kennel man,’ and not properly dashed with carrion according to your pugilistic taste.

Election Saturday and the boats—the annual Eton Saturnalia! At the festival of old Rome, according to Suetonius, the slaves were wont to sit down with their masters at the feast, and criminals were not punished. By way of classical analogy, all faggot was sent to the winds, and the Doctor ceased to flog after twelve o’clock, *bien sonné*, of that memorable day. What Eton boy would not consider himself insulted if he were asked about the ‘Regatta?’ The very word brims over with a profane Cockneyism and stinks in the nostrils. The unadorned words of ‘the Boats’ suffices, Etonicè, to designate the ‘pull up to Surley’ in the ornate sailor dress and badge, with banners flying and the strains of martial music together with the final race round the eyots, amidst fireworks, and the ringing of bells at Windsor Bridge. The ‘Defiance,’ with its light blue and white flag, and the motto, ‘Labor ipse voluptas,’ was lying off the Brocas, tight and taut as need be. We had had a hard battle to man and put her in ship-shape after our own fashion. Majendie and ourselves had pulled in her the previous year, and we became so attached to her from the way we sent her along, hard all, that we looked upon her as our own property, and refusing firmly to go up into the ‘Mars’ according to custom and rule, we determined to stand by our little craft *per fas aut nefas*. Joe Cannon pulled stroke oar in the ‘Mars’ and Shanks Paddle in the ‘Defiance’? but we proposed to take the stroke oar ourselves, and to send Paddle down to the ‘Rival’ below us. This was against the established law, and an appeal was made to the Captain of the Boats by the ‘Mars,’ who insisted upon Majendie and ourselves going into their old bum-boat. Our case was heard in form, and the day was going against us, when we put on a successful dodge. Through the monetary medium of that dear old maiden aunt, whom we have had cause to mention in chapter 1. Majendie and ourselves offered Charley Carter to buy the boat and make it private property. This put him in a fix, and he applied to the captain for instruction, and the latter seeing how the affair stood, and that we were prepared to do the thing loyally and lavishly for the honour of the old school, yielded the point and gave judgment in our favour.

The ‘Boats’ of the 4th of June may be considered as the pre-

paratory gallop. This, the royal birthday of good old George III., will always be held in memorial honour of the monarch who so warmly patronized Eton. But it is wanting in the bacchanal jubilation of Election Saturday. The crews, on the 4th, are then on their full-dress trial; the weak points discovered, and the necessary alterations made before the time of the grander pageant of Election Saturday. Our bow-oar, B——, had been forced upon us for reasons of state, by the captain. He was fat and heavy—pulled with his mouth open—was short-winded, and a roarer. This would never do for Boveney Shallows, or between the Hopes. From a precocious and profuse hirsuteness, his face was covered with down, and he had a nasal elongation that savoured of the animal, therefore he was called ‘Badger.’ He was not popular in the boat, and to add to his disfavour, the captain had intimated that the sire of Badger was to be our sitter on the 4th, for in those days we carried the surplus weight of that worthy on the cross bench. The ‘vieux marquis’ in a grey coat and ditto, and with a star, was about twenty stone—his every motion distributed a cloud of powder—reeking, also, with the perfume of the preputial pouch of the musk-deer, and taking ‘Lundy’ out of a gold platter box by handfuls. Being stroke-oar, we sneezed all the way between the Hopes. At Boveney Rapids, bow-oar was slack and beaten—‘hard upper oars,’ and a crab that, whilst bellowing like a fat bull of Basan, he disgracefully cut, stirred all our ire; for the jealous and angry ‘Mars’ just ahead of us, laughed and jeered excruciatingly. ‘How grand we are! I say, you fellows, you’ve ‘no stroke. Where’s Paddle?’ We could have murdered him with pleasure. ‘Halloa, Shanks Paddle, come up from the sturdy ‘Rivals’—the lower boy-boat below us—‘and bring a spoon for ‘your nursery chicks—they’re on pap diet, and have no more pluck ‘than Mother Coker’s hens.’ This was worse than the fiery gehennah, and forthwith we directed against Badger all the abuse that the Eton vocabulary—a large addition to Johnson—could admit of, attributing an infinity of blame, in hissing hot words, to the unhappy lady who had given him birth. ‘Pray, sir,’ haughtily demanded Don Pomposo, ‘why do you call that boy Badger?’ ‘By G——! ‘because he is like one; and I’ll lick him heartily—hairly snout and ‘all;’ and again—Eheu! Eheu!—bringing his lady mother forward *en evidence*—‘when we’re out of the boat.’ But on our arrival at Surley Hall, rabid sire and roaring son—

‘They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Dorney took their solitary way,’

and left no order for champagne. Confound them!

It was a glorious after four, and the Brocas was crowded. The boats, with flags flying, were at their several stations, and at chains length were awaiting the crews. They consisted of the ‘Monarch’ ten-oar, ‘Dreadnought,’ ‘Mars,’ ‘Defiance,’ and ‘Rival,’ eight-oar, and ‘Mercury,’ six-oar. In those days the steerers wore fancy dresses, and although inappropriate and out of character, yet the

gaiety of the scene was thereby greatly enlivened. The pullers were all dressed alike, in blue jackets lined with silk, a badge and anchor on the arm with the name of the boat, white waistcoats, duck trousers, a small black tie, and with buckles in the shoes. Right or wrong, this part of the pageant has not been bettered by years, for after all it is a fancy festival, out of recognised rule, and can be regarded only in the light of a juvenile aquatic Saturnalia. Montem is gone, and who knows whether, with a Russell-Manchester pressure, this may not follow. See there! How grateful is the sight of that fond mother looking proudly on her darling son, examining his dress and kissing him on the sly, much to his disgust, lest others might be witness, and in her heart of hearts thanking that Providence, which is ignored in Warwickshire, for being the dam of such a promising young one. Touchstone, poor fellow! is nowhere and forgotten—it is all ‘t’ould mare’ Beeswing.

There is a stir in the crowd, and from out the narrow lane behind Shampo Carter’s proceed the royal carriages with the Prince Regent and the reigning favourite. Of course the Prince is received with the usual demonstrations of loyalty, but he was never a favourite with the Eton boys, and they attached little value to his personal patronage of Election Saturday. He is dressed in a blue frock-coat, buttoned up and close fitting, without the symptom of a crease, with the Star of the Garter, a hat rather large in the brim, a wig beyond praise, and grey trousers and gaiters. He looks the old *roué* all over, and there is a cunning glance in the leering eye that tells a tale. He was no fool—not a bit of it, but something very much the reverse. With the favourite by his side, of the same old fiddle pattern, he or they must have been rather warm, tucked up in the sociable, on that sultry July evening. The signal is given by the captain, the gun is fired, and we jump into the boats and shove out into the stream. Then the bands of the Blues and Life Guards take their places and play ‘God save the King.’ All rise in the boats and cheer; the Regent bows, the feathers on the coalscuttle bonnet of the favourite bob about, and we sit down to our oars. But there is a pause—What’s up? Charley Carter, with his one arm and mechanical outrigger, comes down in his skiff from the ‘Monarch,’ at the top of his pace, and passes the word. Up we get again, cheering louder and louder at every pause—and again, and again. The Prince smiles graciously, taking it all for himself. No, no, poor devil! it is quite another pair of shoes. Floreat Etona—another cheer, and another; and then a man in the prime of life advances to the edge of the bank, and lifting his hat, discloses the superbly-chiselled features and lofty brow of George Canning. There stands the old favourite of Eton, and he is greeted with all that warmth and heartiness of feeling that was ever evinced for him by those with whom his name, as a fellow Etonian, was treasured with pride, affection, and honour. ‘No Castlereagh!—Canning, Canning for ever!—Hurrah! hurrah!’ The Regent looks glum—the favourite blows her nose—they drive off the ground without

asking for an extra week's holiday, and with a final rattler for Canning that crashes through the Brocas Clump, we settle down to our work up river with a will.

Upper Hope Bridge is the spot from whence the gay and flaunting procession can be viewed to its fullest advantage. The flags just peeping above the prairial delta opposite the Clewer eyots advance gradually, and the boats rounding into the wide bay at the lower Hope, come into sight, one by one, until the whole line becomes extended in the straight reach between the two Hopes. Then turning again sharp to the left, on they go to Boveney, and Surley Hall. It is indeed a fairy scene, made interesting even to the stranger within the gate, in viewing the contented and smiling countenances of the hot and perspiring middle-aged, who trudge along lustily on the towing-path, each casting a look of parental joy and pride on the painted argosy that bears young Hopeful. The supper, *al fresco*, at Surley Hall, is agreeable to those who may have a chance to partake of the viands. In truth, however, a large share is given by the good-tempered crews to the little harpies of lower boys who surround the tables, and petition for the leg of a chicken, or a glass of real port wine. Real, indeed!—happy ignorance that transmutes a pharmacopœian mixture of ‘*mariages illégitimes*’ performed at the Christopher without banns or blessing, and deprived of the potency belonging to the marital grape that beatified the last moment of the bibacious Anacreon, into the semblance of that purple juice which he loved so faithfully, and sang so well. Drink on, lower boy; nothing appertaining to the vine will choke you in that gulping draught—nor for you is the fate of the Teian bard. ‘Boats!’ and now down stream we go; Mother Coker’s chicks of the ‘Defiance’ eager to pay out the ‘Mars’ for their former taunts and insults. Down we go amidst the blaze of fireworks and ringing of bells, under Windsor Bridge, and take our stations right and left below the middle arch, before pulling round the island and commencing the race of honour.

And now we take our turn, and follow the ‘Mars.’ The order of the day for the first round is to be stately and processional. Between the bridge and the island the fireworks and illuminations make the river one radiating mass of brilliancy, and on emerging from the central arch into this blaze of light the little ‘Defiance’ is received with an enlivening round of cheers, for our pals and cads line the yards on the shore, and come out on the planks and rails with a plentiful supply of Roman candles. They know that there is to be a race, *à toute outrance*, between Mother Coker’s chicks and the ‘Mars,’ and their hearts are with us to a man. Jim Miller, Jack Hall, Shampo Carter, Jack Garraway, Tim Hennesey, and others give the office, and we have our jury packed as close as that of an Irish pen with its Roman priest. We give a gentle spurt by way of feeling our ground, and, contrary to order, up we come to the ‘Mars’ without much trouble. ‘What’s the time of day now!’ cries Joe Cannon. ‘You’re two of the most howdacious young



'gents in College, you are,' naming Magendie and our innocent self. 'Onmentionable young imperents; hout and hout wicious 'warmints, and werry bad of the sort.' 'Never mind, Joe, it is 'only the wicked man doing that which is lawful and right. We've 'measured your foot, and now look out for a kick from ours.' Round the island we go, under bridge, and then the race begins. We dash away after the 'Mars,' giving barely half a boat's length, and as we come out under the middle arch a fresh set of Roman candles blaze out from our trusty cads. Steady all! Now, one—two—three!—the smart, jerking stroke of Eton, and every boy lays to his oar, and gives way with all his heart and soul—no idle splashing, but, stretching well forward, each gilded dolphin, feathering low and close, catches hold of every drop of water that it can lay hold of. We are at her and up—half an oar's length to the left—now we are alongside the setter—a moment more, and we are in the middle of Joe Cannon's oar, amidst a thundering storm of blasphemies from that worthy—and then, with a rush round, our steerer takes us in cleverly, and we catch the old bum-boat between stern-post and steerage with a bang that sends her head round before the face of all men. Hurrah! The loud cheer of the yard is given back by the Windsor side, in honour of the 'Defiance;' and henceforth 'Mother Coker's chicks,' instead of being a byword of reproach, become the synonym of boating honour. In the scrimmage—for the 'Mars' shows fight—the steerer of that boat loses his plumed hat à l'*Henri Quatre*, and down the stream floats the *panache d'Ivry*, in token of our victory, amidst a shower of stones flung at it from the cads on shore. But the 'onmentionable imperents' have not come to the end of their dare-devil doings.

Round the third, and the last. Again we come forth into the light above bridge boldly, and take a line to the left on the Windsor side. 'Now—all oars—with a will—for your very lives!' and away we go. We are even, and alongside, amidst the anathemas of Joe Cannon and the vituperative outpourings of the alumni of Mars and Venus. On—on—hard all—harder than ever. At Hester's we are a boat's length ahead, and when plunging into the circle of blinding light before the fireworks platform at the eyot, we turn sharp, and cutting in after the 'Dreadnought,' take the pride of place away from the 'Mars.' 'How glorious!' we are screaming, in an ecstasy of delicious sensations, such as we have never felt since—never: we are in a Paradise—Mahomet No. 8, which he did not wot of in his Koran, from not having had the luck of pulling round the Eton and Windsor eyots on an Election Saturday, and bumping the enemy. 'Holloa, you lower boys!' shouts out the stroke of the 'Dreadnought,' 'how dare you come here? Go back into your place. 'Where are you going?' 'In after the "Monarch," and before 'you,' was our flippant reply. And seeing us frantic with pluck and devilry, and yelling in a lunacy of delight, they are obliged to set to without farther parley to prevent a realization of the threat. Taking out the flag, the setter waves it in triumph—'Labor ipse voluptas'—

all down the river, and then, one—two—three—our oars are neatly shipped, and we swing round into Carter's station amidst the congratulations and praises of our pals, cads, *et hoc genus omne*. It is not quite finished, for down town we go, fighting the 'Mars' fellows every inch of the way to Barnespool Bridge—eight to seven, and Magendie good for any two of them—until we are fairly housed in our dame's. What matters a black eye after having given such a glorious sacking to the old 'Mars?' Hurrah for Mother Coker's chicks! Who would not be an Eton boy again?

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## THE SIRES OF THE DAY.

NO. V.—WILD DAYRELL AND THE ION BLOOD; OULSTON AND THE MELBOURNE BLOOD, ETC.

IN looking over the list of successful sires for 1863, it is worthy of remark how small is the proportion of those that may justly be held to be of first-class form. The list of last year advertised in 'Bell's 'Life' comprised the names, &c., of 188—good, bad, and indifferent. Of these 83 held the highest position of being sires that season of winners, averaging from 38 races down to 1, and of stakes from 22,000*l.* down to 500*l.* Below this, again, there were some; but it is right to conclude that the above 83 represented the *tried* racing sires patronized by the public. An exception or two might be made of some valuable horses not appearing even among the 83. Chanticleer, especially, who, having been rejected by a fickle public for some seasons, and having had scarcely any mares, cannot be found among the 83. Few horses, with his moderate chances, have had more winners, yet he is most unworthily despised, despite his fine daughter Sunbeam, and many other great winners and very sound horses sprung from him. But of these 83, 14 have been sent abroad, including Womersley, Teddington, Cossack, Fandango, Saunterer, Ethelbert, The Flying Dutchman, Mountain Deer, Daniel O' Rourke, West Australian, Fazzoletto, Rifleman, Fisherman, Sprig of Shillelagh—some of them great losses to us, some a good riddance; so perhaps the account is pretty nearly squared. Fifteen are dead, including Touchstone, Birdcatcher (a few of whose immediate descendants are still running), Sweetmeat, Kingston, Faugh-a-Ballagh, Vindex, Flatcatcher, Woodpigeon, Nutwith, Idle Boy, Cowl, Alarm, Longbow, Turnus, and Filbert.

I have in my former papers touched upon those sires who have earned the highest position of late years—Newminster, Stockwell, and Rataplan, and their brothers, Voltigeur, Orlando, The Cure, and Surplice.

Among the remaining high-class sires (tried) I would further include Wild Dayrell, Lord of the Isles, Oulston, and De Clare, who were all of the same year—a year which also produced Rifleman, who was no doubt the best of the year; but as he has migrated to

Russia it is needless to add more about him, except that his success at the stud was quite as great as might have been expected, considering he was kept almost at the Sledmere mares; Elcho and several more of his sons showed very good form, and testify to his goodness. With these four sires, the crack runners of 1855, and with Prime Minister, a good performer in 1850, 51, and 52, I will endeavour to fill my present paper.

A Derby winner always does and always will hold the highest position. The winning the Derby nine times out of ten shows superior merit. What with the severity of the course, the cannoning in the race among a large field of horses—and if to this we add the noise, excitement, and risks, it requires a horse of great nerve, energy, and power to win it; and if a fluke does take place, and a moderate horse win it, such now-a-days is a rare exception.

Due honour, then, to Wild Dayrell, who won a Derby, trained by a private trainer, and belonging to a private gentleman who had never before kept racehorses.

Wild Dayrell's pedigree is a combination of blood very much varying from the fashionable sires. As an outcross he is therefore especially valuable. It runs thus.

On the one side his grandsires are:—

No. 1.—Ion, Cain, Paulowitz, Sir Paul, Sir Peter, Highflyer.

No. 2.—Edmund (1824), Orville, Beningboro, King Fergus, Eclipse.

No. 3.—Bay Middleton, Sultan, Selim, Buzzard, Woodpecker, Herod.

No. 4.—Malek, Blacklock, Whitelock, Hambletonian, King Fergus, Eclipse.

On the other side:—

No. 1.—Paynator, Trumpator, Conductor, Match'em.

No. 2.—Selim, Buzzard, Woodpecker, Herod.

No. 3.—Phantom, Walton, Sir Peter, Highflyer.

No. 4.—Young Gouty, Gouty, Sir Peter, Highflyer.

So short a time has elapsed since the pet of Littlecote appeared that it seems almost unnecessary to recall the history of his brief career on the Turf.

Wild Dayrell was a first foal of his dam; she, like so many more, has never bred anything approaching a good one since.

Ellen Middleton was bred by Mr. Foljambe (better known in the Chase than on the Turf). She was out of Myrrha by Malek, the dam of several good horses—Lara, Precursor, Midlothian, Malcolm, and Queen of the May to wit—and she went back into Sir Harry Dimsdale and Pipator families.

Ellen Middleton went into Mr. Popham's stud for 50*l.*, and produced the first year Wild Dayrell. He was sold as a yearling with another for 500 guineas to Lord H. Lennox. Tried, and found wanting, he was sent to Tattersall's, and returned to Littlecote at something like 250 guineas.

Then began his education and training in the rural retreats of Ash-

down Park. His qualities soon made themselves apparent, and after knocking over several platers in his work, at length Jack Sheppard was bought for 1,600*l.*, and became an efficient schoolmaster to him. With him and Lord Albemarle his Derby education was completed; and with Sherwood on him he won the Derby by two lengths; Kingstown, a moderate horse, second; and the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Lord of the Isles, third. Behind them there was positively no horse of any merit.

Without wishing to deteriorate from Wild Dayrell in the least, it must be acknowledged he had luck on his side. De Clare, a good public performer, and very highly tried at Malton besides, broke down in a trial after winning the Newmarket Stakes, and only a week before the Derby. Oulston, who afterwards beat Kingstown at Stockbridge, at two miles, as easily as Wild Dayrell did in the Derby, was not allowed to start. Rifleman, the best horse of the year, was not in the race, nor was Fandango.

Wild Dayrell felt the hard ground on that Derby day, and a fore-leg became doubtful; but he beat Oulston at York, chiefly because at that time Oulston was out of form. Again he came out for the Doncaster Cup; there his doubtful leg again gave way, and he was taken out of training, and, being an especial pet of Mr. Popham's, has always since been guarded with religious care at home. This is as it should be, and it is a pleasant contrast to the way many a valuable racehorse is treated, who, his labours ended and the money pocketed, becomes quickly the property of the highest bidder, no matter what may happen to him. Lord Westminster said, in answer to an American, 'All the United States will not tempt me 'to sell Touchstone!' Since he has been a stud horse the annexed table presents a list of his winners:—

	Foals.	Winners.	2-year old Winners.
In 1857 . . . .	12	—	—
1858 . . . .	14	—	—
1859 . . . .	21	2	2
1860 . . . .	15	7	1
1861 . . . .	25	13	4
1862 . . . .	26	12	1
1863 . . . .	31	17 races won.	

Wild Dayrell, like Voltigeur, gets stayers, nor do his stock, as a rule, come to early maturity as quick two-year olds; Buccaneer and Becky Sharpe are exceptions: they are both out of a mare by Little Red Rover (who was by Tramp out of Sister to Dr. Syntax, and ran second for the Derby). Consequently, with such a stout and sound pedigree, who among the untried sires is to be preferred to Buccaneer? Who can forget his winning the Hunt Cup at Ascot in a canter and at the top weight? As I said above, both Wild Dayrell and Buccaneer will hit so well as an out-cross with almost any variety. With a Scutari mare (who was by Sultan) the hit has succeeded, as Avalanche, Hurricane, and Tornado testify. Here is a double cross of Sultan. Horror, Dusk, and Wildman are also

valuable sons of Wild Dayrell's ; and the general cut of his stock is sound, firm, and worthy the patronage of all racehorse breeders.

Ion, the sire of Wild Dayrell, was not appreciated in England. He was sold to France, and has there proved himself a good sire. He was a very hardy-looking, compact horse, and ran second to Amato for the Derby. Ionian, one of his sons, ran second to Orlando for the Derby. What became of him? I don't know. Poodle, a very stout son of Ion's, also went abroad. His brother Pelion, a speedier, but less clever-shaped horse, remains behind, and is sire of Faith, a good performer last year. The only sires of note left by Ion are Wild Dayrell and Pelion. There is also a son of his, The Odd Mixture, who is getting excellent hunters.

Though at York conquered by the above-named crack, Oulston's performances entitle him to as high, if not higher position than Wild Dayrell. He was, when at his best, quite first-class. There was a deal of his good dam Alice Hawthorne's looks about him, as he came bounding down the Flat at Newmarket, with his rare hind-leg action, in which no horse ever succeeded the old mare. In some hands he would have been an out-and-outer. But how often he won and beat all the best horses ! As a two-year old he won the Weston Park Stakes, the Bath Biennial, and a good stake at Newmarket October. As a three-year old he won the Bath Biennial, the Gold Vase at Ascot. Rataplan second, and Saucebox (the winner of the St. Leger), third. He next beat Kingstown easily for the Stewards' Plate at Stockbridge, Rataplan (that year in his highest form) being behind him again. In the Goodwood Cup race he ran a good second to Baroncino, giving him a stone and 8lbs., and having, besides others, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Lord of the Isles, behind him. The Drawing-Room Stakes he won in a trot. After this, either from a change in his treatment, or some cause which is not to be understood, he never won again, being beaten at York by Wild Dayrell, and by Saucebox (the horse he had beaten easily at Ascot), in the Doncaster St. Leger. His frame may be described in few words. He is in colour bay, with very black points and no white ; his head is a sensible and well-proportioned one, spoiled by *outré* Melbourne, drooping ears. He has a showy top, his neck a trifle long. Shoulders absolutely perfect ; long, clean, and well-laid back, without the least lumber (no small recommendation in the present day, as first-rate shoulders are the exception, not the rule, as they ought to be). His arms are long and muscular ; and his legs clean and somewhat arched at the knees (like Old Melbourne again in this point), good feet, a wide strong back, the ribs standing out very horizontal from the vertebræ, and then coming down rather square, not unlike a well-fed pike in form. His quarters are very long to the end of his haunch-bone, which projects beyond his tail and gives his thighs rather a ' sabra ' appearance, as the Austrians call it. His hocks are clean and sound. In training, he was lightish in his back ribs (so was Alice Hawthorn, very !). His great point, however, is his action. When his limbs are thrown into action, they give at

once the idea of wonderful liberty, both before and behind; and in his walk he strides away with great freedom. He possesses a perfect temper. From the effect of distemper, when in training, he suffers from the everlasting annoyance, common to so many, of defect in his wind; but I don't find his stock inherit it. He is a bigger horse than Prime Minister, but these two represent the descendants of Old Melbourne best, having escaped his coarseness. Cannobie is a coarser Melbourne horse. Young Melbourne (if bought by weight), would be most valuable; but his long back, and too heavy frame, place him on a lower grade than either Prime Minister or Oulston. At this period the public are mad about him, so my views must be in the minority. Arthur Wellesley and Tempest are the other representatives of Melbourne. The former has got some winners; the latter is an even-made, wiry horse. Besides these at Hampton Court, is Mentmore, a long-backed horse, but a quick horse at a mile. Middlesex, a very powerful son of Melbourne's, has conferred great benefit on the breed of hunters in the Vale of Aylesbury, the Baron having kept him for the use of his tenantry. I never can lament the loss of West Australian, first-class racehorse as he was. There was a lumbery look, and a want of wiriness about his progeny, that could not be mistaken. He had too, at Grimston, the best of chances.

Oulston was bought as a yearling for 450*l*. Roarer or not, he was tried good enough to win that Derby—as he could always give Kingstown a stone and a beating; and the further he went the better, as at two miles he always, when well and properly trained, scattered his field. Being a light-fleshed horse, he did not want heavy work; and no doubt, when he went into the late H. Elwes's possession at the high price of 6,000 guineas, he had too much of it. Mr. Elwes was a bold buyer, and was not to be choked off by the price when he meant business. I well remember his version of the purchase of Oulston. Going down in the train to Oxford races, he made the remark that he heard Mr. Padwick was selling his horses. The answer was, 'I always sell when I have a chance.'

'Will you sell Oulston?' responded Mr. Elwes. 'And what is the figure?'

'Six thousand guineas.'

'I will have him.'

That, combined with an attack of influenza, accounted for his losing his form after Goodwood so utterly. As for his chance at the stud, it has been positively *nil*. His first three years he was let to the late Lord John Scott, and stood near Rugby. Few mares were sent to him, but out of two Touchstone mares (Burlesque and Phemy) he got Newburgh and Russley, both clever horses, and winners, the latter of several good stakes, including the Levant at Goodwood, the Bedford, 200 sov. Sweepstakes, Newmarket, and Triennial at Newmarket. The sporting farmers did not, however, overlook him, and several cock-tail sons of his have won on the

Warwick course: Meanwood and Little Dorrit, and his hunters, are excellent. In 1860 he was located at his owner's, and there no mares at all were sent to him. In 1861 he migrated to Hasketon, in Suffolk, where he has been located ever since; and since Mr. Elwes's death, has been purchased by Captain Barlow.

But Oulston naturally leads one to that best and toughest of mares, Alice Hawthorn. What frequenter of the Turf cannot recall her stealing down the course, her action like a hare, her ears pricked, and her forehead guarded with the well-known broad white breast-plate? So long and sloping were her shoulders, so deep her girth, and so light her back ribs, that no saddle could be kept in place without a breast-plate. She is one of the instances that hard-worked mares do breed sound and healthy stock, as well as good runners. In fact, the instances, if one searches for them, are as many on one side as the other. But it is of great importance to come of a running family. If dams and grandams have for several generations acquired the good habit of breeding winners, how extra valuable does such a family become! Alice Hawthorn bred Thormanby, winner of the Derby; Oulston, who might have perhaps won the Derby; Lord Faulconberg, Terrona, Findon, Lady Hawthorn, Coxwold, and Sweet Hawthorn—all winners.

Her dam, Rebecca, by Lottery, bred The Provost (a great winner), Annandale (second for St. Leger), Johnny Armstrong, Snowstorm, and the two mares Rowena and Fair Helen, both dams of great winners; as Lord of the Isles, &c. The Cervantes blood enters into Oulston's pedigree on both sides; Melbourne's dam being by Cervantes, and Rebecca, his grandam, being also out of a Cervantes mare. But that they 'who run may read,' I add the chief points, as I have done before, of Oulston's pedigree:—

No. 1.—Melbourne, Humphrey Clinker, Comus, Sorcerer, Trumpator, Conductor, Match-'em.

No. 2.—Cervantes, Don Quixote, Chanter, Eclipse.

No. 3.—Muley Moloch, Muley, Orville, Beningboro', King Fergus, Eclipse.

No. 4.—Lottery, Tramp, Joe Andrews, Dick Andrews, Eclipse. Again—

No. 1.—Sir Peter, Highflyer, Herod.

No. 2.—Golumpus, Gohanna, Mercury, Eclipse.

No. 3.—Dick Andrews, Joe Andrews, Eclipse.

No. 4.—Cervantes, Don Quixote, Chanter, Eclipse.

Though every one knew how good Alice Hawthorn was—for she won 52 races and 10 gold cups—yet I doubt if Melbourne ever was able to show his superlative powers. Having early in his career broken a small bone in his pastern, it was always a ticklish job to keep him sound; consequently, I believe, but for that injury, he might have borne stronger preparations for his great races, and been a second Eclipse. What a fusion of blood, power, and lasting qualities must a horse inherit from such a sire and dam; and when a mare has bred so many winners as Alice did, and late in life a

Thormanby, it requires no pen of mine to sing the praise of such a stock.

Measurements may be fallacious tests of the powers of a horse. Heavy weights in the hunting field expect their hunters not to girth less than 6 feet.

Oulston measures in his girth 6 feet 4½ inches. He being sixteen hands high.

Wild Dayrell, who is altogether on a larger scale, and looks up to 16 stone with hounds, measures in girth 6 feet 6 inches, and 9 inches below the knee. But he is a very tall horse, measuring in height 16 hands 3 inches.

Stockwell, again, who is a waggon-horse to look at in weight and calibre, measures in girth 6 feet 5½ inches, and below his knee 8½ inches. Thormanby is 6 feet 2 inches girth, 8 inches below knee. As a rule, stud horses measure, in fair condition (neither thin nor over fattened), from 6 feet to 6 feet 4 inches in girth.

The chief point to aim at in the form of any horse is symmetry, neither over nor under size. Moreover, if one part of a horse vastly predominates over another, the machinery gives way without fail. Why was Alice Hawthorn so good and lasting? Simply because every part of her frame was evenly adjusted. Her shoulders were so good that there was no stress on her fore-legs; her light barrel, no doubt, gave her speed, for very close and round-ribbed horses seldom possess it to any great amount; and her hind-leg action, though so perfect, was not too great for her fore-ones. Beeswing was another example of a perfectly moulded animal; and hence the shape comes out in Newminster's stock.

Wherever true shape and good lineage can be combined, the result in the next generations will be found very much to be trusted to.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

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## FISH HATCHING.\*

### A REVIEW.

FOR many years Mr. Frank Buckland has been amusing the world by his nature-printed sketches of insect and animal life,—those quaint genial little ‘sun pictures’ which probably no one else living can touch off with equal felicity. He now comes before us rather in the character of the instructor than the amuser, and in ‘Fish Hatching’ offers us as the result of his experiments a trustworthy guide to the mysteries of that most important branch of modern economical science, Water Farming.

‘Observe this map,’ he says; ‘you will at once perceive that three-fourths of the entire globe are covered by water. We are for the most part fully

\* ‘Fish Hatching.’ By F. T. Buckland, M.A., M.R.C.S., F.Z.S., &c. London. Tinsley Brothers.



'cognizant of the inhabitants of the land—we have subjugated those which are serviceable, either for food or for labour, to our race—but how little do we know of the inhabitants of the water! Man has dominion given him over both land and water. Of the former he has taken every advantage; from the earliest days there have been *agriculturists* or land farmers. The human race, however, seem to have entirely forgotten the second item in the double privilege given them; they take no pains to cultivate the largest portion of their globe—the waters. Who ever heard of an *aquæculturist*? We have been asleep: we have had gold nuggets under our noses, and have not stooped to pick them up. . . . Tons of fish, worth thousands of pounds, only want a net placed round them to be converted into bank notes; but they want looking after; they want cultivation. You must not kill your "golden fish." You must not destroy the spawning mother on her nest, nor must you permit others to do it. You must not, O friend, put your heel upon yon mass of tiny round balls, which, if properly treated, would most assuredly in about four years develope themselves into huge silver-coated salmon, and what is more, cost you not a penny for food or 'keep.'

These few pregnant sentences really contain the gist of one of the most important subjects that can occupy the attention of a legislature—viz., How to increase the food of the people—a question affecting the vital interests of the whole human species. In the beginning the waters, we are told, were 'blessed,' and commanded 'to bring forth abundantly.' Abundantly have they accordingly brought forth: but the inhabitants of the British Islands have persistently set themselves to counteract, so far as lay in their power, the effects of the beneficent law. We need not here go into the calculations which our author has been at the trouble of making of the numbers of eggs actually produced by the various descriptions of 'water game.' The broad fact is enough—that every now waste acre of pond and river water is a hitherto neglected source of private prosperity and national wealth,—equally important to the fisherman, and to the tradesman, and capable of being cultivated with the utmost certainty and success. To secure this result Mr. Buckland shows that little more is required than a drip of running water, a few perforated boxes, and a barrow-load or two of clean gravel. He explains the whole process to us from beginning to end, illustrating his observations with diagrams where required, his object being as he tells us to enable any one who may be so disposed to prosecute the art for himself, by his own stream, or in his own drawing-room. This object he has admirably carried out: in fact the science of fish-culture, which seems for some reason or other to have been always looked upon as a highly intricate and abstruse problem, becomes under his skilful manipulation, acquired by practical experience, a matter so simple that a schoolboy could make himself master of it in an hour.

We cordially, therefore, recommend Mr. Buckland's book to our readers as the best and most complete manual of pisciculture of the day.

## ON STEEPLE-CHASING, AND ITS BEARINGS ON HORSE-BREEDING.

THERE is at the present time an appearance of reaction in steeple-chasing. Several influential people are endeavouring to make the steeple-chase the same trial for hunters over a strong country as it was twenty years ago. As an exciting amusement, or a variety of sport to please the multitude ere flat racing sets in, nothing can be said against it. The more test that can be given to the enduring and fencing qualities of our hunters the better; and if a line be selected offering every variety of fence (brook, rail, and double), as well as a certain amount of ridge and furrow, we may be assured a horse that performs cleverly over such a line, carrying 12 stone or thereabouts, possesses the necessary qualifications of a hunter.

But to be a proper test of what horse and rider can do, a course should be to a *certain flag*, and home again, as they best can get, or with a few flags to mark the extreme distance they must run round. This proves the quickness of the horseman, as well as the goodness of the horse.

But when every yard is marked out by two flags, and the fences cut down, it becomes only a dangerous scramble who shall lead to get out of the way of the followers.

Again, can anything be so contemptible as a conventional steeple-chase brook?—all-my-eye and orange-peel.

What sort of horses too generally win these races? Cast off thoroughbreds, at light weights, against whom the best hunters have no chance. Only last week the winners of two of these mis-called chases were a weedy, cast-off race-horse (Telegram) and a mare (Chamade) turned out of Taylor's stable as no use for racing. Not but that every now and then we see one that has been raced turn out an out-and-out fencer—Emblem, to wit, who takes her leaps in a most accomplished manner; but even with her it remains to be proved how she would act over a mixed course of ridge and furrow (for that is the great test of hunting action) and upright well-plashed fences. I think no steeple-chase complete unless the ground is varied with a proportion of ploughed land, leaving two or three good fields of grass for the run in. It may be too heavy, and have too much ridge and furrow, as at Market Harborough. That spoils the race in.

The forthcoming race at Melton, which is to be a sort of 'Move-able Feast' to other districts, will give us some idea if steeple-chasing can be restored to what it has once been, a trial of the best and most powerful hunters. If so, well and good: it may be a means of our agricultural friends realizing good prices for their hunters, which, indeed, they can now do, if they be but good enough; and it may cause here and there a spirit of emulation to endeavour to breed steeple-chasers; but this can and will only be done here and there by an amateur. The object of a farmer ought

to be to breed and rear the best young horses he can ; but as horses are at best a variable and perishable commodity, he is the wisest man who sells his colt for the first well-remunerating offer he has made him. How many keep on their colts after a good offer, and then have to lament a spavin, influenza, and whistling, and finally end by selling for far less than they might at first have realized. Even in Ireland, where this question is being so fully canvassed, I think it advisable to encourage the tenant farmer to sell his young stock early. Quick returns and small profits pay best, and if it will pay to sell them off the ground early there is all the more room to fill their places. If the colts do come over to England as yearlings and two-year olds, I see no loss in it, as one presumes the seller got what at any rate remunerated him ; whereas, had he kept them on, though he might realize larger prices, yet the chances and losses which greater age entails must be considered.

The advocates of 'improved steeple-chasing' suggest that it will be a step towards improving our breed of hunters. By what reasoning this conclusion can be arrived at I am at a loss to conceive. It is true a breeder of or possessor of such a mare as Medora will take extra pains to mate her with the best thoroughbred sire he can find, hoping she may produce a Medora the Second ; and it is on the cards she may. But this only applies to the enthusiastic amateur. Farmers can't look (even supposing steeple-chases in all their glory could return) to breeding steeple-chase horses, as such ; nor will it ever repay them to rear and educate them for such purposes. I don't believe that when Lottery, Gaylad, Peter Simple, and Vivian were bred, farmers ever had any more golden visions of breeding steeple-chasers than they have now. In North Lincolnshire there might have been an exception at that time, as a large number of Lord Yarborough's wealthy tenants vied with each other.

Lottery, perhaps the most perfect model of a fast hunter that could be seen, was out of a great bay mare by Grog. She looked all over like a big carriage mare. She also bred Hamlet, by Young Phantom, who in heavy-weight races was almost as well known as Lottery was over the country. The owner and breeder of these certainly never had an eye for steeple-chasing when he bred them. A combination of fortuitous circumstances has generally produced steeple-chasers. The Colonel, by Cato (a horse that has won in France more chases than all the others together) was sold at five years old by his breeder, a sporting Holderness farmer, for 50*l.*, under a suspicion of being a whistler ; but he has won race after race for at least ten years, and has had a broken leg into the bargain during that time.

British Yeoman the Second was out of a thoroughbred mare who bred a succession of most worthless weeds ; and the Yeoman (himself a light, weedy horse) was very much despised in early life ; but he came out afterwards a very wiry, good animal, and won a great many chases, but his powers were never tested over a severe line of country.

The Melton Steeple-Chase last year was a capital specimen of what a chase should be. A lot of valuable hunters, ridden by some of the best riders in England, had to find their own way to the turning flag and home. The race was a complete success. If, therefore, the National Steeple-Chases can be framed so as to exclude professionals, and keep the race to the purpose intended, viz., to bring together the best hunters, to be ridden by gentlemen and farmers, it will be an event of great interest to every one, and will probably encourage a more general adoption of local steeple-chases.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Flittings.—The Coursers' Carnival.—Stable and Stud Statistics.—The Turf, the Chase, and the Road.—Monthly Mortality.

FEBRUARY is generally a dull month, but the one we have just taken leave of has been mortifying enough to try the patience of a veritable St. Anthony. Hunting men have seen their Andersons, their Masons, and the Darbys eating their heads off in their stables, and doing nothing in return. Racing men have witnessed their Newminsters, and Stockwells doing plenty of strong work on the straw beds. The betting man has been bemoaning the utter indifference of the public, to the acceptances for the Spring Handicaps, which they regard as little as they would those of a lot of ticket-of-leavers. And, as shooting is over, the coursers have alone been enabled to amuse themselves. In fact, let Sporting Writers say what they please, February is the greyhounds' month, when 'Stonehenge,' 'Robin Hood,' 'Ashdown,' and 'The Old and Esteemed,' take precedence of 'Argus,' 'Beacon,' 'Hotspur,' 'Nemo,' and 'Touchstone.' To the former division the Waterloo Cup is what the Derby is to the latter; and the industry displayed in catering for their respective clients is deserving of all praise; and if they have on a recent occasion been 'floored to a man,' the difficulties that surrounded them, and the casualties to which their fancies were exposed, may well plead for a favourable verdict from their critics. That coursing is progressing in its operations almost as gigantically as the Turf, there is no denying; but, at the same time, it is questionable whether the heavy system of betting introduced by the Manchester School tends to improve its *morale*; inasmuch as at the late Meeting, Mr. Warwick brought before the Stewards and President of the National Coursing Club, a bookmaker of the name of Brooks, for offering him five hundred pounds if Rebe won the Waterloo Cup. The offender was instantly brought before Lord Sefton, who went into the case with all that calmness and impartiality which renders him so fit for his office, and insures justice to all parties. The delinquent did not deny the accusation, but said he did not make the offer with a view of tempting the Judge to give an unfair decision, but with the desire of doing away with a hostile impression which he conceived Mr. Warwick had entertained last year against Rebe. This was a splitting of hairs—not hares—with a vengeance, and worthy of Mr. Gladstone himself; but Lord Sefton was too much of a man of the world to be crammed with such an old grandmother's tale,

and at once ordered the judicial tempter to leave the plains of Altcar. Of 'course,' there was no other alternative for those in authority to adopt; but the bookmaker, since publicity has been given to the statement, makes charges against the wearer of the Greyhound Ermine which require the strictest investigation. Otherwise we shall have to chronicle in our next the name of his successor. Mr. Brooks, we are given to understand, alleges that he called on Mr. Warwick at Shrewsbury—where he resides—and spent the evening with him, partaking of a very fair share of that liquid, which, differing from Cowper's favourite drink, both cheers, and inebriates. And on his departure, Mr. Warwick accompanied him to the railway station, and said, on taking leave, that he perfectly understood the arrangement, and was prepared to carry it out. Now, while according the freest possible liberty of action to the movements of every sporting official, we must say that we think it would have been as well for Mr. Warwick if he had declined the visit of Mr. Brooks until after the coursing season had closed. Then his stay might have been of far longer duration, without any mistaken interpretation being put upon it. But for Mr. Brooks to call on him so shortly before the event in which he was so interested came off, looks, as Charles Mathews says in the 'Curious Case,' 'very odd, although there may be nothing in it.' We imagine also we are not going beyond the spirit of proper criticism when we think it would have been better for Mr. Warwick to have brought Mephistopheles before the President and Stewards prior to the commencement of the coursing, as they sat in council and could easily have taken cognisance of the matter. Then the aspect of the case would have been much more favourable to him, as it would give rise to the impression that he only lent a seeming ear to the offer, with a view of punishing the maker of it. Now, of course, all sorts of rumours are in circulation, which have been much magnified by the circumstance of Rebe running second. And, until the matter is quite cleared up, Mr. Warwick cannot complain if the public put their own explanation upon his conduct. In conclusion, we trust, as coursing judges are so partial to pen and ink, we shall not see 'Bell's Life' and the 'Field' flooded with an angry correspondence—as was the case in the McGeorgian era—but to receive a lucid explanation from Mr. Warwick of his conduct, and a promise to preserve himself as intact from bookmakers as his colleagues on the Turf do; for by such a course of action he will negative criticism and acquire a dignified and as enviable a reputation.

The Waterloo Meeting has been done as often as the opening of Parliament, and it would be quite as easy to throw a dash of novelty into the description of one as the other. The banquet was well attended, and the crowding at the doors to get into the room reminded one of Drury Lane or the Surrey on Boxing Night; and even when the company had sat down, from the limited space allowed for seats, the eyes of the guests were perpetually in danger from their neighbours' forks. And, to add to the difficulties of mastication, the atmosphere of the room very closely approximated to the sudatorium of the Turkish Bath in Jermyn Street. This state of things requires amendment; and the hints that have been delicately thrown out by the 'Field' on the subject, we feel satisfied will not be thrown away upon one so accustomed to all the delicacies of the season as Mr. Lynn. On the whole, it must be admitted that a more moderate lot of dogs never went into the slips for a Waterloo Cup before, and the enthusiasm was in a corresponding tone, although, when the list was read, the pencils were kept pretty well employed. Rebe and Patent were as firm in their places as The Scottish Chief in another place for another event. And, in the language of the Corner, Owersby and

Beadle of the Parish were next in demand, the Squire of Oran backing the latter to win near four thousand pounds. To go through the ties as they were run off we have not space at our disposal; and if we had it could be better employed, as they have been so minutely photographed in the sporting weeklies. We will therefore only add that all the favourites fell before the universal conqueror, King Death, who is the property of Doctor Richardson of Northumberland. In appearance, he is a compact, well-made dog, weighing nearly sixty pounds, with good legs and feet; but, strange to say, he gives one almost the idea of belonging to the opposite sex. He had only run twice before—once at the Border Meeting, in October, when he was beaten in his second course for the St. Leger, and again, at the Coquetdale Open Meeting, when, in a thirty-two dog stake, he was left in for the deciding course, and beaten, after running two no-goes, by Maccaroni. To show how little his chance was regarded, his owner, who did not come to see him run, only obtained a nomination for him on the Saturday previous by an advertisement in the 'Field.' And as neither the Doctor nor his friend backed him, and no one heard his name mentioned until after he had beaten Imperatrice in the fourth course, he would have been a good dog for the betting ring but for the scramble to get out of Rebe, who had been left in the last four. Rebe, who has fairly earned the title of 'Rebe the Second,' from having been in the same place two years in succession, is a most unfortunate animal for her owner. For she had an undecided on the first day with Hopbine, which many people thought she had won. And on the last day, after running two no-goes with Sea Pink, she had to meet the winner (who had been particularly lucky in having short courses) on very disadvantageous terms, the deciding course being a shocking bad trial, the hare, as soon as being reached, escaping in a culvert. The Knotty Ash kennel, having suffered so many reverses lately, was obliged to fall back upon Sea Pink; and, had she not overjumped herself at a drain in the course with Rebe, she was certain to have been there or thereabouts at the finish. Patent, when it was known he had been 'taken out' by Mr. Lloyd, was backed for all the money that could be got on; and the excitement created when Sea Pink 'infringed' on him was commensurate with that at Doncaster and Epsom when the favourite is bowled over by an outsider. Owersby was very unfortunate in the first ties of the Cup with Imperatrice, as he stumbled at the commencement of the course, and again made a mistake at a drain, when he held the winning cord. He afterwards ran up with Rainbow for the Waterloo Plate. And right glad were the Liverpool folks to see once more the Eglinton tartan victorious in their sports. And we are satisfied we are only echoing public opinion when we say the colour would be welcomed as heartily at Aintree, as it was at Altcar. We have thus recorded all the main points of the Greyhound Carnival; and those who are desirous of having what Lincoln's Inn terms 'further and better particulars,' we refer to the authorities we have quoted. For Ashdown—which is the Ascot of coursing, as Altcar is its Epsom—the entries, we are glad to learn, are very large. And as Lord Sefton is usually present, Mr. Warwick, who is Judge, will no doubt be too glad to avail himself of the opportunity of exculpating himself from the insinuations of Mr. Brooks, and prove he is still worthy of the confidence of both Clubs, as well as of the entire body of English coursers.

The Training Returns speak well for the Turf; and if Mr. Gladstone condescends to cast his eye over the columns of the Sporting Papers, he must gloat over the race-horse duty, like a miser over his hoard. At Middleham, John Osborne is quite at the top of the tree in point of numbers, registering no

less than fifty-two animals of all ages, descriptions, and pedigrees. The Dawsons, *père et fils*, and Fobert, are exactly alike in their list; and Lord Glasgow's stud, numbering thirty-six horses and mares, is the finest one that has been seen in the North for very many years. At Malton, John Scott's string has rather diminished in point of numbers, which may be accounted for by the accession of Lord Derby, who only breeds for sale, and of Mr. Padwick, who is gradually getting out of his race-horses. Still half a hundred thoroughbreds are quite a sufficient number to keep up the prestige of Whitewall, and employ the energies of the numbers of touts who are quartered there in the spring. I'Anson has not accommodation for the leviathan lot of his neighbours, and looks rather to quality than quantity in his selection. But nineteen is the largest average we recollect his having; and, as his return is headed with Caller Ou, and includes Borealis and Blair Athol, faultfinders must be hard to please. The latter, we are forced to hear, goes better on the Wold than in the market; but Yorkshire cannot get rid of its fondness for the I'Anson blood; and, consequently, its owner is sometimes made to pay rather dearly for it.

Getting into the Midland Counties, we find Cliff in great force at Hednesford, as he has nearly forty in preparation, which shows his employers have not forgotten the way he did his duty by them last year. Escrett keeps on 'the even tenour' of his way, and William Saunders has as much as he can well do to keep his lot of six-and-twenty fit for business.

Berkshire has become quite a colony for race-horses, and how for so many years its magnificent downs were so neglected is quite a mystery. Formerly, a man might gallop his horses for miles almost for nothing, and now every yard has become as expensive and difficult to obtain as in the City of London. To every course in England, and frequently to Paris, it contributes its quota of starters: and no wonder John Scott, when he saw Mr. Dunkeld's gallops at Lambourne, sighed for them, to have trained a few of his dicky-legged cracks upon. Mat Dawson's collection, twenty-seven in number, is headed by Lioness; and the ancient Monk is the leader of Mr. Saxon's lot of about the same dimensions. If Prince's return-list of eighteen is not so strong in one respect, in other ways it commands attention, from its cynosure Coup d'Etat, who had as many Derby followers in Berkshire as Voltigeur had in Yorkshire. Lye has room in his stalls for more than he returns, and, as he becomes better known, he will be better appreciated, for King of Utopia was a credit to him last year. Considering the consecutive years of ill-luck that Stevens has endured, it speaks well for his friends, that in his stable there are close upon forty animals paying race-horse duty. Mr. Parr wisely keeps within moderate bounds, and has long since given up keeping a parcel of screws, which increase his account with his corn merchant, and add nothing to that in Burlington Street. Mr. Ten Broeck rarely varies in his average, and with Paris, Idler, and Summerside in his clothing, he cannot complain if his nags are touted, and his market anticipated. Journeying on into Wiltshire, we come to the dangerous handicap stable of Woodyeates, which the Ring fear so much, from the dressings they have had from it. 'William,' the Benjamin of the family, in honest John's estimation, has made rapid strides since he first came out with Terpsichore in The Somerseshire, for his clerk is now keeping the accounts of no less than forty houses of paying masters. And as he has such schoolers as Tattoo for half-milers, and Catch'em-Alive, Johnny Armstrong, and Muezzin for milers, Historian's chance for The Derby can be found out more accurately than that of many of his oppo-

nents. In Hampshire John of Danebury, with Peers enough at his command to turn out his old employer's, Lord Palmerston's, administration, it is said, has a hundred and seven specimens of high-mettled racers to get ready for the ensuing year, which shows he has no reason 'to look round the corner' when he goes out, as was the case last year with a neighbour. It may be we are erring in our estimate of the strength of Danebury, but as nothing less than a special Order in Council could induce John to publish his lot, we trust every allowance will be made for us should we stand in need of it. At **Whitchurch**, **Milton** has a small and select circle of Lord Portsmouth's breeding under his management; and if report speaks true, he has a Doctor Swishtail who will make many of those he comes across, swish their tails before he has done with them. His near neighbour, **Porter**, is also in what may be termed the retail line; and it is pleasant in these times, when Derby horses so quickly go to pieces, and an aged animal in training is almost as great a rarity as a canvas-backed duck, to find **Asteroid**, the commander-in-chief of the lot, going as fresh, and with as much dash as ever. At **Littleton**, **Harry Goater** is slowly but surely becoming formidable to his professional brethren; and one would hardly have imagined he would have been training thirty-five animals of the class entrusted to him so shortly after starting on his own account. But the Premier, the Liverpool school, and the Hussars, have done it all. At **Houghton** the sight of the long string of sheeted racers reminds us of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' and although **Isaac Woolcott** has not rushed into print, there was a look of prosperity about him at **Spye**, that caused us to have no misgivings about him. At **Findon**, in the adjoining county of **Sussex**, **William Goater's** stable has become a great fact, as **Mr. Cobden** would term it, for he has told us he has no less than sixty-eight on his books, varying from the veteran **Independence** to the juvenile **Squaw**, which we once read as being named **Esquimaux**. This vast accession to **Goater's** visiting list shows what attention to professional duties, coupled with sterling integrity, can accomplish, even in the teeth of bad luck. At **Lewes** we discover **Drewitt** to be in the ascendant, for in the thirty which he supervises are many of very superior quality, such as **Lord Burleigh**, **Blackdown**, **Bally Edmund**, and **Jack of Hearts**; and with these that we know of, and those that are behind the scenes, if he does not secure one of the **Spring Handicaps**, we shall imagine his team has been very much exaggerated. At **Telscombe**, only a few miles off, **Edwin Parr** may be found, with seventeen of **Lord St. Vincent's** to amuse himself with, and if **Forager** should be beaten for **The Derby**, it will not be for want of trying tackle. Approaching the metropolis, we find **Epsom Downs** literally covered with horses, **Reeves'** lot numbering twenty-eight, **Nightingale's** twenty-three, and **Mr. Hughes'** twenty-one. The latter, however, may, with some propriety, be termed 'an adult school.' At **Wroughton**, **Tom Oliver** has only seven or eight to look after, but as they include **Fairwater** and **Ely**, he is as happy as a sandboy. From these observations our readers will glean something of the actual status of the provincial stables at the commencement of the season, and get a real insight into the condition of the Turf at the commencement of legitimate business. At **Newmarket**, **Godding** is very far at the top of the tree, both in numbers and quality, and **William Butler** makes a good show with his new employer's lot, which has latterly received several new additions. **Joseph Dawson** is also flourishing. The others remain much as per last quotations, and all looks *coulour de rose* for the future.

Our Breeding Intelligence is not so voluminous as it was last month; and



there are no chops and changes of any consequence to record. At Rawcliffe Leamington is all but full; and that the late Mr. Williamson must have been fond of Coup d'Etat is plain from his having taken five subscriptions to his sire. Newminster's mares have been coming in daily, and they include Marmalade, Eulogy, the dam of Cambuscan, and two other Hampton Court mares; also Canezou, Bassishaw, the dam of Fisherman, Lord Clifden, Garotter, and Midnight Mass; and as Missetoe and Copenhagen's dam, with several commoners, are expected shortly, his career bids fair to be more than usually brilliant. The Chase and Andover's dam have come to Young Melbourne, as are also the dam of General Peel, and half-sister to Thormanby, Sweet Hawthorn, Forget-me-Not, Rosa Bonheur, and Flirtation. A nice sprinkling of mares have been received for Underhand, including Victoria, and one of Lord Derby's; and those who fancy he is bound to get small foals will be rather surprised to see the quality of his stock, whose characteristics are good backs and shoulders, with plenty of power. Lord Bateman, shrewd judge as he is admitted to be on all sides, has appreciated the rare blood of Adamas, and sent Coimbra and Miss Pennell to him; and Mr. Sidney Jacobs has followed suit with Eva. Rapparee's vacancies are getting less every week, and for a particular class of mare he will, no doubt, turn out a valuable sire. Voltigeur is announced to be full, as we suspected would be the case; and The Marquis, who has become as quiet as a sheep, looks as if he would be patronized. Polyanthus was his first love; and Athol Brose, the dam of Linda, Columbine, and several others are booked to him. On the Western Circuit, to which we must migrate, Gemma di Vergy has up to the present time hardly come up to the expectations that had been formed of him, but this year we shall, at all events, see what he does with his Pantaloon mares; and if all be true that they say on the other side of the water about the yearlings out of the dam of Union Jack and Blarney be true, as well as of The Deformed dam's filly in Ben Land's stable called Bellissima, which has been backed within the last few days for the Derby of 1865, he will prove that the first impression he created was not an erroneous one. The Dupe's yearlings are much liked by those who possess them, and the trio which reflect the most credit on him are the ones out of the dams of Elcot, Weatherbound, and Southport. Crater has thickened out a great deal, and from the Gladiator blood on his dam's side, which is getting so fashionable, from the I'Anson mares, he has a better future before him than many young stallions. Hungerford's half-bred stock are much prized by the farmers, and Avondale has helped to keep Ratan going another year. Surely, therefore, with such appliances in the shape of stallions at the command of breeders, 'the Wreford Age' ought to be revived. Weatherbit has quite recovered from the lameness under which he suffered last year from inflammation in his feet, and among the fashionables sent to him are Governess, Seclusion, Triangle, and Athena Pallas, so he will be better off in his old age than when he first came out. And we hear he will be joined in a few days by High Treason, who has got the route from Middle Park; and as from a two-year old he was always popular in the district, the idea of Mr. Blenkiron is not a bad one. Up to the present time that gentleman has nine foals, five of which are colts, and four fillies, whose names and addresses have been duly gazetted. Marsyas has got his quota of mares, and attention may fairly be drawn to the merits of Amsterdam, as he is not only one of the best-shaped horses in England, but he won as a five-year-old no less than eleven times, on two or three occasions carrying over nine stone. Sir Charles Monck has sold Paris, to go to the North of Ireland, where the introduction of the Voltigeur blood

will do much to mitigate the evils of which the country gentlemen in that district complain, for he has some capital points about him, and being out of the dam of Cast Steel, he ought to be sure to get stayers. The success of King Tom's two-year olds last season has brought some first-rate mares to him, among them being Flax, Torment, and Slander. Sir Joseph Hawley does not appear to be so sweet on his American as before, as Aphrodite, Kallipyge, Vaga, and Mendicant are gone to Musjid. Mr. Gulliver we do not think will regret having added Drogheda to his collection of 'Ban-burys;' for when once seen he will require nothing said for him. But Big Ben's and Neville's foals are so very promising, with such colour, shape, and action, that Mr. Gulliver, we understand, will place his new purchase elsewhere this season. In looking through the engagements, we find the heaviest engaged two-year olds are Farewell, by Launcelot (29), King Arthur, by The Cure (34), Kœgnic, by Trumpeter (29), Lady Tredegar, by Gemma di Vergy (29), Princess of Wales, by Stockwell (41), Shrapnel, by Weatherbit (30), and Siberia, by Muscovite (30).

Generally speaking, February is considered the best month in the year for hunting, and more good runs are recorded in it than in any. The present month, however, must be considered an exception, for more hounds have been shut up than has been the case for years. Consequently, Masters of Hounds have been plentiful in St. James's Street, and the barometers in the Clubs are almost worn out with their knuckles. Froin Melton and Harborough the cry of lamentations has been heard, but no relief has been afforded; and those who have let horses on job are the only ones Jack Frost has benefited. There have been, however, some exceptions to the general rule, for Baron Rothschild had a magnificent run from Aston Abbotts with the Otmore deer, who gave them an 'excursion trip' of twenty-five miles before he was taken; and the country over which he took them was a capital school for young steeplechasers. Mr. Tailby also, ten days back, had a good thing from Stanton Wyville, which was doubly relished after the holidays. In Lincolnshire the alarm caused by the rumour of Lord Henry Bentinck's retirement into Berkshire is happily alleviated; and to the wishes of West Norfolk Mr. Villebois has at last acceded, although he was originally as firm as the Iron Duke in his intention to resign. In Yorkshire hounds have been stopped, but the York and Ainsty have had one or two excellent days. The Bramham Moor, on the day before the first fall of snow, had a capital run from Weatherby Grange Wood of two hours and twenty minutes, of twenty miles of country by the map, the first and last part being very fast. Last week also they had two very fast things of twenty-five and fifteen minutes respectively, such as they talk of at Melton. But the provincials are never satisfied with anything, however fast and straight, under thirty minutes. This is mainly to be attributed to the curse of roads, which abound in Yorkshire; for people clatter down them for twenty minutes, and do not perceive that hounds have had a capital gallop. In Hampshire the renewal of the attack on Mr. Whieldon, of the Vine, by a Will o' the Wisp correspondent of the 'Sporting Life,' has created a great sensation. But the conductors of that journal, when they found they had been imposed upon, immediately forwarded the original letter to Mr. Whieldon to enable him to convict its author, who must be either a madman or a scoundrel. We rather incline to the former conclusion, as the names of his witnesses are unknown in 'Who's Who'—in fact, as fictitious as his own. Postmasters, detectives, experts, and every possible device has been had recourse to with a view of unearthing the ruffian; but in vain, and should he be brought into the kennel,

not all the Balm of Gilead in Apothecaries' Hall would get his hide sound from the oaken towel that awaits him. The best days of the Vine were those on the 2nd, from Oakley Hall, with the dog pack, when they had an hour and fifteen minutes, but failed to kill their fox. On the 15th they had a good old-fashioned run from Waltham, right through the H.H. country, finishing near Alton; and on the 18th a stout woodland fox gave them two hours and ten minutes, and was pulled down in a snow-storm. The Hursley, on the 12th, had a splitting forty minutes from Toothill Brick-kilns almost to themselves; for hunting looked so improbable, only one gentleman met Mr. Standish. From No Man's Land, on the 15th, they had also two good runs; and in this limited country matters have brightened up wonderfully. The H.H. have not been able to do much lately; but in the beginning of the month a three-o'clock fox from Blackwood gave them a rattler, as he took them through the Vine country, Waltham, Furnleys, and Stratton Park, on to Mitchedover Wood, where he gave up after an hour and thirty minutes, the pace being 'express' up to Stratton, when it slightly diminished.

The Hambledon have had their fair share of sport during the month, considering that they have had to lay idle from frost upwards of fourteen days. They had a clipping burst of fifty-three minutes early in the month from Blendworth Common to Ditcham, killing one of the largest dog-foxes ever seen; and on the 13th of the month a rattling gallop from old Winchester Gorse over to Henwood, and on to Little Highden, running into their fox in the open near West Meon in fifty minutes, and in one of the greatest storms of wind and rain ever known, many people acknowledging that it was all they could do to manage to sit on their horses. This country only requires one thing to make it perfect, and that is for the landowners on the Southampton and Fareham side of the country insisting on the preservation of foxes, as the country on that side is now regularly hunted one day a week.

The Dorsetshire accounts are good as to sport, considering the bad scenting weather that has prevailed. Mr. Radcliffe, who wears the Farquharson white collar, has been showing some capital sport, and has had a good show of foxes all through the season. Lord Poltimore has had many good runs to chronicle, and plenty of blood, Evans liking to see his hounds *hunt* their fox, and it is worth a very long journey to have a look at this splendid pack on the flags as well as in the field. The East Dorset have killed a great many foxes, and sport has been of a very good character; but the district is a little too noisy with horns and with halloos. The Blackmore Vale have not been so fortunate as their neighbours, the country being short of foxes, which is a great deal too bad when we remember how handsomely this country is hunted by Mr. Digby entirely at his own expense. The squires and farmers should look to this before it is too late. The South Wilts have had a capital season in spite of bad scent. Thirty brace are already to hand; but we are glad to hear that this now first-rate pack are not likely to be brought to the hammer, Mr. Pain having determined to lend them to the country on the condition of his excellent huntsman, Joe Orbell, hunting them. The Tedworth have had a very good season, the pack looking splendid, and old George Carter still hunting with the vigour of youth; but we should be glad to hear that 'the Hunt' had given him what 'the Squire' ought to have done—a good pension.

Racing news is not very plentiful; and Yorkshire is full of the racing alliance between the Houses of Dawson and P'Anson. As we were the first to announce the betrothment, we feel privileged to go more fully into the celebration of the nuptials than we otherwise should have done. Like Milan,

when she witnessed the first entry of Victor Emmanuel into her precincts as King of Italy, or Naples, when within the last six weeks she welcomed Prince Humbert to her palaces, the little town of Malton has been drunk with enthusiasm. The personal qualities of the contracting parties were such as to have created a warm feeling in their behalf, and it was signally manifested by the demonstrations made in their favour. The owner of Blink Bonny has now been before the public nearly thirty years, and to suppose he would have made no enemies would be absurd, for success invariably breeds them in any pursuit; but the presents his daughter received on this occasion would prove his friends were in the majority. For China contributed her tea, Cashmere the product of her looms, Paris a choice specimen of her horology, and most of the manufacturing towns in the neighbourhood were duly represented in the list of offerings. The Balls may be said to have commenced and finished in the morning, only the former one, being composed of snow, dissolved earlier than the latter. John Scott, who was a little ropy in the morning, was obliged to be drawn, but still Whitewall was duly represented, and in great force. Jem Perren was as happy as a sandboy, and directed a portion of the revels as well as the late Baron Nathan at Rosherville. The Blink Bonny banner floated over Spring Cottage as proudly as the standard over Windsor; and even Blair Athol had a holiday, regardless of the touts. The Ball in the evening was the gayest affair ever seen in Malton, and the programme of the supper might have been read by Soyer with complacency. The speeches were honest effusions of English heartiness; and, unless we have been much deceived, the emigration movement towards 'the United States' has been much accelerated. Altogether, the affair was one of the gayest things of the sort ever known in Malton, and will long be remembered in story. From Paris we learn there are to be two days' racing in June instead of one, in order that English prejudices may in some way be consulted. In Germany we find the Jockey Club, recently established at Frankfort consisted of a hundred and thirty members; but its founder is sadly discouraged to find that the Merchant Princes of that city, although by no means unwilling to have their names associated with the hereditary Princes of the German Confederation, refuse in the most determined manner to give one solitary thaler to the proposed Club Prizes, which, if instituted, would not only advance the Turf of the Fatherland, but contribute to the prosperity of Frankfort itself. This lukewarmness is doubtless brought about by political complications; and when the Danish and Schleswig-Holstein questions are settled, we trust the Burghers will be found more alive to their own interests, and better disposed towards the Turf. In the East racing has taken a sudden start, Sultans and Grand Viziers patronizing it in the most liberal manner—so much so, that our reporter is endeavouring to master the language by taking Turkish baths daily in Jermyn Street. Being Leap Year, we have had an unusual quantity of Steeple-chasing, and it has gone off better than could be expected, considering that Harrow was run in birdlime and Windsor on ice. Ben Land, according to precedent, won the former, and Captain Coventry the latter; and the courage displayed by the Guardsmen, which was acknowledged by the Heir to the Throne in the handsomest manner, proves that in emergencies the Household Troops never disappoint expectations; and the Duke of Wellington was right when he selected his staff from those officers who could go best across country. Lincoln inspired the usual hopes and fears of coming off at the appointed time, and was productive of such a revenue to the Telegraphic Companies, that out of common gratitude they ought to give a Plate to be run for at the Autumn Meeting

Numbers of horses and men were stopped *en route* by the Ice King; and although the affair was got off, we are assured it was not worth crossing a street to witness. 'The Druid' has returned to the Metropolis from Scotland, after a journey compared to which the Canterbury Pilgrims with peas in their shoes could have been nothing. But he fairly won his wager of a sovereign with 'Stonehenge,' and was honourably paid it on presenting himself on his pony at 10.20 one evening in Kensington Square. His journey was much hindered by a terrier he took a fancy to on the road, and whose interesting situation prevented her following on foot. The Hon. Mr. Pierrepont, the greatest supporter of the Coaching interest that ever existed, has gone to his long account after a ripe old age employed in acts of benevolence to those who came more immediately under his cognizance. Mr. Williamson, the nominator of Coup d'Etat for the Derby, has also been struck out, notwithstanding the sanguine anticipations of his friends that he would live over the Derby, and see the Coup win it; and his death will remove a formidable opposition to Scottish Chief, Paris, and Cambuscan. Lord Portsmouth has given up Goater from dissatisfaction about Becky Sharpe's race at Newmarket; and Wells, who, *en passant*, we may remark has been presented to the Prince Imperial, will succeed him when opportunities permit. Tarella is in our home obituary list, and after this year her name will be struck out of 'The Royals.' She never bred anything in particular, and will be recollected more for the controversy she created between Lord George Bentinck and Sir John Shelley, when she was alleged to have run on the wrong side of the post for The Brighton Cup, and Sir John complained of the interpretation of the word 'procured,' as employed by his Lordship in reference to his witnesses, who were gipsies. And here we may remark, that in our observations on the nomenclature of the season last month, we elaborated a simile to a greater extent than we had done originally; and as a different construction has been put upon it than we sought to convey, we unhesitatingly and of our own accord withdraw the latter portion of it, and state had we seen it in print beforehand we should have cancelled it.

END OF VOL. VII.

